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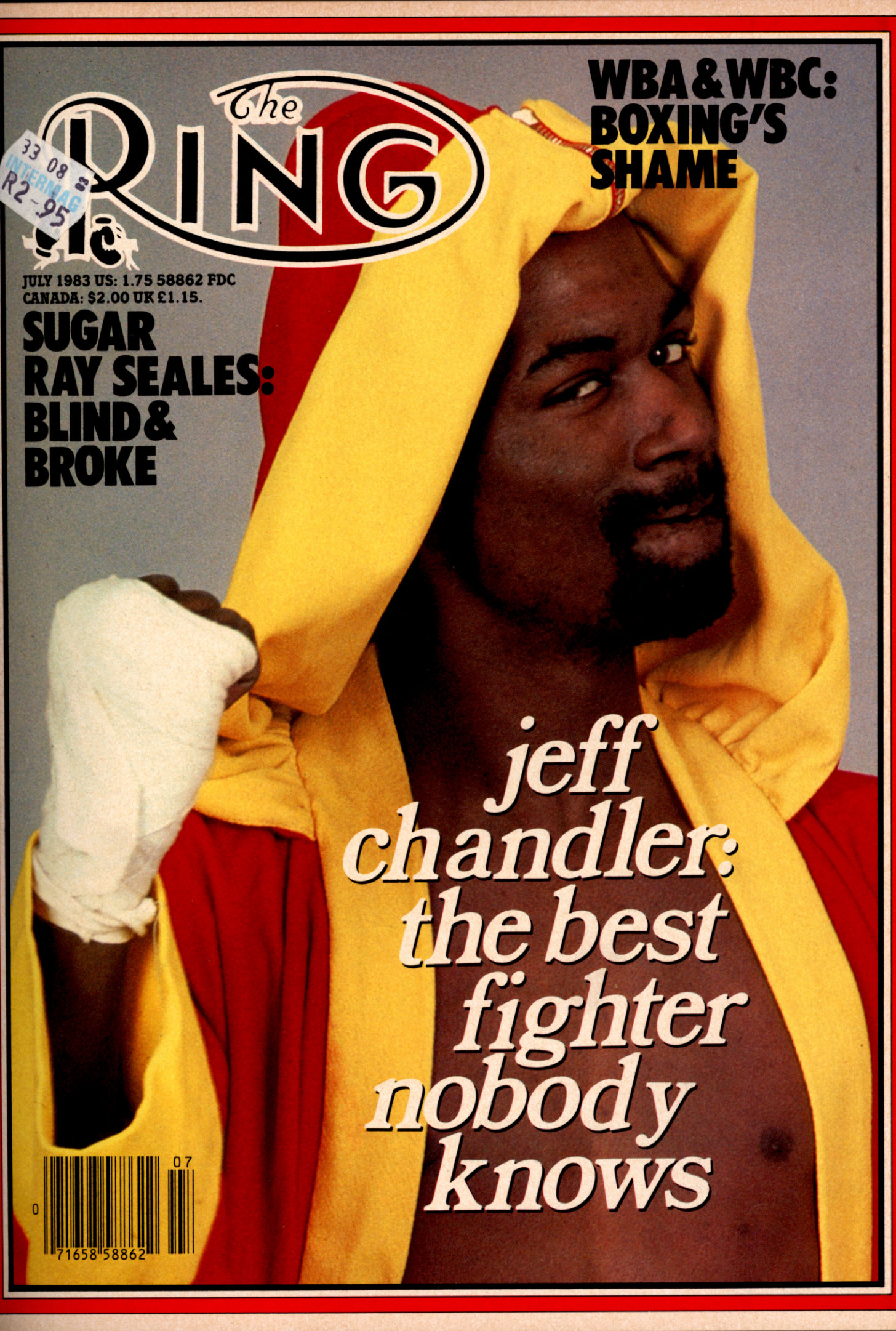

jeff chandler: the best fighter nobody knows

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RING

The bible of boxing

JACK DEMPSEY JUNE 24, 1895-MAY 31, 1983 IN MEMORIAM

COVER PHOTO BY ANTHONY BARBOZA; COLOR ACTION PHOTOS BY JACK GOODMAN

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RINGSIDE

FICTION AND FACT FROM BOXING'S ALMANAC

WITH BOXING BECOMING EVERYTHING FROM a political football to a public whipping boy, the following short notes and quotes from others might further help to provide you with a semblance of sense in this, boxing's most critical hour.

EDITORIAL IN THE PHILADELPHIA *DAILY News:* "Some clown named Jose Sulaiman, president of something called the World Boxing Council, which is in the business of taking care of its friends, is threatening to take away Marvelous Marvin Hagler's middleweight title because Hagler isn't following some stupid rule it just invented.

"That's the wimpy way out, Jose. Why don't you show some leadership, climb into a ring with Hagler and take back your championship belt yourself?"

Stephen Wainwright, lawyer for Marvelous Marvin Hagler, in a letter to Congressman Pat Williams, who chaired meetings for the Sub-Committee on Labor Standards to explore the possibilities of establishing a U.S. Boxing Commission:

"As I indicated to you in Washington, it was necessary for me in 1978 to contact Representative Edward P. Beard, Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill and Senator Paul Tsongas to advise them that my client, Marvin Hagler, was being denied his right to pursue the Middleweight Championship of the World in Panama and the World Boxing Council in Mexico. Marvin, at that point, was the most highly regarded middleweight boxer in the world and was known in boxing circles as the 'Uncrowned Middleweight Champion of the World.'

"Following my contacting Capitol Hill on behalf of Mr. Hagler, a further attempt was made by Congressman Beard's committee to try to establish some Federal control over these organizations. As a direct result of the intervention of Representative Beard, Representative O'Neill and Senator Tsongas, these two organizations capitulated, and I was able to arrange a 1979 title shot for my client, which match was attended by "Tip" O'Neill in Las Vegas. It has become obvious to me over the years that only the United States Federal Government can bring any legitimate regulation to these two dictatorial oligarchies.

"As you are aware, Marvelous Marvin Hagler holds both the World Boxing Association belt and the World Boxing Council belt. The World Boxing Association requires that he defend his title in a fifteen-round match; the World Boxing Council requires that he defend his title in a twelve-round match. It has recently been brought to our attention that the World Boxing Council may strip him of his World Boxing Council title if he fights a fifteen-round defense, and the World Boxing Association may strip him of his title if he fights a twelve-round defense. Under the circumstances, the only way he can preserve both titles is simply not to fight; but each organization's rules also require that he defend periodically or he is automatically stripped of his World titles. As you can see, he is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. His future as Undisputed Middleweight Champion of the World is, therefore, in jeopardy not because of any failure in the ring but purely due to international politics."

Don King at a Las Vegas press conference:

"I won't have the press emasculate me for my ability to do business . . . I will fight with anybody who is wrong and unite with anybody who is right. I pay fighters more money than anybody else in the world. I worked like hell to get them . . . and have given up contracts when they ask for it. We put competitive matches together . . . Just don't emasculate me . . ."

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

JULY 1983
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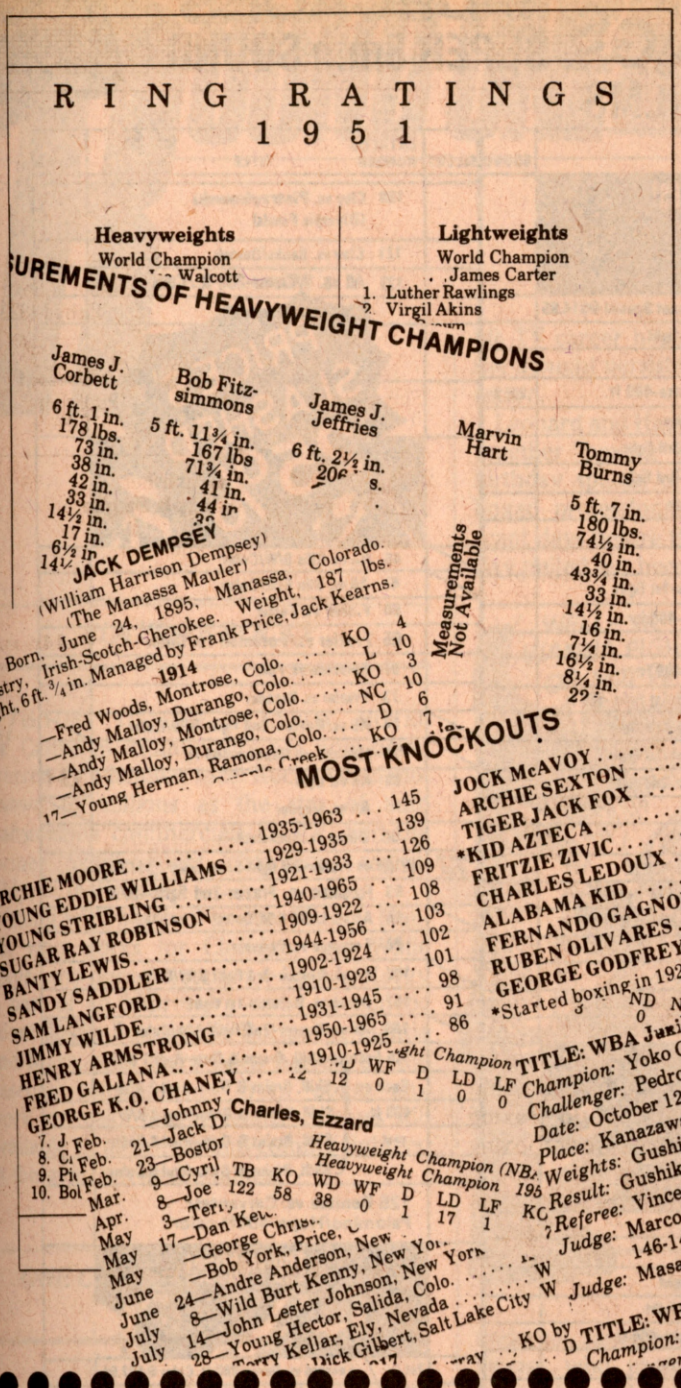

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ROUND ONE

PLAYBOY ROCKY

VISITORS TO THE PLAYBOY HOTEL Casino in Atlantic City are now being greeted by a familiar face: Rocky Graziano, known to millions as the star of auto transmission commercials on TV, and the former middleweight champion, regrettably, in that order.

Along with baseball greats, Mickey Mantle, who works for Claridge, and Willie Mays, who does the same for Bally's, Rocky is part of an impressive array of athletic talent on the Boardwalk. But unlike Mantle and Mays, who have been barred by the baseball commissioner from doing any work for major league teams, Rocky's still available to advise up-and-coming fighters. In the gym, not at the tables!

ONE COMEBACK, ONE NON-COMEBACK

MARVELOUS MARVIN HAGLER HAS never been mistaken for Sherlock Holmes, but the World Middleweight Champion has brilliantly deduced that Sugar Ray Leonard never intends to fight him. It's the accumulation of little things that did it.

First was Leonard's retirement bash last November, where Sugar Ray said of a possible challenge to Hagler, "Unfortunately, it will never happen." Then came Hagler's destruction of Briton Tony Sibson in Worcester, after which Leonard said plainly, "Now I *know* I ain't coming back to fight Hagler. I never knew he could box like that!"

But still there were reports of Leonard going for early-morning runs in whatever city his TV career happened to take him. And the thought persisted that Sugar Ray would return.

Leonard and Hagler had agreed to appear together "boxing" in a sketch for the 80th birthday special of Bob Hope, who once boxed professionally as Packy East. But scant days before the NBC TV show, Sugar Ray pulled out because he suddenly had to

undergo surgery for a hernia. Roberto Duran, who professes a desire to fight Hagler for real, filled in for Ray at the last minute. Doing the commentary for the "bout" was Howard Cosell, who, if memory serves, had retired from fight broadcasting a short time ago, after deciding that boxing is too corrupt.

Said Hagler of Leonard, "I'm beginning to think that guy may be avoiding me." Marvin had no comment on Cosell.

MAS ON "NO MAS"

CARLOS ELETA, THE ESTRANGED former manager of Roberto Duran, has broken a two-and-a-half year silence on the infamous "No mas" loss to Sugar Ray Leonard. And, by inference, called Duran a liar. Eleta, who claims "I regard Duran as one of my own family," told sportswriter Bill Gallo that Duran surrendered the welterweight title to Leonard in the eighth round in New Orleans because he was frustrated and running out of gas. "Oh, he did have some pain," Eleta said, referring to the stomach cramps that Duran constantly uses as his alibi, "but that isn't the reason for what he did.

"Duran didn't train properly for the fight, and he knew it," said Eleta. "He couldn't do the things that he did in the first fight (when he won the championship from Leonard). He did not want to be embarrassed." In the cab ride to the hospital after the fight, Eleta says that Duran told him, "Papa, I am ashamed of myself for what I did tonight."

Duran, who was training at Great Gorge, N.J. for his title fight with Davey Moore, confirms that he did not really train for the Leonard debacle, and his new manager, Luis Espada speculated that "maybe Roberto started thinking that Leonard was going to knock him out."

But Duran is furious at Eleta. And at Don King, who promoted the controversial fight. Eleta, Duran says, is the liar. "He said I would get $10 million for the fight. I got two-and-a-half. When I retire," concludes Duran, "I'll say what really happened."

FIRING LINE

WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT IMPROVING "ring safety" and call for better "policing" in some places, they're not referring to physical exams, modified gloves and record-checking.

At the conclusion of a preliminary bout at the Blaisdell Arena in Honolulu, Hawaii, in which one James Johnson was knocked out by Manuel Mamuscia, Johnson's manager, Douglas Tatting, tried to prevent a certain former trainer from entering the ring. According to witnesses, the former trainer resolved the dispute by repeatedly stabbing Tatting in the chest with a sharp object. The trainer was arrested and charged with homicide when Tatting, who also managed world-rated lightweight Andrew Ganigan, died in a local hospital shortly thereafter. Ganigan, scheduled to fight Jimmy Paul for

the USBA title in Reno on June 26 said the bout would be unaffected by the tragedy.

A short time later, a Mexico City arena was the site of an equally tragic, but more mysterious incident. 73-year-old trainer Roberto (Tio) Jiminez stepped into the ring to congratulate his victorious fighter, Arturo (Cuyito) Hernandez, at the end of his bout. A loud "bang" was heard, and Jiminez went down (to use an apropos cliche) as if he'd been shot. The ringside doctor saw that Jiminez in fact *had* been shot, and was dead. Police locked the doors of the Areno Coliseo but failed to catch the killer. The gun was found in the balcony.

BOXING'S BATTLE ROYAL

IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE ENDING to a professional wrestling match than a boxing bout. Rafael Lopez, a Pawtucket, R.I. lightweight, was beating the stuffings out of Darryl Taylor of Elizabeth, N.J. in a Providence Civic Center main event. Midway through the ninth round, the fighters and referee, Martin Tabor got tangled up in a clinch, and all three fell down to the canvas.

Taylor's cornermen decided Darryl had had enough, and jumped into the ring to halt the fight. But Lopez, upon making it to his feet, didn't know what was happening, and threw a right to the jaw of one of Taylor's handlers. Before the referee could restore order, about 20 more people—most of them fans—had entered the ring and were throwing punches.

Lopez was declared a knockout winner after the ring was finally cleared.

BORDER SKIRMISH

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A West German former boxer has sparked an international incident that threatens that country's relations with East Germany.

The boxer, 45-year-old Rudolf Burkert, was traveling along the East German border when he was detained and interrogated by border guards from the communist country. The East Germans reported that he suffered a heart attack while under interrogation and died. But his body was found to contain bruises and cuts to the head and neck.

The communists explained that Burkert sustained the cuts and bruises from falling off of his stool while having the heart attack. The West German press didn't buy the fantastic explanation and the Bonn government called on the East Germans to provide a complete account.

East Germany denounced the West Germans as "cold-warriors" and communist leader Erich Honecker cancelled a planned trip to the Federal Republic. Further actions are threatened in the next round of this diplomatic bout.

DON'T RAISE THE BRIDGE, LOWER THE HAIR

SIX NIGHTS BEFORE HIS "CROWN Affair" in Las Vegas, Don King appeared to get his own crown clipped on

national television. Saturday Night Live "sportscaster" Joe Piscopo interrupted King's pitch for the Holmes-Witherspoon/Dokes-Weaver/Page-Snipes card to give Donald what seemed for all the world to be an unscheduled haircut.

NBC reports that its switchboard lit up like fireflies on a warm summer night as concerned callers telephoned to find out what they had just seen. Turns out that King was wearing a realistic-looking wig for the TV spot. Come fight night, King was there in all his splendor, his patented stand-up hairdo in its usual at-attention stance. Piscopo was there with him...this time, without his scissors!

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

"THIS MIGHT PRECLUDE ME FROM refereeing fights anywhere in the world, what I am going to say....But I will never use a standing eight-count."

Arthur Mercante, the most respected referee of professional boxing in the world, made that controversial statement at a New York symposium sponsored by NBC Sports to promote its new program, *Inside Ringside.*

"The point at which a standing eight-count would be given, normally," continued Mercante, "that's the point at which the fight should be stopped. You give the fighter a chance to 'clear the cobwebs,' but they really never do. What you're doing is giving the fighter who is on the attack and is quite strong, an additional eight seconds to become stronger."

What about giving a standing eight-count at the first sign of trouble, *before* a fighter is badly hurt, *before* the fight would otherwise be stopped? That is the most controversial aspect of the new standing eight-count rule, which has been implemented by the WBC, the Nevada, New York and other eastern state commissions. It led to charges that it is so subjective that referees will be constantly second-guessed and left open to charges of favoritism or, worse, corruption.

"Let's face it," says Mercante. "The name of the game is to knock out your opponent. Or to beat him. If you jump in with a standing eight-count, you are interfering with the fighter who has an advantage. You're interrupting an attack when that's exactly what the fighter is supposed to be doing."

Mercante's sentiments met with widespread, but not unanimous agreement. But his assertion that he will never use the eight-count has put commissions on the spot. "I discussed it with Mercante and he agreed to abide by the rule and use the standing eight-count should the need arise," said New York commission chairman Jack Prenderville at the next Felt Forum boxing card, where Mercante refereed the Dwight "Tiger" Walker-Hector Rosario ten-rounder.

But Mercante denied having been

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reprimanded or even spoken to by Prenderville. "He never said a word to me," said Mercante, who did not, let it be recorded, call any standing eight-counts.

MANAGING TO PROMOTE THE FAMILY BUSINESS

THE ISSUE OF PROMOTERS MANAGING fighters was brought up at the same symposium. Prenderville from New York and Bob Lee from the New Jersey commissions asserted that such practice is strictly against the rules in their states.

It is well-known that many promoters pay lip service to the prohibition, assigning fighters' contracts to family members. Hence Don King promotes fighters whom son Carl ostensibly manages, and Lou Duva manages fighters who are promoted by Main Events, which is run by his son, Dan.

But at the NBC symposium, the signals got crossed. Lou Duva sat down behind a sign that identified him, in black and white as "Lou Duva, Manager: Main Events."

"If you're a manager for Main Events, and you manage fighters who are promoted by Main Events in New Jersey, isn't that a violation of the law?" Lou Duva was asked.

"You're absolutely right," chuckled Duva. "As soon as I sat down I said 'NBC screwed up again.' They better get that straight. I'm a manager, not with Main Events," concluded Duva. Anyone desiring further comment from Lou can usually reach him at the office of Main Events.

THUMBS UP?

BUOYED BY A STUDY WHICH SEEMS to attest to the safety-benefits accruing from the use of thumbless gloves, New York State is on the verge of making the controversial mitts mandatory for all bouts. The gloves have been mandated in the Empire State since the beginning of last year, but only for bouts scheduled for less than 10 rounds.

The gloves were designed to eliminate the risk of a fighter being thumbed in the eye, thereby suffering detached retinas and other serious optic injuries. The Athletic Commission says that the study has borne out the glove's effectiveness in this regard and in several others.

"There has not been a single case of a fighter suffering a detached retina while the new glove was used," says Commission Chairman Jack Prenderville. "We've reduced hand injuries," added Prenderville, noting that when the gloves were first implemented, fighters had complained of discomfort to the hands, owing to the thumb being constricted. "We listened to the complaints and we modified the glove."

The study also showed a big drop in facial lacerations requiring stitches and a minor decline in the number of fighters being knocked out. Technical knockouts increased minimally. "It's a better glove," says Commission assistant Jim Moogan. "The padding is more uniform. On the old gloves, the padding starts to separate. This is more like a ten-ounce glove." (It weighs the standard eight ounces.)

A boxing bill just introduced in the State Senate will require fighters in New York to undergo brain scans every three years, and to implement the use of thumbless gloves for all bouts.

Other jurisdictions have not embraced the thumbless glove as has New York, but that may be changing. The California Commission has proposed making the thumbless gloves mandatory as of next year.

COCKELL FIGHTING TOUGHEST BATTLE

THE RING'S LONDON CORRESPONDENT, Reg Gutteridge, writes:

Floyd Patterson, on a trip to England (where he KO'd our 'Enery Cooper) gave a snap Boxing clinic to the Brits' current heavyweight hope, Frank Bruno. The Cockney-born Bruno obliged by battering American Scott LeDoux into a third-round stoppage.

Patterson was deeply moved while attending a dinner, complete with a line of local heavies (all recognizable standing up!) paying tribute to Don Cockell. Cockell, who at 54 is fighting cancer, has had his voice-box removed.

Hands dug deep in pockets and Cockell was given £11,000. The audience rose to cheer as they saw a film of Cockell's often underrated game stand in his 1955 heavyweight title fight against Rocky Marciano.

It's a pity The Don is remembered only for the defeat. We should also recall that Cockell—brilliant as a light heavy—twice defeated Jack Hurley's pin-up, Harry Matthews in Seattle, and twice whacked Lloyd Marshall in London.

BARTENDERS' TRIVIA CORNER

WHAT WAS THE LAST WORLD title fight that went longer than 15 rounds?

Last month's question: Which of Muhammad Ali's fights ended in split decisions?

Answer: The two non-title 12-rounders that Ali fought with Ken Norton in 1973 both ended in split decisions. Norton broke Ali's jaw in the first one and upset the former champion by scores of 7-5, 5-6, 5-4. Ali started fast in the second fight, faltered down the stretch and had to win the last round to take the decision, 5-6, 6-5, 7-5. The only other Ali fight to go to a split verdict was the 1978 title defense against Leon Spinks. Spinks beat Ali and won the crown, 144-141, 145-140, 142-143. Ali's "controversial" decision victories—over Doug Jones in 1963, and over Jimmy Young and Ken Norton in 1976—were all unanimous.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

OTIS GORDON, 33, FORMER TEXAS lightweight champion, died as the result of injuries sustained in a barroom brawl.

Joseph Maloney, 86, former president of the National Boxing Association died in Perth Amboy, N.J. Maloney was elected president of the NBA in 1936 and served as Sergeant-At-Arms of the WBA and as a member of the USBA until his death.

Sam Andre, 75, former sports photographer, died in Hollywood, Florida. Andre, who was an editor for Street & Smith's sports books, co-authored the 1959 volume, *A Pictorial History of Boxing* with Nat Fleischer.

Max Krupnick, 90 former bantamweight contender, died in Philadelphia. Fighting as Maxie Williamson, Krupnick logged an amazing 276 fights between 1912 and 1929 and was rated a "mighty mite" by the Philadelphia sportswriters. He was active with the Veteran Boxers Association.

Gunnar Barlund, world-ranked Finnish heavyweight contender of the 1940s, died in Palm Beach, Florida.

PUNCHLINES

MUHAMMAD ALI, ON WHO GAVE HIM his toughest fights: "My first wife."

Bobby Chacon, on the promoter who tried to stop his last fight, and claims an option on his next one: "I'll never fight for that thief, Don King again in my life."

Michael Dokes, after holding on to his WBA title by gaining a draw against Mike Weaver: "I'm not giving him another rematch. They can strip my title, but he's not getting a rematch."

Larry Holmes, who retained the World Heavyweight Title in a bruising battle with Tim Witherspoon: "I'll have two more fights in 1983 and I'll retire."

BY BEN SHARAV

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___ 4050 - Official Competitive Headguard	66.00	49.50
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MOUTHPIECES:

	List	KO Price
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___ 4451 - Woven 2" soft Elastic Handwrapping	7.50/pr.	5.63

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___ 2108 - Top Pro Safety Guard 8 8oz. Fighting Gloves	$140.00/set(4 gloves)	$105.00
___ 21086 - Extra Large Pro Safety Guard 8oz. Fighting Gloves	$144.00/set(4 gloves	$108.00
___ 2110 - Pro Safety Guard 10oz. Fighting Gloves	$146.00/set(4 gloves)	$109.50
___ 21106 - Extra Large Pro Safety Guard 10oz. Fighting Gloves	$150.00/set(4 gloves)	$112.50

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___ 44116 - Extra Large (38-40) Top Quality Satin Trunks	16.00	12.00
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___ Black & White, White & Black, Blue & Gold, Red & White, Blue & White and Green & White		
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___ 4415 - Luxury Velvet Trunks	50.00	37.50
___ 44156 - Luxury Velvet Trunks over size 32	56.00	42.00
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___ Size: 26, 28, 30, 32 or 34.		

T-SHIRT:

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PRO CUP:

	List	KO Price
___ 4461 - Top Pro-Foul Proof Protection Cup	$98.00	$73.50
___ 4460 - Pro Foul-Proof Protective Cup	88.00	66.00
___ 4462 - Foul-Proof Protective Cup	60.00	45.00
___ Size - Small, Medium, Large		

BOXING & WRESTLING RINGS:

	List	KO Price
___ 6612 - Floor Level Ring-Padding and canvas not included Others available, see complete catalog (All Rings FOB Missouri)	$1,000.00	$750.00

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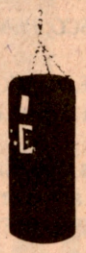

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___ 4202 - Super leather speed bag	60.00	45.00
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___ 4212 - Capeskin heavy duty striking bag	50.00	37.50
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___ 4548 - Karate Training Bag - 80 lbs.	114.00	85.50
___ 4525- New Double End Exercise Bag/50lbs.	$100.00	$75.00
___ 4528- New Double End Exercise Bag/75lbs. (plus freight)	$130.00	$97.50

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___ 2412 - Professional 12oz. training glove	112.00/pr	84.00
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___ 2416 - Professional 16oz. training glove	120.00/pr	90.00

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___ 4496 - Ball bearing leather skip rope 8ft. (for boxers up to 5' 10")	$12.00	$9.00
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WHO'S WHO

PLEASE INFORM YOUR CORRESPONDENT that Roger Mayweather, not his brother Floyd, beat Samuel Serrano for the Junior Lightweight Title.

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BOB MIGNOGNA, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

U.S. AGAINST THEM

I DON'T WANT TO SOUND BIASED BUT I want to make a point. American boxers are vastly superior to the rest of the world's fighters.

Just look at the evidence. The heavyweight champion is American. The lightweight heavyweight champion is American. In fact every titleholder from heavyweight on down to junior lightweight hails from the U.S.A. That's 15 men, counting cruiserweights and all WBA and WBC claimants. And in the lighter divisions, the U.S. has three more great champions: Juan LaPorte, Wilfredo Gomez and Jeff Chandler. An American holds a world title (WBA, WBC or universal) in every division recognized by *Ring* save flyweight.

And it's not only the champions. Nine of the top ten heavyweight contenders are American. Eight of the top ten light heavies are from the U.S., as are seven of the top ten middleweights, seven of the top ten junior middleweights and six of the top ten welterweights.

Americans are the best trained, best fed, most skilled and most talented fighters in the world. The British, although they have plenty of heart, usually lack speed and a good chin. Mexicans, aside from a select few (Sanchez and Pedroza) tend to throw a lot of punches and take a great shot but they have no defense to speak of (Pipino Cuevas). The Orientals are wide-open and unpolished.

U.S. supremacy is amazing inasmuch as the WBA and WBC are run by non-Americans who are biased against the "Yanks".

FRED COHEN, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

ANSWERING ARUM

IF BRIBERY AND EXTORTION ARE INDEED standard operating procedure in the World Boxing Association ("Arum Tells of $100,000 Payments to WBA Bagman", *May*), perhaps that should be of interest to the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Communications Commission. American TV networks, which use the public airwaves, are partners in this crime.

FRITZ, BENNING, SARASOTA, FLA.

BOB ARUM IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGgest hypocrites. First he uses all the pressure he can muster to swing the WBA election in favor of Gilberto Mendoza and against the American, Bobby Lee. Then he complains that Mendoza allows a "bagman" to extort bribes and run things in the WBA. For once I believe Bob Arum. I think he and the WBA should both be thrown out of boxing.

GEORGE CISCO, PENNSAUKEN, N.J.

ARUM SAYS "KOREAN FIGHTERS HAVE more guts than a lot of the American fighters do."

The only problem is that their guts seem to wind up splattered all over the ring!

CLIFF LURIE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

STOP THE HYSTERICS

I'VE JUST WITNESSED TWO OF THE MORE remarkable performances of the year: the magnificent efforts of Bobby Chacon and Cornelius Boza-Edwards, and the disgraceful exhibition by NBC's ringside commentators Marv Albert and Dr. Ferdie Pacheco. When are these pundits going to stop injecting their personal prejudices and simply report on the progress of the fight? Around the 4th round the pair decided that Chacon was through. Bobby was cut and bleeding, and he was being hit often. But he's been there before and overcome. The grit, the courage, the tenacity of both fighters was ignored. In it's place we got buzz words like "end of the line", "nothing left", and "brain damage". The "Fight Doctor" in particular was beside himself when the ringside doctor, who actually had an opportunity to examine Chacon first hand, refused to take his advice. And as for Albert, he saw nothing and understood even less—missing a chance to describe one of 1983's great action fights.

MICHAEL LISS, BRONX, N.Y.

CHECK AMATEUR RECORDS

I AM AN AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL boxing referee and I rarely miss a televised fight. I am distrubed by claims that I repeatedly hear voiced by fighters, managers and announcers regarding past amateur records. Very often an unknown professional boxer will claim to have a spectacular amateur record and the network television announcers will give credence to such claims by repeating them without questioning them at all.

Boxers' professional records are usually independently checked, and the announcer will usually give the source, such as "This fighter has a record of 26 wins and 7 losses, according to *Ring* magazine." I would like to see more research directed at past amateur records of professional boxers before allowing the fighter to give his own version of his record on national television.

JIMMIE NEEF, LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA

SORRY, CHARLIE

HOW MANY TIMES DID I TELL YOU Charlie Magri should be rated in the top ten? Is jumping from 21st to WBC champion some kind of record? Magri was winning all the way.

And speaking of records, Emile Griffith, contrary to your claim (Round One, *March*), did not tie the record of winning world titles in three divisions and did not win the European Union junior middleweight title. You have to be a European to win that title. The soppy Australian Federation gave the promoter a gimmick recognizing the fight as for the title.

REGGIE GUTTERIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THE HOUSE ENERGY AND COMMERCE Committee has approved the bill to create a Congressional advisory committee on professional boxing, "for the protection of fighters."

These guys must indeed be looking for something to fill up their time with while they collect their generous salaries. Far more injuries occur in football and auto racing for that matter. But the Congressional committee isn't investigating their welfare. This bill seems to be an underhanded attempt to ban boxing.

HARR TRAUB JR.
National AAU Flyweight Champion, 1925,

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FOR SALE

FOR SALE: LeRoy Neiman oil painting, "Zora Folley" from 1967 heavyweight title fight vs. Ali. Signed by Ali, Folley and Neiman. Serious offers only. Richard Creswell, 727 Kiely Blvd., Santa Clara, CA 95051 Tel: (408) 984-6462

FOR SALE: Black & white action photos from British Commonwealth middleweight title fight, 2/8/83, between Ralph Hollett and Roy Gumbs. Norman Meekison, General Delivery, Tappen, B.C. Canada

FOR SALE: British championship boxing belt, Hall-marked silver, awarded 1900 to my grandfather for 7st 6 lbs title. Serious offers only. John McDermott, 50 Windsor Dr., Cleadon Village, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear, SRG 7SU Tel. Boldon 364763

FOR SALE: *Ring* bound volumes: 1970-$45, 1971-$55, 1972-$45, 1973-$42, 1974-$47; Giant, 13 square foot Ali-Foreman Zaire poster, no creases-$10; Leonard-Duran Montreal poster-$5. Ben Sharav, 160 West End Ave., Apt. 25K, New York, NY 10023

FOR SALE: Original *Ring* magazines from early and mid 1920s—$18 each. Bob Schwarz, 215 Cofeyman Ave., Nutley, NJ 07110 Tel. (201) 246-5002

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SALE: *Boxing Illustrated,* 1966-'72. $25 per year.. Numerous other boxing mags. Bob Crossin, 121 N. Van Buren Ave., Scranton, PA 18504

SALE: Programs: Patterson-Harris, Charles-Lane, Woodcock-Mills, Charles-Walcott, Liston-Clay, Ali-Frazier I, II, III, Ali-Terrell, many others incl, Duran, Leonard, Hearns. Posters from Ali-Frazier I, III, Ali-Norton III, Foreman-Frazier II, others. Books on Robinson, Louis, Liston, Greb, Dempsey, Galento, Patterson, Moore, Graziano, Walker, Tunney, Armstrong others. R.L. Tinsley, 1400 S. Joyce St. (C-1509), Arlington, VA 22202 Tel. (703) 920-8412

SALE: Color action photos of Cooney, Snipes, Wepner, Coetzee. Stills of Holmes, Page, Frazier, others. Moderate prices. Charles D. Brown, 39 Stockton St., Brentwood, NY 11717

FOR SALE: Championship fight posters: Marciano-Walcott, Louis-Conn, Robinson-LaMotta. Also championship programs. Free list. Lennie Gallagher, 2650 E. Edgemont St., Phila, PA 19125

FOR SALE: 1948 ed. *RING Record Book*, extra fine cond.—$60 incl. postage. Joel C. Porter, 4854 Elam Rd., Stone Mountain, GA 30083

FOR SALE: More than 50 hardcover books published in '30s, '40s, '50s incl. *RING Record Book*, complete 1941-66. Everlast, Post and other record books dating back to '20s. Complete years of *RING* mag '44, '51, '53, '55, '56, '60, '62. Other boxing and wrestling mags from '50s—*The Knockout, Double KO, Kayo, Sports Album, Fight Stories, Boxing Illustrated*, others. Full page newspapers and thousands of clippings. Will sell only the complete collection. Send $1 for 55 page list of contents. Robert Reiss, 11801 Davenport Rd., Los Alamitos, CA 90720

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FOR SALE: Ring equipment: fight gloves, bag gloves, face cage, speed bag swivel, platforms, more. Fred Nail, 1342 Harrison St., Batesville, AR 72501 Tel. (501) 793-4014

FOR SALE: Beta cassettes: Holmes-Cooney, Holmes-Snipes, Curry-Hwang. Fred Sharif, 221 Gettysburg Rd., Belleville, IL 62223

FOR SALE: British fight weekly *Boxing* (later, *Boxing News)* since 1910. *RING* '52-'64, *Boxe-Ring* (Italian) '63-'76, *Everlast* and *Jack Solomons* record books '36, '37, '50, '53. German record book *Jahrbuch*. R. Bottomley, 68 Pilmuir Rd., Blackburn, Lancs., BB2 3JB, England Tel. (0254) 57399

FOR SALE: Super 8 films of Muhammad Ali. Jaime A. Jacinto c/o Al-Hashar & Co., Box 7028, Muttrah, Muscat, Sultanate of Oman

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VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

AT THE RECENT RING 8 DINNER HELD IN NEW York City this past March 27, Ray Miller, the former great lightweight contender of the late twenties, was in attendance. Sitting with this reporter for a spell he informed me that he is in good health and now living in Flushing, L.I. Ray will be 69 years of age this coming October 8, and wishes to be remembered to all his friends throughout the country. At the present, Ray leases out fight films of the past and present ring champions in the most thrilling moments of their title bouts to various club meetings and gatherings. And as these pictures flash across the screen, can hear one of the most exciting fight narrations you have ever heard, made by that little bunch of dynamite of former days, Ray Miller, the only boy to ever knock out the great Jimmy McLarnin, and still considered by many one of the hardest hitting left hook artists and top lightweights of his time...The recent John Collins-Lenny LaPaglia fight in Chicago brought back memories of Ray's fight with the late Eddie Shea, held in the Windy City back in 1927. Both men hailed from Chicago: Miller, a Jew, from "Jewtown" and Eddie Shea, real name D'Onofrio, from Chicago's "Little Italy." At the time, both good friends and training and sparring partners in the same local gym. Each had winning streaks over some pretty fair fighters, and the fans, naturally, demanded a match between the two. The local promoter signed up the "natural". At the signing of the contracts, Ray put his hand out to Shea to wish him "good luck", Eddie replied "The hell with you, You Jew Bastard, wait until I get you into the ring I am going to knock you out". Miller went on to give Eddie Shea a good going over that night and defeated him in ten rounds in a most exciting fight. After the fight Shea visited Miller's dressing room and apologized to Ray, telling him that he was sorry for what he had said and that his manager had told him to say it just "to get his goat."

Promoter J. Russell Peltz and Arnold Weiss recently staged a grand retirement party for the former great middleweight contender Bennie Briscoe. A dignified sold out affair with guest speakers including Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Emile Griffith, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, Bantamweight Champ Jeff Chandler, Willie "The Worm" Monroe and Bert Sugar...Former lightweight contender Abie Kaufman of Ring 88 of Philadelphia was recently assigned a Deputy Boxing Commissioner for the State of Pennsylvania...Bob Mallard was installed as the new Secretary of Ring 4, Boston. He replaces Pat Leonard who resigned because of added business pressures...Alan Minter, the former great middleweight champion of the world, now a successful restaurant owner. Alan is the owner and host of Minters Restaurant 49 High Street Crawley, Sussex, RHIO IBQ.

Tommy Kaczmarek, former Mayor of Clark, N.J. and a good lightweight contender of the late forties and fifties, now an outstanding boxing judge for the New Jersey State Athletic Boxing Commission...Did You Know That—Karel Devries, of Capetown, South Africa, a boxing historian for 48 years, has a complete collection of every Ring magazine and every Ring Record Book ever printed?...The 1983 I.V.B.A. convention will be held at the beautiful Friar Tuck Inn, in the New York Catskills this coming September 23, 24, 25. This year's hosts are the IVBA, Ring Board of Directors. Anyone wanting information please write Irv Silverman, 2569 Young Ave. Bronx, N.Y. 10469 (212) 547-3051. ...On May 1, 1983, the National Veteran Boxer's Ass'n. Ring 20 of Kearny, N.J. held their annual dinner and dance at Vecchiarello's Restaurant in Little Ferry, N.J. 300 persons were on hand to honor Congressman James J. Florio, Mike Tocci, John Popek, Pat Corrente, Audrey Jones and Mariola Scymzzczeuska as this year's Queen of Ring 20. Paul Venti, President, Chairman and Norman Chadwick Sr. Co-Chairman of this wonderful affair are to be congratulated...

Many stories have been told and re-told about the great John L. Sullivan. Here is one that is most amusing: It tells of Jesse James, the famous bank robber, holding up John L. "Parson" Davies, who was Sullivan's manager at that time, and the Champ were touring Montana with a theatrical show when suddenly the train they were on came to a jerky stop in a very lonely spot on a very dark and dismal night. The doors of each car were flung open and some three road agents entered with drawn revolvers. Quickly Davies pulled off his diamond ring, watch and chain and shoved them under his seat. John L. was seated on the other side of the car. The robbers ordered all the passengers to give up without a fuss and said that no harm would be done. Sullivan handed over his watch, stickpin and money with a deep growl when one of the robbers held a gun to his head. When the boss bandit came to Parson he said, "Pardon me, but the big fellow over there who has just given up his valuables is John L. Sullivan and I'm Parson Davies his manager." "The devil you say", said the boss bandit as he put out his right hand to Sullivan. "I'm glad to meet you, John L. Shake, old champ." Sullivan gruffly shook the bandits hand, saying, "I'll be blamed if I'm glad to meet you, old top." The highwayman whispered something in Sullivan's ear as he handed back what he had taken from John. After the bandits had gone and the train was on the way again, Sullivan told Parson Davies the boss robber was the notorious Jesse James and he wanted to stake him to a few diamond rings, but Sullivan positively refused the generous offer, saying, "That's not my graft." This story shows that even the famous highwayman had considerable respect and admiration for the old champ...

Obituaries: **Tony Canzi,** age 74. passed away on April 13, Tony was the trainer of Paddy DeMarco in his heydey and recently trained Mustafo Hamsho and Kevin Moley. **Willie Curry,** nee Louis Molinari, former middleweight boxer from Philadelphia, died on March 28, 1983, age 81. Willie boxed from 1917 to 1931, was a member of VBA RING I of Phillie and was recently elected to the Pennsylvania Boxing Hall of Fame. **Buck Josephs,** age 81, a stand-out amateur and professional boxer died on April 20, 1983 at the Clara Maass Hospital, Bellville, N.J. Buck had 98 pro fights and was never knocked out. He was regarded as one of the Metropolitan area's leading bantamweights in the 1920s.

Allie Todisco, Age 72. Jersey City, N.J. former bantamweight of the late '20s and '30s passed away on April 4, 1983, a victim of cancer. Allie was a past president of Ring 14. And one-time referee for the N.J. State Athletic Comm. A veteran of 83 pro bouts, he lists Midget Wolgast and Kid Chocolate as opponents. Rest In Peace...

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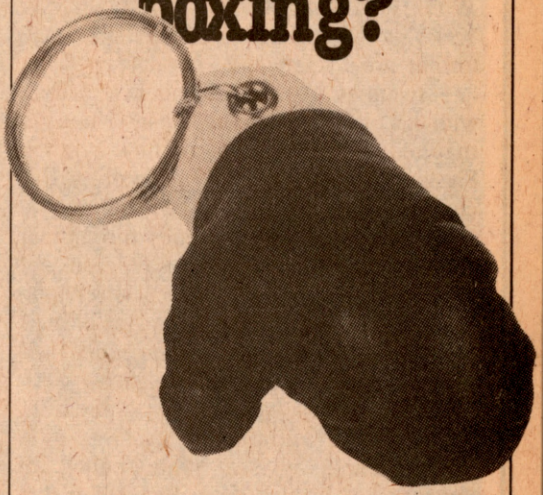

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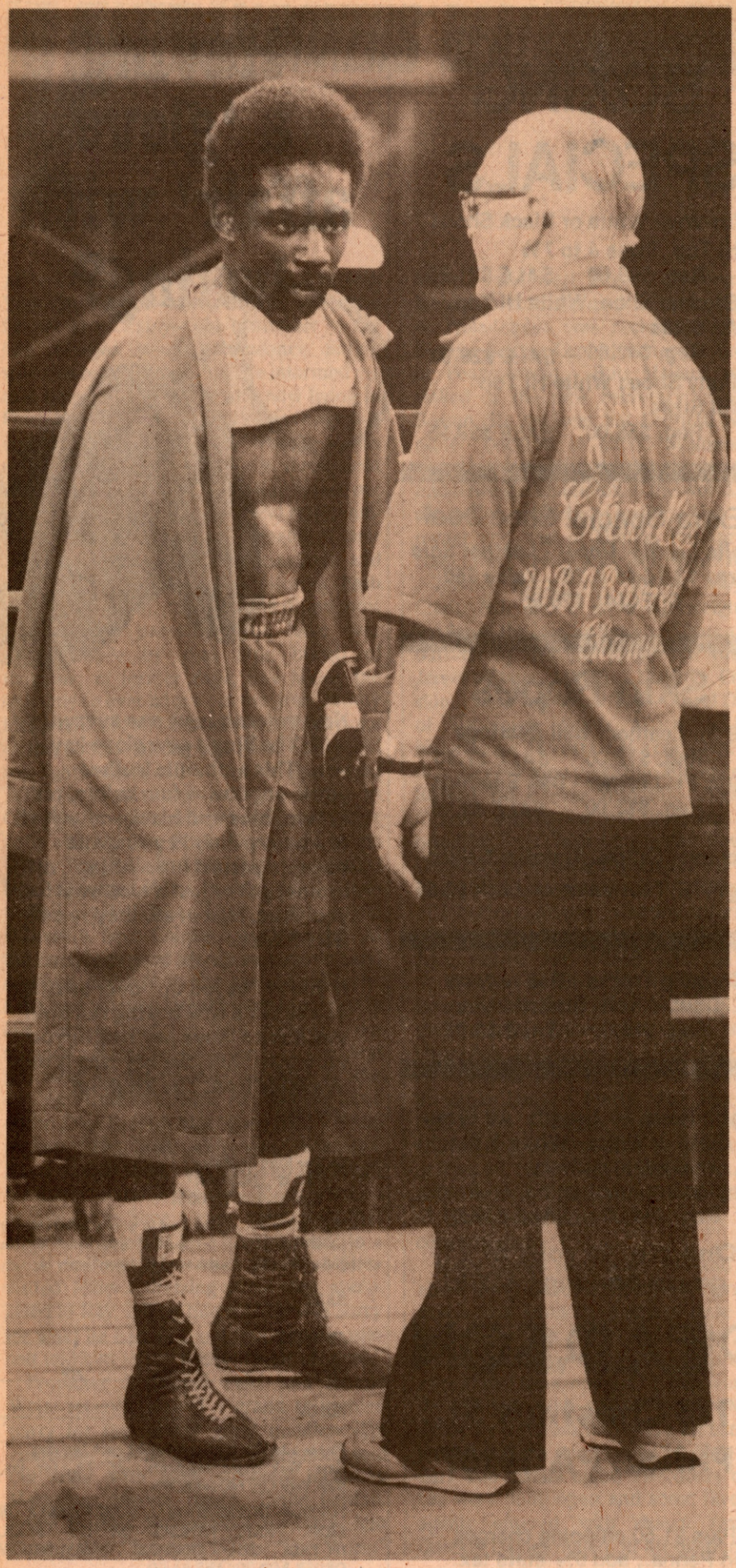
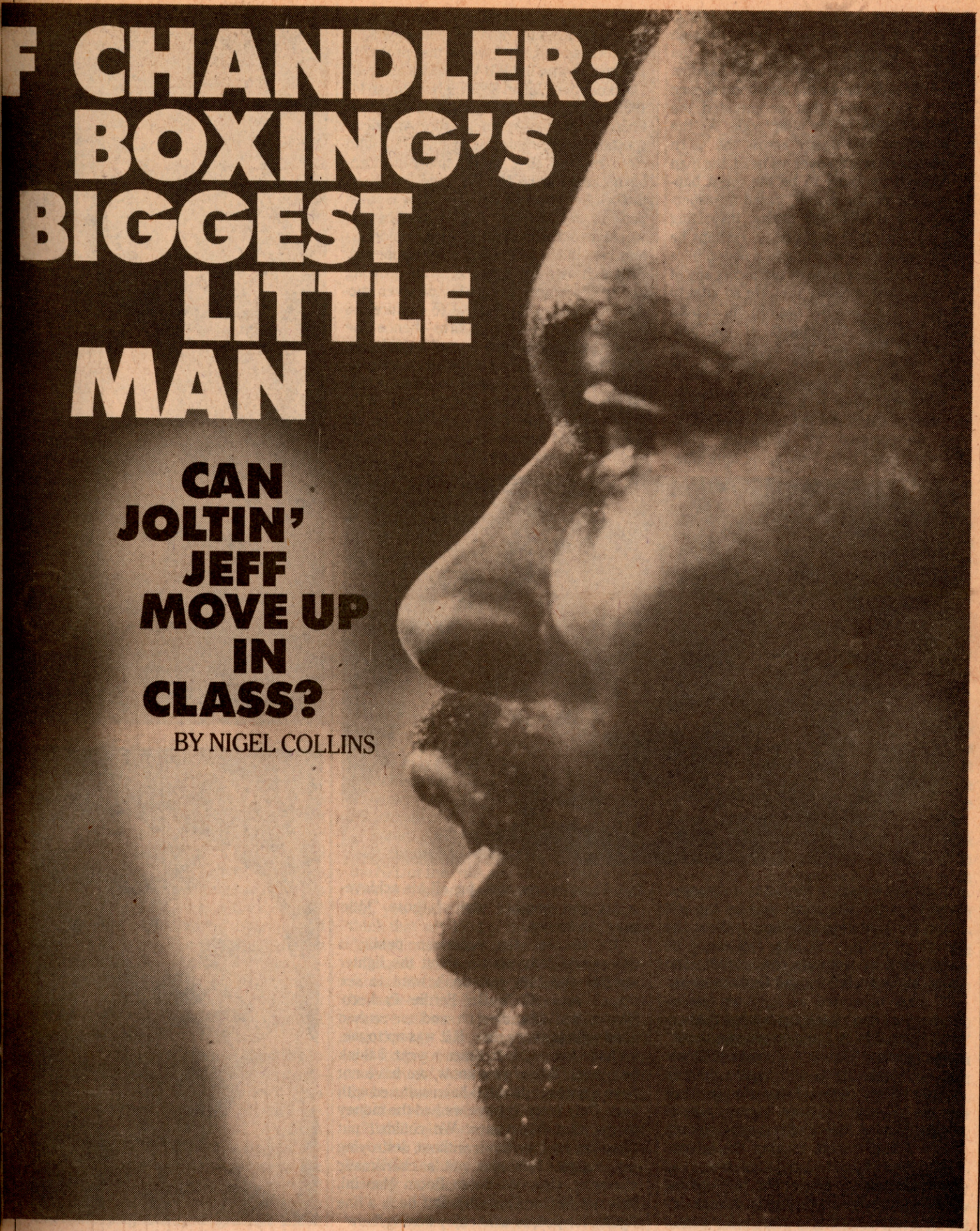


F CHANDLER: BOXING'S BIGGEST LITTLE MAN

CAN JOLTIN' JEFF MOVE UP IN CLASS?

BY NIGEL COLLINS



DEEP IN THE HEART OF SOUTH PHILADELPHIA the spring sunlight filtered through the gym's skylight and shone softly on the slender, whippet-like figure of Jeff Chandler. A nearby radio broke the afternoon silence with a funky beat that accentuated the natural rhythm of his jump rope. As the rope wisked effortlessly across the worn wooden floor and up over his head, the man considered by many to be the finest bantamweight on the planet, gazed introspectively into a full-length mirror, inspecting every sinewy inch of his body. Perhaps he was looking for a way to add a pound here and a pound there without sacrificing any of the speed and mobility that are so vital to his game. For Chandler has run out of both challenges and challengers at the bantamweight limit and has decided, like so many others before him, to move up in weight in pursuit of greater glory.

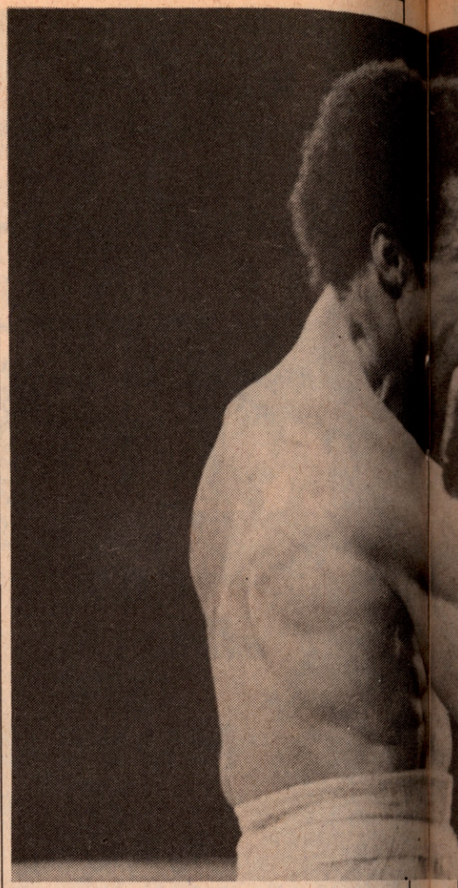
Chandler's move is a search for more meaningful fights, not the traditional transition necessitated by unwanted bulk. Although there have been some difficulties

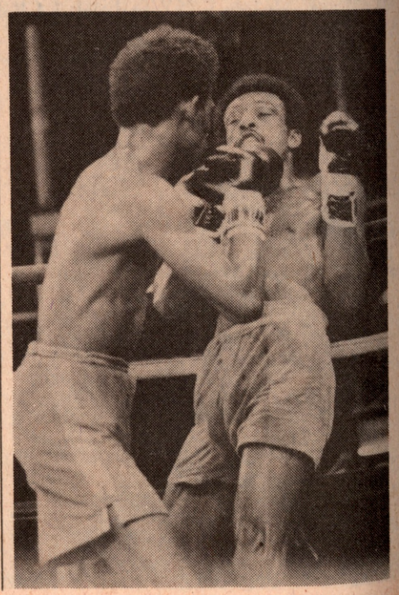
making the weight in his last two defenses, even Chandler will admit that he can still make the bantamweight limit without the benefit of surgery. In fact, Jeff would be delighted if he woke up one morning and found himself a full-fledged featherweight.

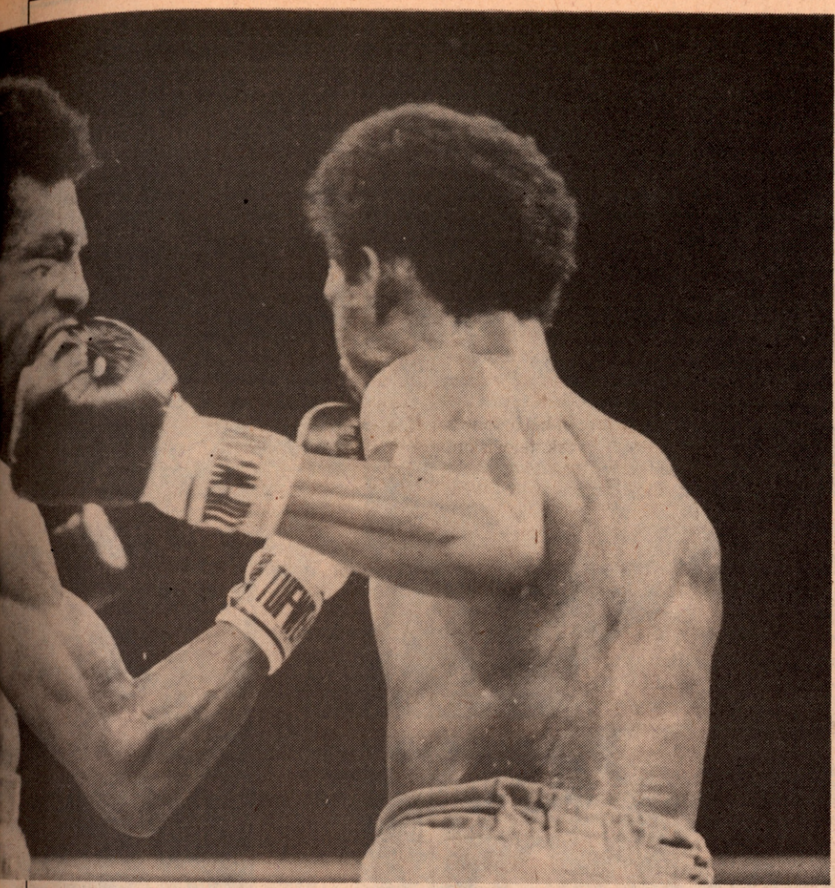
"I think of myself as a future Hall-of-Famer, but I don't think just holding the bantamweight title is going to get me there," says Chandler. "This is the reason I'm looking for bigger fights and bigger titles in heavier weight classes. I also want to check out the 122-pound division because when I fought (Miguel) Iriarte after a seven-month layoff, I had trouble making the weight. Then when I fought (Gaby) Canizales, I had trouble again. I figure I'm just getting heavier. My body is starting to change. My metabolism is starting to change. My master plan is to win titles in three divisions. I could fight nobodies and hold the bantamweight title forever. But what would that prove?"

When he won the WBA title with an upset knockout over Julian Solis on November 14, 1980, there were great expectations that Chandler would rekindle the American sporting public's interest in the 118-pound class. He was, after all, the first American-born champ since Harold Dade borrowed the belt from Manuel Ortiz for a few months back in 1947. "Joltin' Jeff," it was hoped, would lead the division out of the doldrums and into the spotlight. It never happened. Although Jeff has breezed, with growing artistry, through a succession of seven successful defenses, he has yet to capture the imagination of the networks—hence the viewing populace. Only four of his defenses have been shown on network television, with the others relegated to minor cable outlets. A unification match with WBC counterpart Lupe Pintor certainly would have sparked some interest, but for sundry reasons it never materialized. To the casual fan, Chandler remains, for all his achievements, just another one of those "little guys." Unknown.

"It's because the American public is characteristically obtuse about the lighter weights and they just don't want to see them," says NBC's Dr. Ferdie Pacheco. "We've had Chandler on and we've had good ratings every time. If it was up to me, I'd have him on four times a year. I think he's great. But as you know, we have not been a network that has been suffused with cash. Only recently have we had the money to go after big names. We couldn't put Chandler on four times without destroying our budget. He's also not a charismatic character. He's not Boom Boom Mancini. He's not Hector Camacho. But he *is* a fine fighter for people who enjoy *boxing*."







In the age of television, it takes considerably more than athletic accomplishment to become a star. The way a fighter talks about "mom and country" during the post-fight interview is equally as important as the way he hooks off the jab. One way or another, his entire life is on display and there have been times when Chandler's comportment outside the ring has been less than exemplary. First there was a drug bust in 1981 when police found cocaine and marijuana in his car. Then a street fight last year left the champ with an ugly scar between his shoulder blades—compliments of a broken bottle. Naturally, the kind of ink Jeff has received from the local print media hasn't always been flattering.

"I try not to pay too much attention to what they say about me, but I'm very sensitive," says Chandler, leaning forward in his chair for emphasis, his dark brown eyes probing those of his inquisitor. "It's been since October of 1975 since I started my boxing career. I've been looking up all the time. I've been moving up and working hard to get there. For the past eight years I've been trying to be the greatest and it makes you feel kind of bad when you hear all this negative stuff."

Pacheco pooh-poohs the idea that Chandler's brushes with the law have hurt his appeal.

"Paradoxically, boxing is one of the sports least connected with drugs. If you look at the NFL or the NBA and all the other junkie-filled professions and compare them to boxing, you gotta have some kind of balls to think that any kind of drug bust can hurt a fighter," maintains Pacheco.

Despite persistent street talk and gym rumors to the contrary, Chandler claims to have cleaned up his act and adopted a more mature attitude. "I just couldn't continue going through life doing things the way I wanted just because I wanted to do them and thought they were right. I'm a public figure now and the public plays a big part in my lifestyle and career."

Russell Peltz, who has promoted Chandler since his preliminary days, lays the blame for Jeff's inability to achieve mass appeal directly on television's doorstep.

"I don't think television knows talent when they see it," laments Peltz. "ABC was all set to buy a Chandler-(Sergio)Palma fight, which to me is a very solid over-the-weight-match, and instead they opted for Trevor Berbick and S.T. Gordon. I think it was an insult."

Chandler's purses, however, have been far from insulting, especially when compared with those of past bantamweight champions. He pulled down a division-record $200,000 for Canizales. A tidy sum to be sure, but mere chump change compaired to the million-dollar gates Jeff envisions for the future. For some time now, he has dreamed of a bout with Wilfredo Gomez for the latter's super bantamweight title. A match of such magnitude could very well catapult the Philadelphian out of the limited weekend-afternoon slot and into the megabuck world of primetime and pay-television. Alas, Gomez deserted the division before Chandler could step up, leaving that particular pairing simmering on the back burner for a later date.

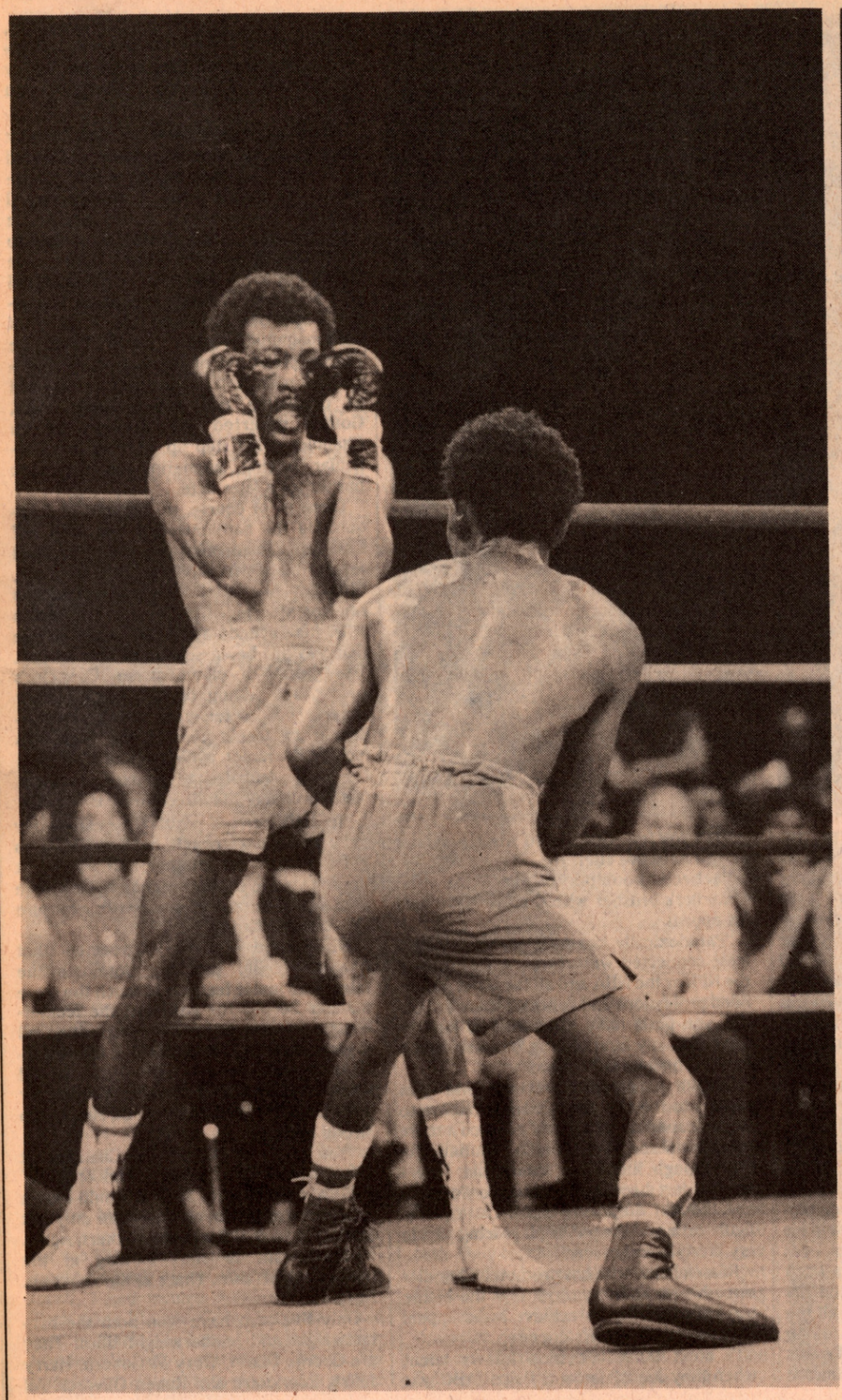
There is, of course, no thought of relinquishing the bantamweight belt until Jeff has its replacement securely cinched around his waist. While on the one hand, Chandler feels that the 122-pound division is ripe for plucking, the 118-pound crown is still his bread-and-butter and future defenses are being scheduled accordingly. This latest development in Chandler's career is a testing of the junior feather waters, not a full-scale plunge. Nevertheless, he would jump at the chance to meet WBA junior featherweight champion Leo Cruz. And despite funding problems, this is probably the direction he is headed.

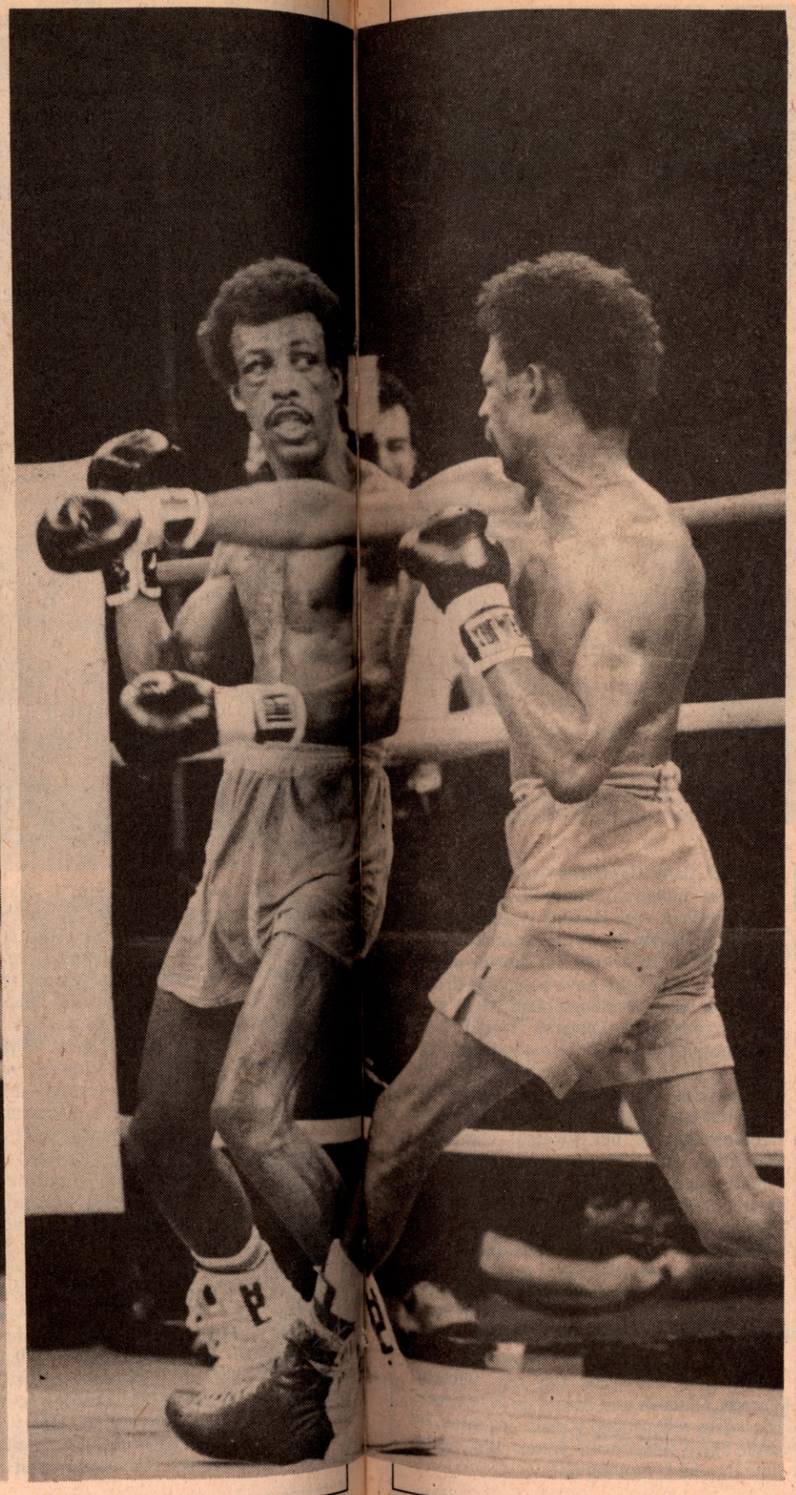
"In Jeff's current position he can barely get a bantamweight title fight on TV," says Peltz. "If he wins another title, even if it doesn't lead to super recognition, he'll have a lot easier time getting network exposure as a double champ."

While there is general agreement that Chandler could probably dominate the talent-thin junior feathers in much the same manner he has the bantams, the featherweight division is another proposition all together. It is at 126-pounds that the real intrigue—and money—lies. How would Chandler fair against Eusebio Pedroza or Juan LaPorte? Wouldn't they be simply too strong for him?

"You think of 'Joltin' Jeff Chandler at 118-pounds," counters Jeff. "Think of 'Joltin' Jeff Chandler at 126. Then it would look a little more in my favor. But we're only just starting to look at the junior featherweights. I don't want to start looking at the featherweights now. That's as time goes on. Not now."

Only five men have won both the bantamweight and featherweight titles: They are George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Harry Jeffra, Eder Jofre and Ruben Olivares. All





except Jofre are in the Hall of Fame, and Eder could very well have been the best of the lot. Does Chandler belong in their company? Pacheco, whose network carried Chandler's first forray into the junior featherweight ranks against Hector Cortez, thinks Jeff will have few, if any, problems bridging the eight-pound gap.

"I don't think he'll encounter any difficulties," insists Pacheco. "I think he's one of the finest fighters fighting today. He has such technical mastery. He has always hovered at a weight where he can go up to featherweight without any trouble. I think he'll be sensational as a featherweight. He has all the facility a boxer needs. He's fast and he punches well. He's got speed, talent, desire, and confidence. That's all you need in a champion."

With all due respect to the good doctor, it might not be quite as easy as all that. Not among the featherweight hierarchy, anyway. Chandler is 26 and it's unlikely that he'll outgrow the 122-pounders in the foreseeable future. That's not to say he couldn't be highly competitive against the best the featherweights have to offer. It is entirely conceivable that Jeff could give away three or four pounds and still hold his own. Six-time world champion Emile Griffith successfully negotiated the span between welterweight and middleweight, often beating men bigger than himself. In cases such as theirs, it is often smarter to find a comfortable "fighting weight" rather than add artificial poundage.

"I figure that he has to get used to fighting bigger guys," ventures Emile. "Maybe five or six fights, then he can adjust to the weight and everything else. If he goes in there looking for a knockout everytime when he moves up to the big guys, he isn't going to get it. It takes time. Knockouts come by themselves. He should do the same things he did as a bantamweight when he moves up to featherweight."

Indeed, Chandler's domination of the bantamweights has been so complete that he sometimes appears a tad lackadaisical in his work. This is partially because he is so adept at his craft that he makes it look easy, but there is also an element of boredom involved. Against the likes of Cruz, Pedrosa, LaPorte, and Gomez, he couldn't afford to be bored and would be forced to fight up to his full potential. Whatever fortunes await him, Jeff will certainly stir the stew.

"My motto used to be that I would hold the bantamweight title forever, until I was ninety-nine," smiled Chandler. "But I'm bored and restless. I've been thinking and I've been saying that I could be a lot better than I am. This move up makes me excited. I'm starting my career all over again."

A BIASED VIEW OF CHANDLER

By Jack Obermayer

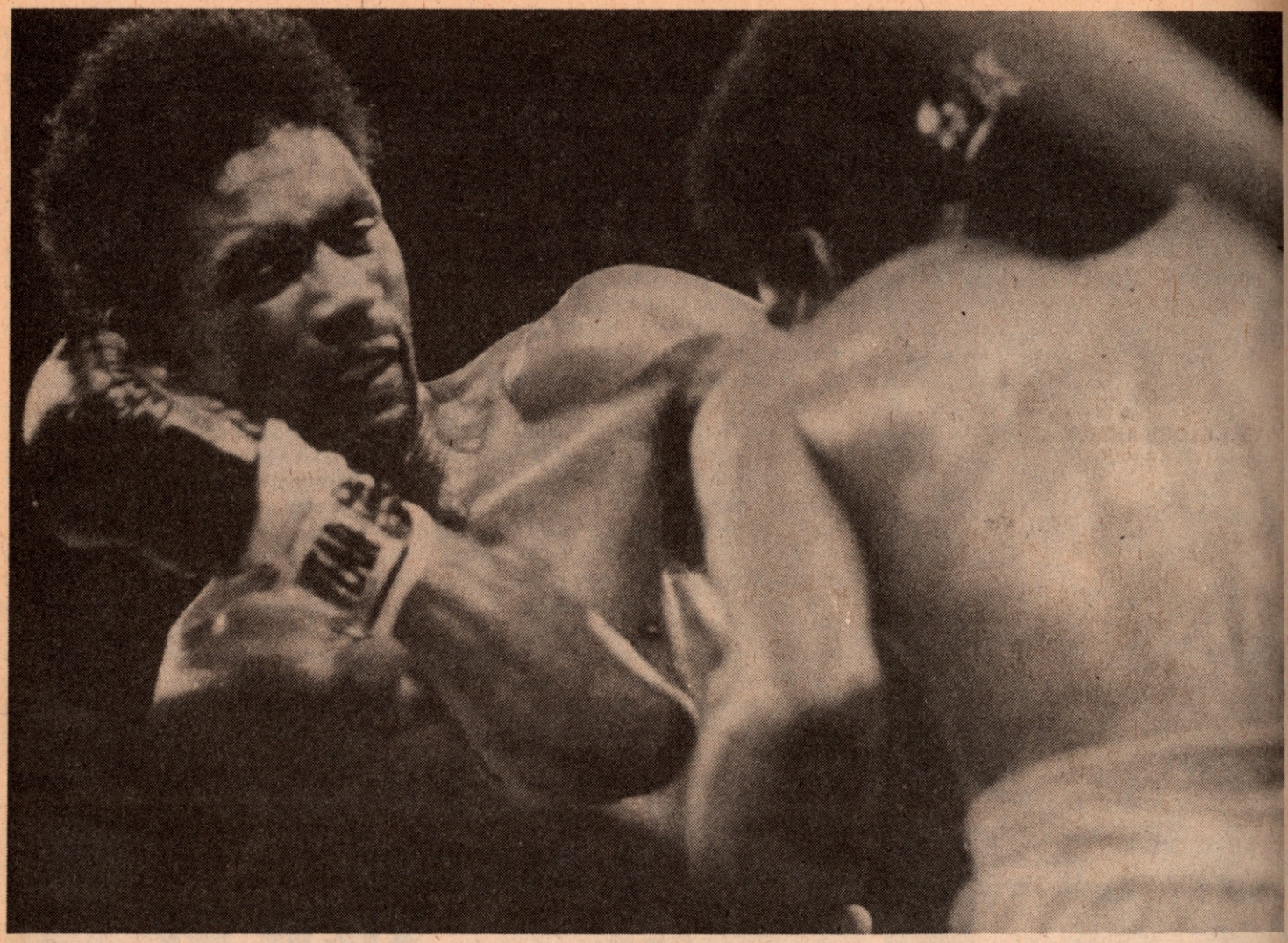
JEFF CHANDLER'S PLACE IN BOXING History? For starters, we could possibly get Mr. Peabody to have his pet boy Sherman set the way-back machine to 1887 when Tommy "The Harlem Spider" Kelly laid claim to the-then 105 lb. title. But let's be more realistic. Let's say we ease up on the dial and leap-frog back some twenty-seven "world" (who's really supposed to say?) champs until we get to the last U.S. born bantamweight champion, Manuel Ortiz. Now we're talkin' only about some forty-odd years of peso gallo history—a touch more realistic don't you agree?

I think the question has been answered that Chandler is a superior fighter. A late 1982 showdown between the WBA titleholder and his WBC counterpart, Lupe Pintor, would have seen Jeff box and defend the power rushes of the strong Mexican. Jeff would have countered and survived to a slick workman like decision win.

Alright, so he is superior to Pintor as it stood. That is fine as befits the question of today. Today (as a bantam, remember) he is 30-0-2, with 16 knockout wins, unbeaten in eight world title bouts and WBA champ since November of 1980. All well and good. But alas, all is relative.

A Philadelphia *Daily News* article by Rich Hofmann was headlined,"Chandler Fears Stories Are Jolts to His Legacy." He is afraid that a string of phony number one challengers such as Miguel Iriarte will damage his place in the sun. Says Jeff, "The writers are playing a big part in Joltin' Jeff's life right now. I want to be the writers' favorite." Writeups bother him and excite him. His identity is fragile, still being molded; he is self-conscious of his status.

His status? His modern day ranking? Some like what they see; some of course more than others. "He's cool under fire, he's an artist, a painter. He has the ability to control the fight with a minimum of effort. He reminds me of a miniature Ike Williams." So



says Quinzell McCall, a Philadelphia trainer and manager for many years. New Jersey-based trainer Carmen Graziano adds, "He never goes all out, he's got a lot in reserve. He possesses an instinct for distance. His position is so, that you can't hit him and he knows where he can be to hit you."

I put the question of his relative modern day greatness to some who know a thing or two about boxing, are not anchored to the area and have been around the game for some time. Dick Mastro, author of the "Official Boxing Record," states, "Chandler is as good as any of them I've seen. He has the proper mental equipment, he's smart in the ring."

Don Fraser, of The Olympic Auditorium comments: "(Manuel) Ortiz was the greatest, the best. Olivares would certainly be right behind. Jofre and Zarate also. Chandler's in the top ten, maybe four or five. He seems to possess a nice strong chin and doesn't waste too many punches. Nobody would have blown him away." Teddy Brenner, matchmaker for Top Rank says, "I count him as among the five best (lb. for lb.) today. He out-sizes the others. Carlos Zarate would be a tough one to beat. I'm impressed, he's one of the few out there who knows how to fight."

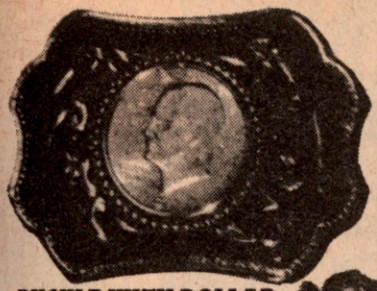
Promoter/matchmaker Don Elbaum feels that as many as ten in the past forty years could have defeated Chandler. "People forget how exceptional guys like Cohen, Carruthers, Macias and even Enrique Pinder were at one time. Manuel Ortiz was a great, great fighter." Will that be the problem for Jeff? Will they forget his abilities?

Fight film collector numero uno Jimmy Jacobs contends that, "as far as he's gone, he is absolutely magnificent—wonderful. I do not believe they would have beaten him. I do feel it is all hypothetical, silliness to a degree however to try and compare."

What sets Chandler apart from his contemporaries is his size (height and reach) advantage. At 5'7", he is tall but not THAT tall. He just employs it well. His ring awareness (read: ring generalship) is exemplary. He has progressed immensely from only a two-bout amateur background. His technical skills were far superior to his opposition or competition.

Where does he rate in my book? Well, just because he whips top-rated foes, it is all relative. So what, who were these guys anyway? Gaby Ganizales was supposed to be a real challange. Would the Texan have gone the limit with Zarate? Would he have mauled a Lionel Rose? Styles make fights, right? Therefore, would the shorter master boxer/puncher Jofre have been able to deal with the rangy Philadelphian? Hell, guys like Harada and Olivares would have brought out the best or worst in Chandler.

Part of his problem is of course not of his own making. To be born a bantam is no curse but a far better calling would be to be middleweight or heavyweight champion. Chandler has deep-rooted craftsman qualities, but *great?* Dare to be great as the saying goes. Jeff has fought too well within himself and has failed to take the dare. Greatness to many is skill plus daring, that something extra that says, go on, take a chance, don't play it safe, roll those dice. He is no Sugar Ray Leonard. Neither is he a Manuel Ortiz or Eder Jofre. As his record stands at 118 lbs., I would put him number seven in a forty-year top ten. Becerra, Harada, Olivares and Zarate go in between. His legacy will probably read: just think, he could have been even better. Will he be now that he is moving up?



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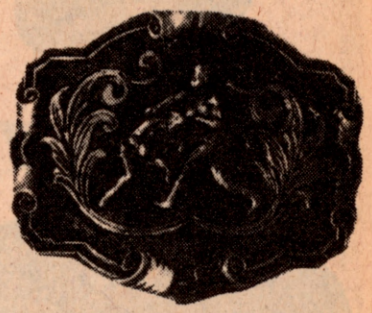

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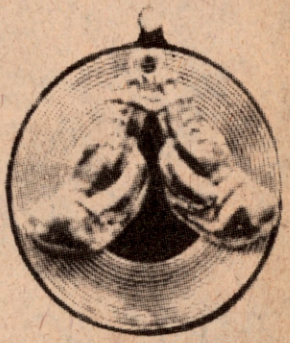

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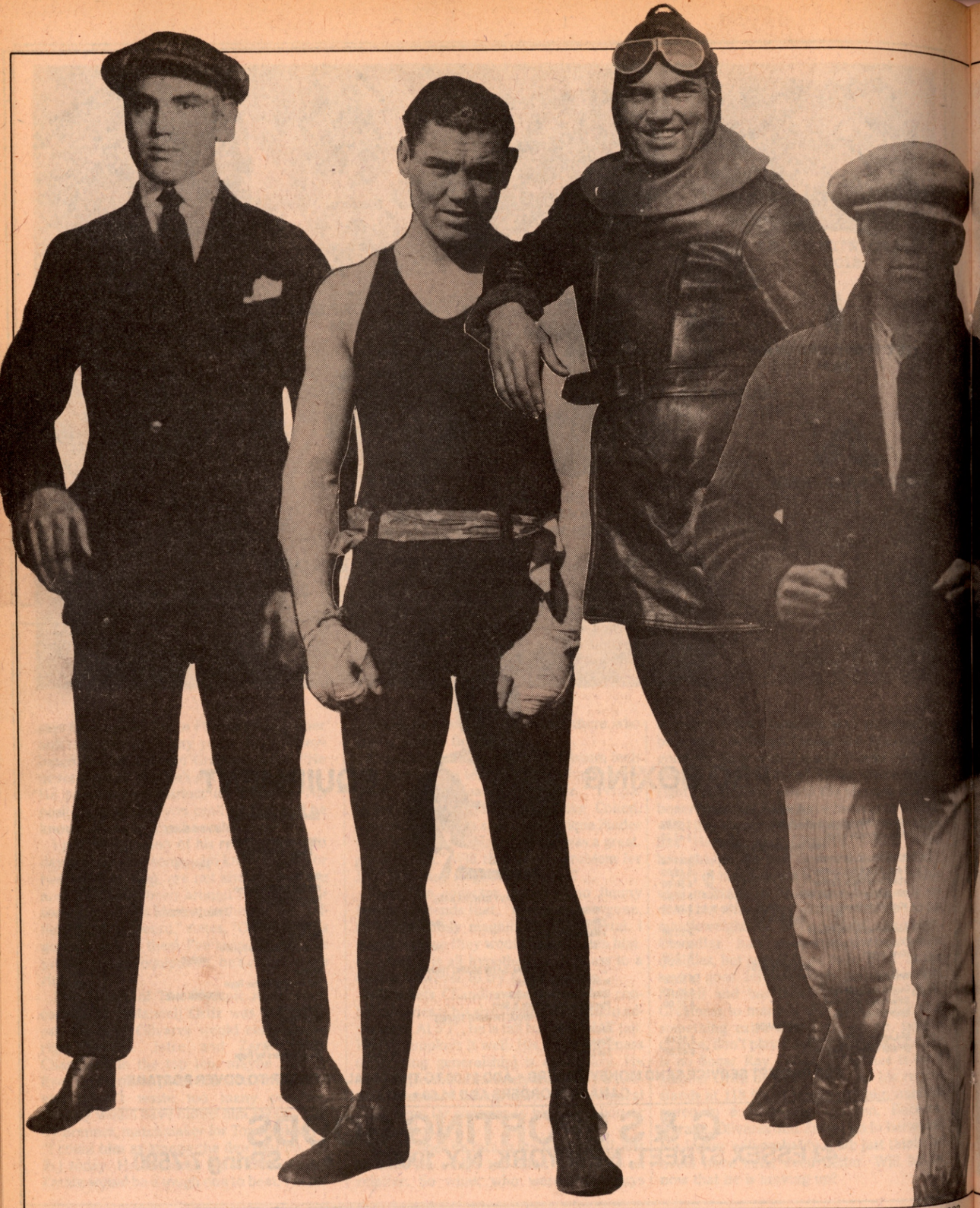
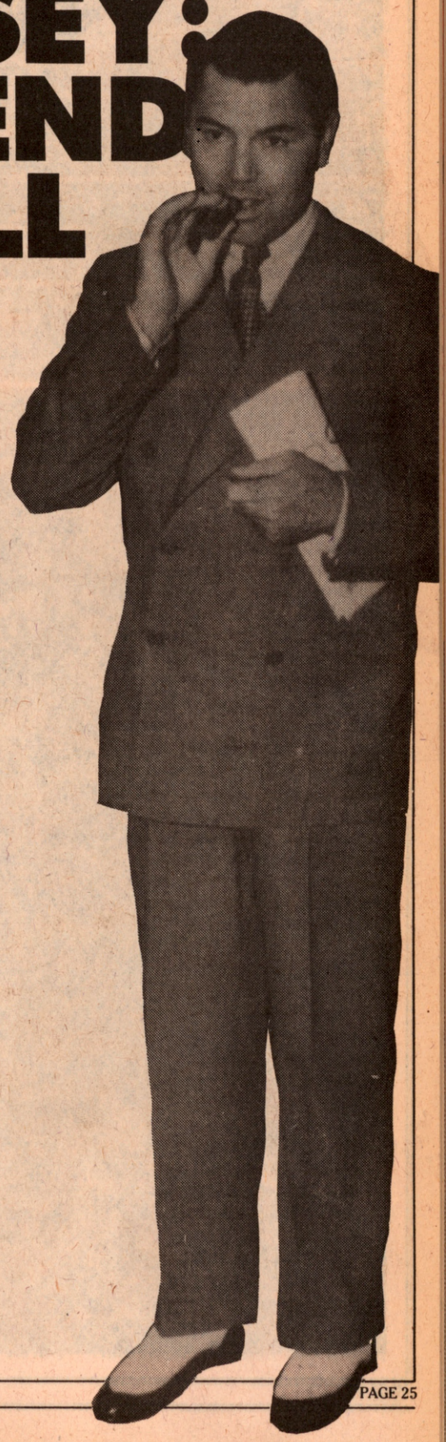


JACK DEMPSEY: A LEGEND FOR ALL TIMES

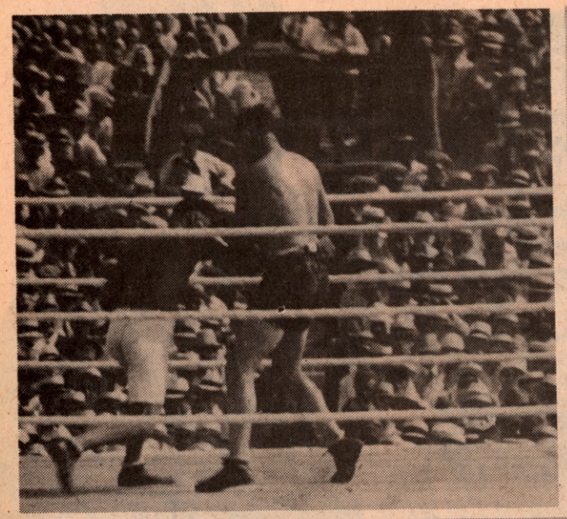


JACK DEMPSEY'S APPEARANCE HERALDED the heroic era of American sports. In an age soon to be surfeited with sports giants, Dempsey stood taller than most and would receive more adulation from press and public alike than all the other famous names of that Golden Age of Sports combined. He was, to quote one writer, "Red Grange, Babe Ruth, Al Jolson, Paavo Nurmi, and Man o' War rolled into one." His name became synonymous with the sport of boxing. To people who had never seen a boxing match, he was the only name. Dempsey was half-man, half-myth. The question was, which half was myth?

Born William Harrison Dempsey in the tiny mining town of Manassa, Colorado, and bred in the hobo camps of the West, this man who embodied the tough, individualistic spirit in America at the turn of the century was destined to become a fighter—and a great one—that is, if a mother's dreams are ever fulfilled. For his mother, having bought a biography of John L. Sullivan from a door-to-door salesman, soon after Dempsey's birth in 1895, took to reading it aloud to her babe-in-arms and felt it held the promise of the good life for her son. She told him, "I want you to be the next John L."

Given his destiny by his mother and his nickname, "the Manassa Mauler," from the town he was born in, Dempsey was soon, like the rest of America, on the move, hungering for adventure and advancement, the boom town he was born in becoming a ghost town with the collapse of the silver market the year after his birth.

By the age of 15, Dempsey had left school. Using his hands, which would eventually become famous as the tools of another trade, he found work in one of the many silver mines which pockmarked the topography of the state. There, like Sullivan



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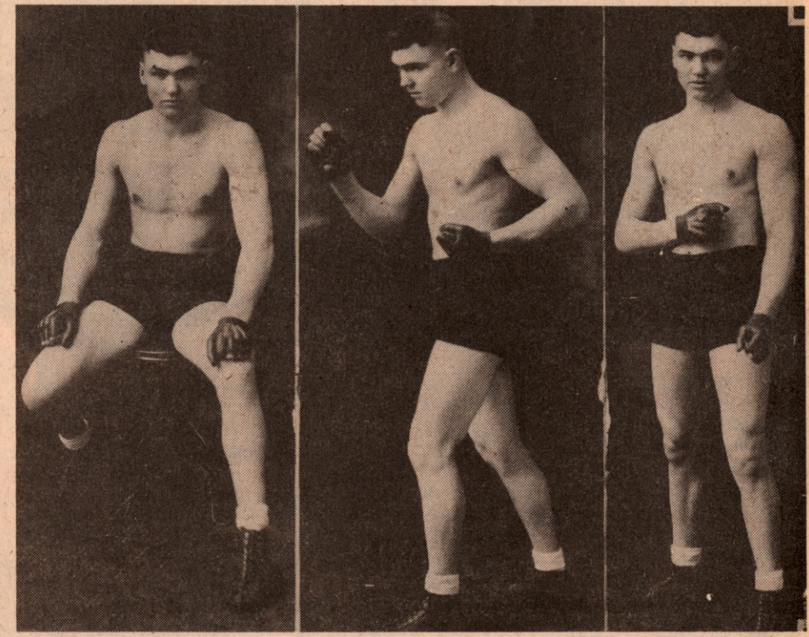
Jack Dempsey, the New Champion

BATTERED TO HELPLESSNESS IN NINE MINUTES OF FIGHTING, CHAMPION YIELDS HIS CROWN

SOVIETS RULE IN DISTRICT OF CENTRAL ITALY

(Left) Jack won the world heavyweight crown when he destroyed Jess Willard in Toledo on July 4, 1919. (Left, below) Jack and his training entourage on May 26, 1919. Left-to-right: Bill Tate, Max Kaplan, Jimmy DeForest, Dempsey, Terry Kellar.



before him, he was tormented by one of his coworkers, the camp bully, who threw dirt in his face. Dempsey answered in the only manner he could, with his fists, ending the bully's taunts and his mining career with one swing.

Taking the name "Kid Blackie," testimony to his penetratingly dark features, he next found work in neighboring miners' saloons, where, in the style of the man his mother had fashioned him after, John, L. Sullivan, he challenged any and all comers—for a price.

Shortly thereafter, when his brother Bernie, fighting under the name Jack Dempsey, suddenly pulled out of a fight in the wonderfully named town of Cripple Creek, Colorado, Kid Blackie filled in for him. Whether it was altitude or the prospect of going up against a tough 200-pounder named George Copelin that caused brother Bernie to excuse himself from the program is unknown, but whatever the reason, the younger Dempsey borrowed the name, won the fight, and thereafter continued as *the* Jack Dempsey.

But being Jack Dempsey was no more an "open sesame" to success than being Kid Blackie. The fights did not come and Dempsey once again struck out for new worlds—not to conquer, merely to survive in. It was while he was working in the Oakland shipyards that fate stepped in. More accurately, Jack stepped in and fate intervened. For one afternoon Jack chanced upon a saloon fight in which one little fellow was being beset by two strapping bruisers. Jack went to the aid of the beleaguered bar patron, downing the two ruffians with two well-directed blows. The man he had saved from a beating was little Jack Kearns, subsequently called "Doc" by Dempsey, as in "Ask Kearns, he's the doctor." Kearns offered him a partnership in the ring and, after some consideration, Dempsey accepted. From that point on, the boy-man who had ridden the rails and lived in the hobo camps of the West had found both a future, and a manager.

Together this tandem would blaze a searing path across the West, stepping over the prone bodies of heavyweights as they made their way to greatness. Starting with Dempsey's very first recorded fight, against One-Punch Hancock in Salt Lake City—whom he prophetically dispatched with his very first left hook—through his first four years in boxing (three with Kearns), Dempsey scored more first-round knockouts than any fighter in history—26.

Dempsey left behind him a trail of broken bodies and broken dreams, all leading to the championship as sure as Hansel and Gretel's breadcrumbs had led them. He had dispatched Fred Fulton in just 18 seconds in July 1918, and then, incredibly, bettered that mark with a 14-second knockout of former "White Hope" claimant Carl Morris,

five months later.

But the record was only part of the Dempsey picture; the rest was style and looks. Both were those of a warrior. Approaching his opponent with his teeth bared, bobbing and weaving to make his swarthy head with the perpetual five o' clock shadow harder to hit, his black eyes flashing and his blue-black hair flying, Dempsey more often than not combined his amazing hand speed and lethal left with an anything-goes mentality bred of necessity in the mining camps. Every bout was a war with no prisoners, no survivors. Later admitting that "three-minute rounds with gloves on and a referee is not real fighting," Dempsey delivered his own definition of survival any way he could—low, after the bell, behind the head, while a man was down. "Hell," he said, "it's a case of protect yourself at all times." But he didn't have to, his opponent did.

This warrior, who took on the look of an avenging angel of death, now stood on the threshold of boxing's biggest prize. His talents and his record, together with fast-talking Kearns's publicity campaign, made him the only challenger to Willard, who stood between them and fame and fortune. Willard and promoter Tex Rickard, that is.

Rickard had signed Willard for a guaranteed $100,000 to defend his crown against *any* warm body the promoter could produce. There was none warmer than Dempsey. Rickard knew it. Kearns knew it. And each one knew the other knew it.

But Kearns played his hand carefully, making noises to the effect that his tiger would fight for nothing, or just expense money. "Just get me Willard!" he proclaimed. So, without bothering to reduce Kearns's pleas and "please" to writing, Rickard announced the match. The next day Kearns sprung the trap: "Okay, sucker, now you can pay me fifty thousand dollars." The matter went to arbitration and, although a group of newsmen ultimately decided on a guarantee of $27,500 for Dempsey, both men thereafter were to swear less by each other than at each other.

Nevertheless, Rickard had his bout and Dempsey had his chance. Both were to make the most of it.

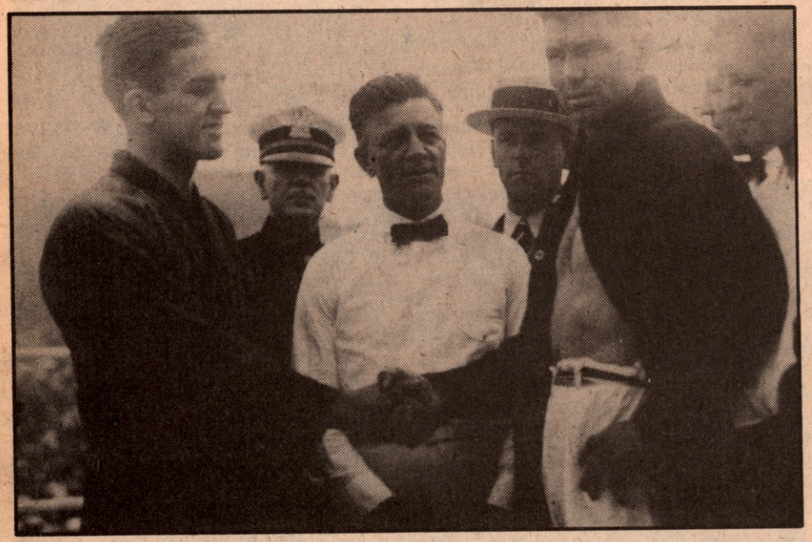
The fight was set for July 4, 1919, the first major postwar sporting event. The site was Toledo, Ohio, near as Tex Rickard put it, "the center of population," which was one of his underlying principles of promotion.

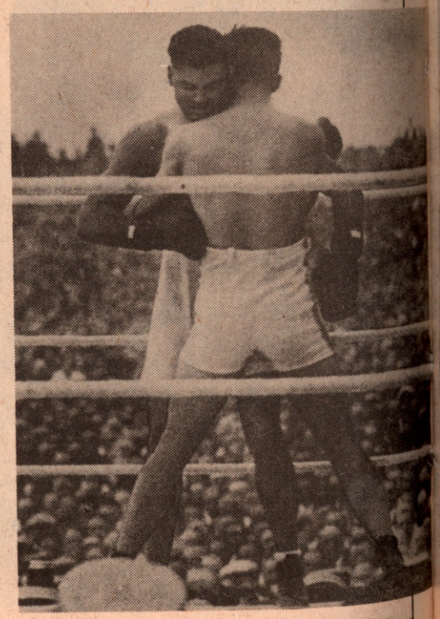
The Dempsey-Willard bout generated more interest than any fight since Rickard's previous outdoor promotion, the Jeffries-Johnson match, nine years before to the day.

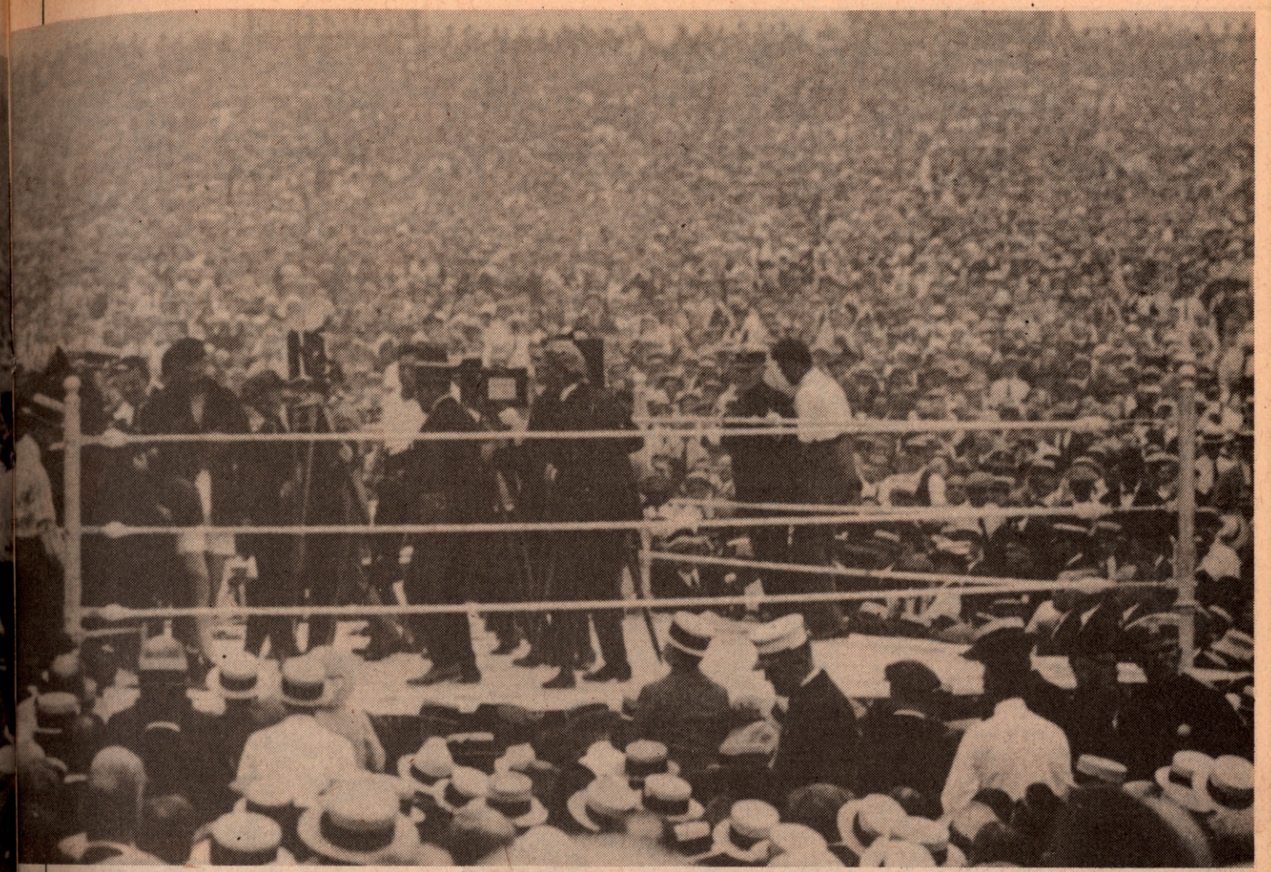
Willard, sitting in his training quarters, thought the fight was a joke. "I outweigh him by seventy pounds," Willard told the press, crowded around him awaiting his thoughts, "He'll come tearing into me . . . I'll have my left out . . . and then I'll hit him with a right uppercut. That'll be the end."

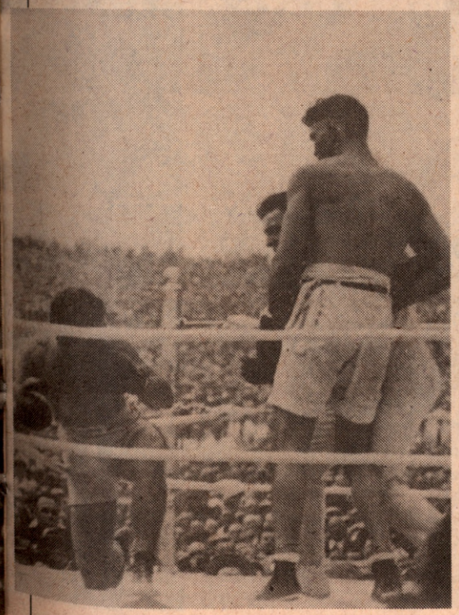
Others, too, considered Willard as a sure

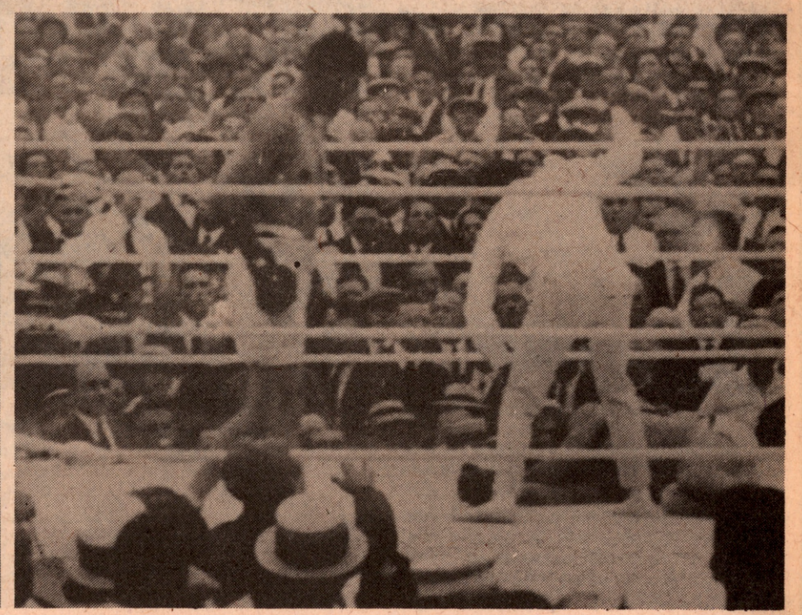
(Above) Dempsey and Georges Carpentier shake hands prior to their title fight on July 2, 1921. (Above, right) The first million dollar gate in boxing history resulted when 80,183 people paid their way into promoter Tex Rickard's Jersey City Oval. (Right) Left to right: Dempsey and the Frenchman clinch. Carpentier on his way up from the first knockdown. Referee Harry Ertle counts Georges out at 1:16 of the fourth round.

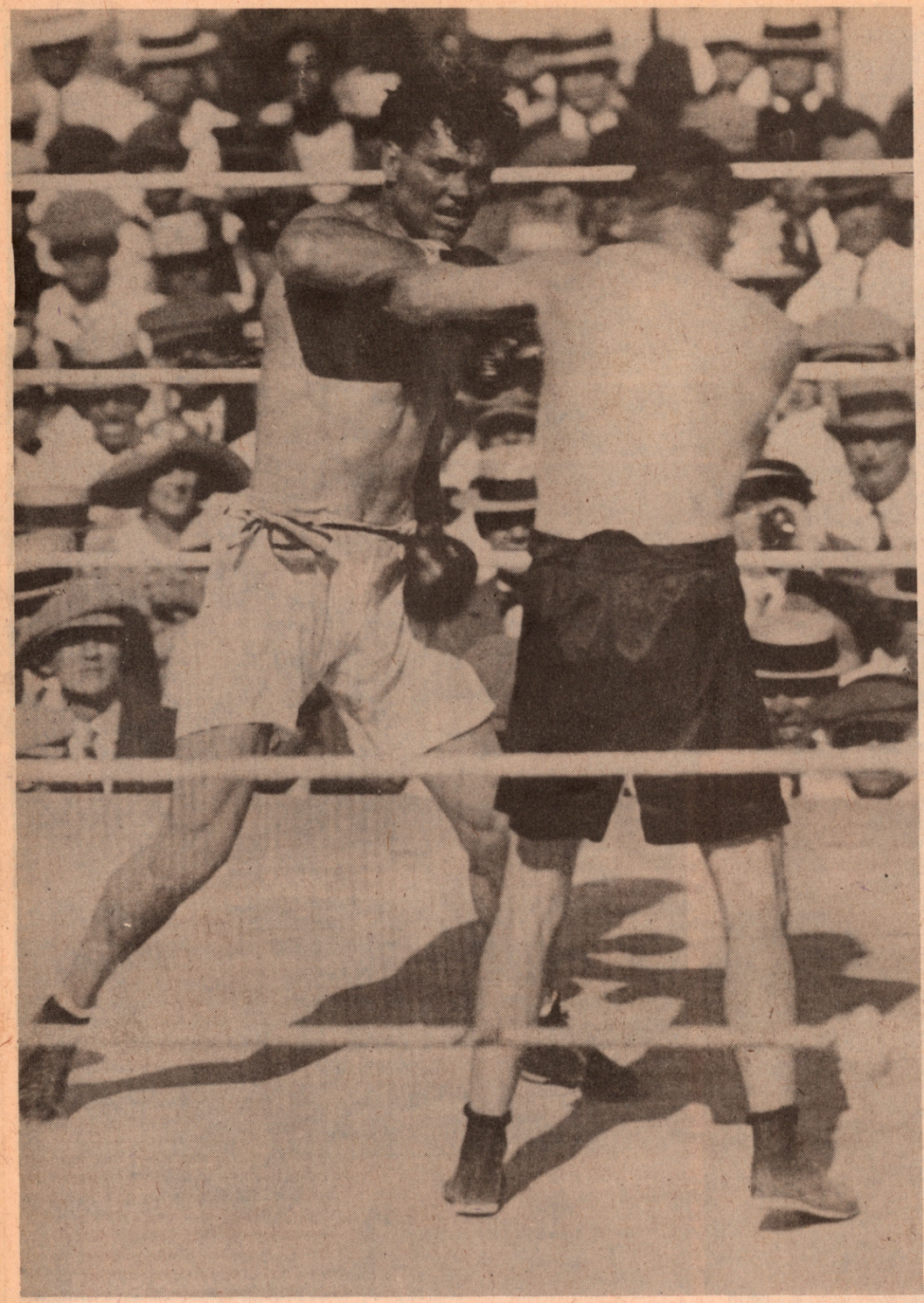


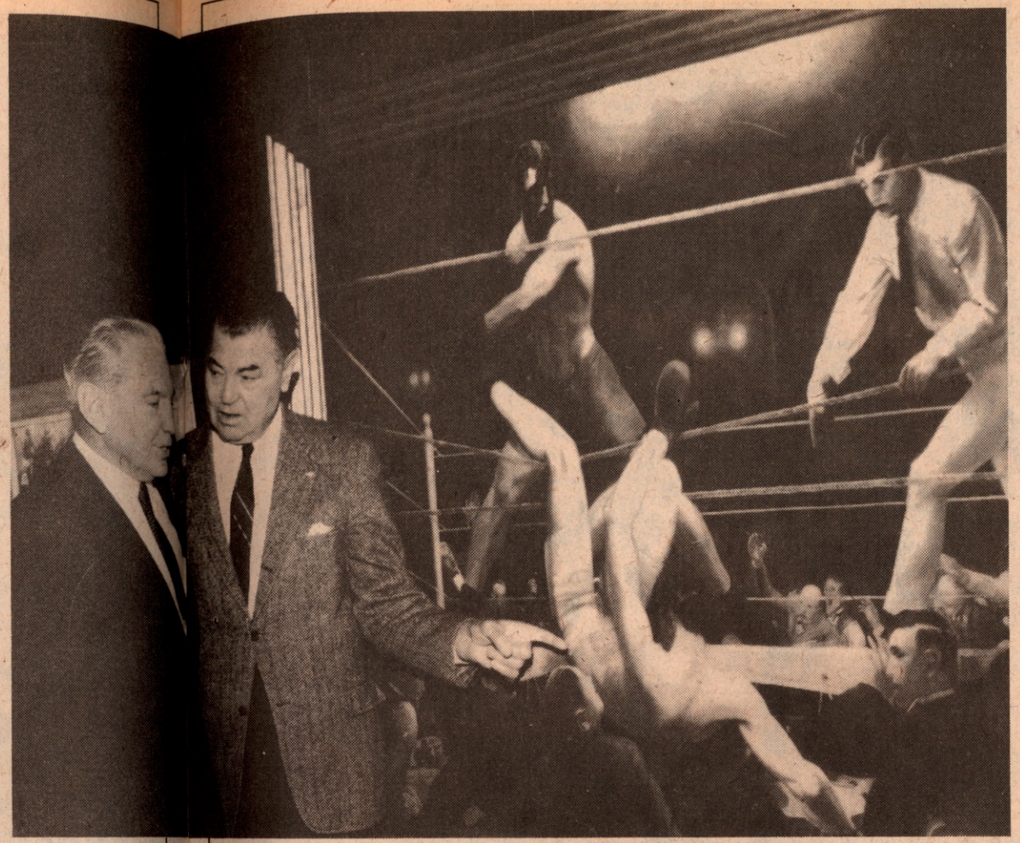


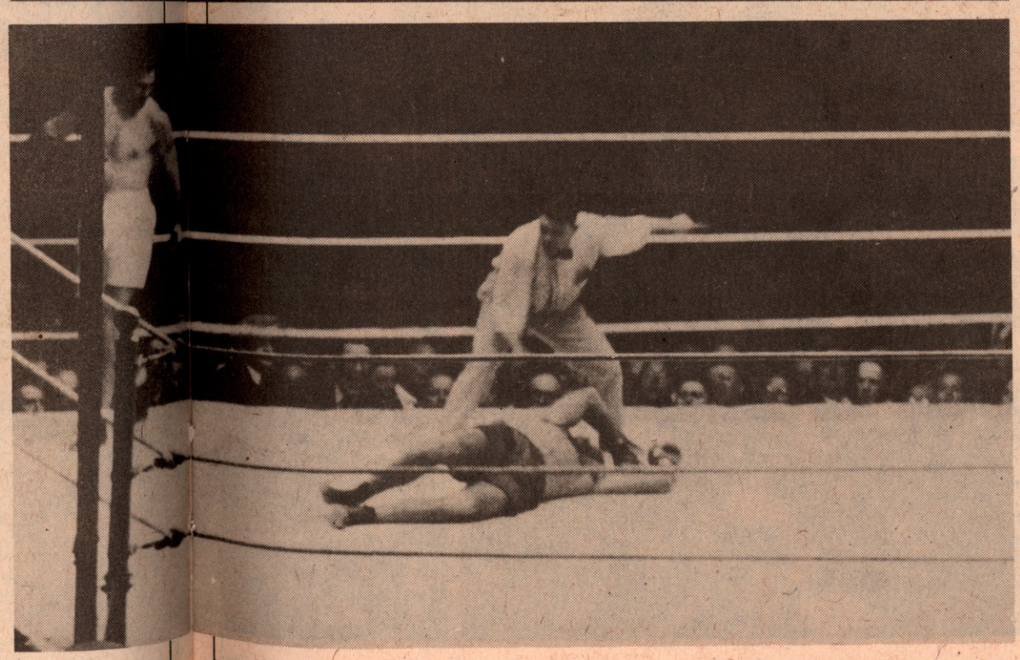












winner. Not only had the gamblers installed him as the favorite, but Tex Rickard was worried. He was worried enough to seek out Dempsey in his dressing room before the fight in order to express his misgivings. "Jack, this Willard's a big and tough fighter. He just might kill you. Remember what he did with a single punch of his to Bull Young." Dempsey, his facial features showing the steely concentration before a fight he was famous for, grunted in Rickard's direction. Tex went on, giving Dempsey an "out" just in case the worst happened . "If he hits you a good shot and hurts you, go down and stay down before he kills you. I don't want you killed. That's my advice." And with that Rickard turned and, readjusting his straw boater, made his way back into the arena for the expected carnage.

But it wasn't Dempsey's carnage they were about to witness. It was, instead, Willard's. As the two fighters made their respective ways into the ring—Willard bare-chested and Dempsey clad in a gray cardigan sweater—the disparity in their sizes became all too apparent. Willard looked even larger than his announced 6′6″ and 245 pounds because of a roll of surplus flab which girdled his middle; Dempsey looked smaller than his 6′1″ and 180 pounds, even swathed in a sweater.

At the sound of the bell, a tinny sound barely audible above the roar of the anticipatory crowd, the two fighters advanced from their corners warily, neither throwing a punch. Willard kept moving his hands, just as he had in the Johnson fight, ready to meet the onrushing Dempsey. Dempsey, for his part, merely circled the oxlike Willard, bobbing and weaving like a tiger as he did, sizing up his opponent, a task that consumed an entire 30 seconds due to Willard's enormity. Finally, exasperated because Dempsey had not come to him as he had planned, Willard reached out his telephone-poll left to find the smaller man, made all the smaller by his crouch.

That one move decided the fight, for as Willard reached in, Dempsey uncoiled from crouch and, ducking under Willard's left, threw a right to the body and a wicked left to Willard's check, caving in the champion's cheekbone and sending him reeling. Greyhound lean and Dempsey mean, the challenger was now on him in a flash, battering the broken hulk before him. Willard sagged against the ropes, down. He staggered to his feet only to find Dempsey, who

(Far left) Jack defends his title against Tommy Gibbons in Shelby, Montana on July 4, 1923. Gibbons lasted 15 rounds with Dempsey, who was coming off a two-year lay-off. (Left, above) March 11, 1965: The Manassa Mauler comments on George Bellows' famous painting of his fight with Firpo at the Polo Grounds

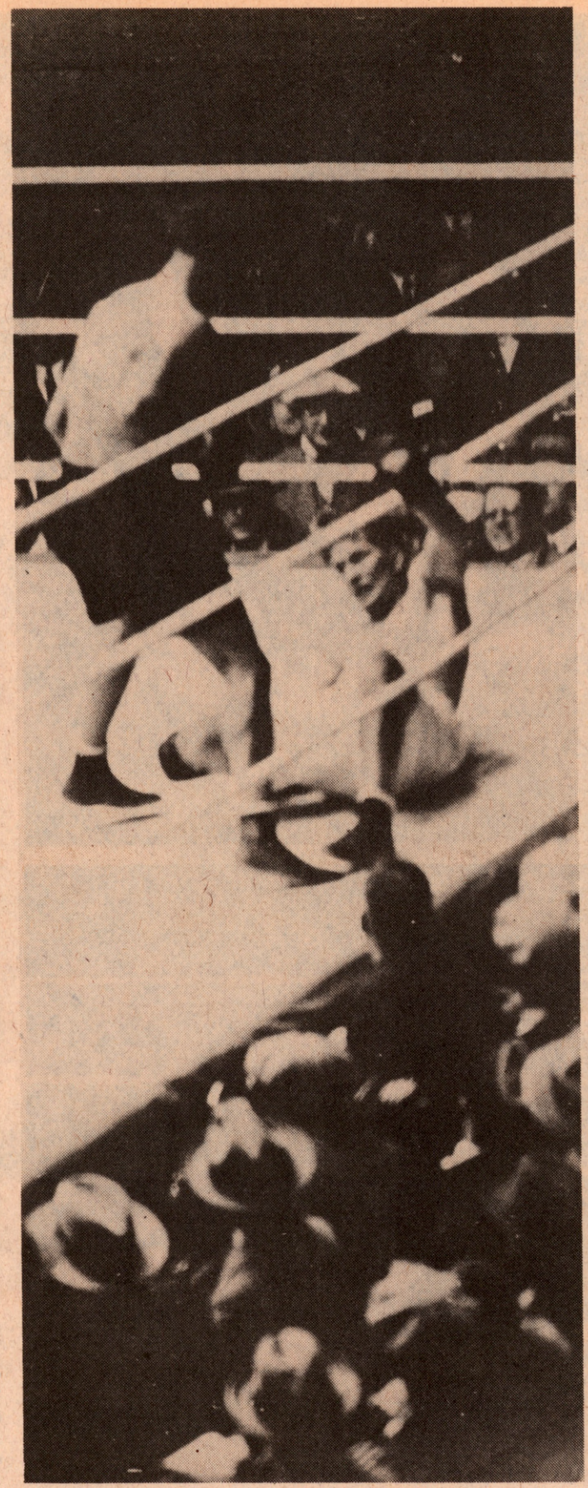
had hovered above him, ignoring all niceties, concerned only with getting at the champion. Dempsey was on him, beating him relentlessly about the face and body. Again Willard fell heavily. And again he struggled upright. With metronomic repetition the scene was completed, resembling less a boxing match than an exhibition of a toy recently introduced in the United States, the yo-yo. Finally, Dempsey dropped Willard in his corner, his hands hanging on the ropes, his back resting on the turnbuckle as the referee counted away. This time he made no effort to arise; this time he stayed down.

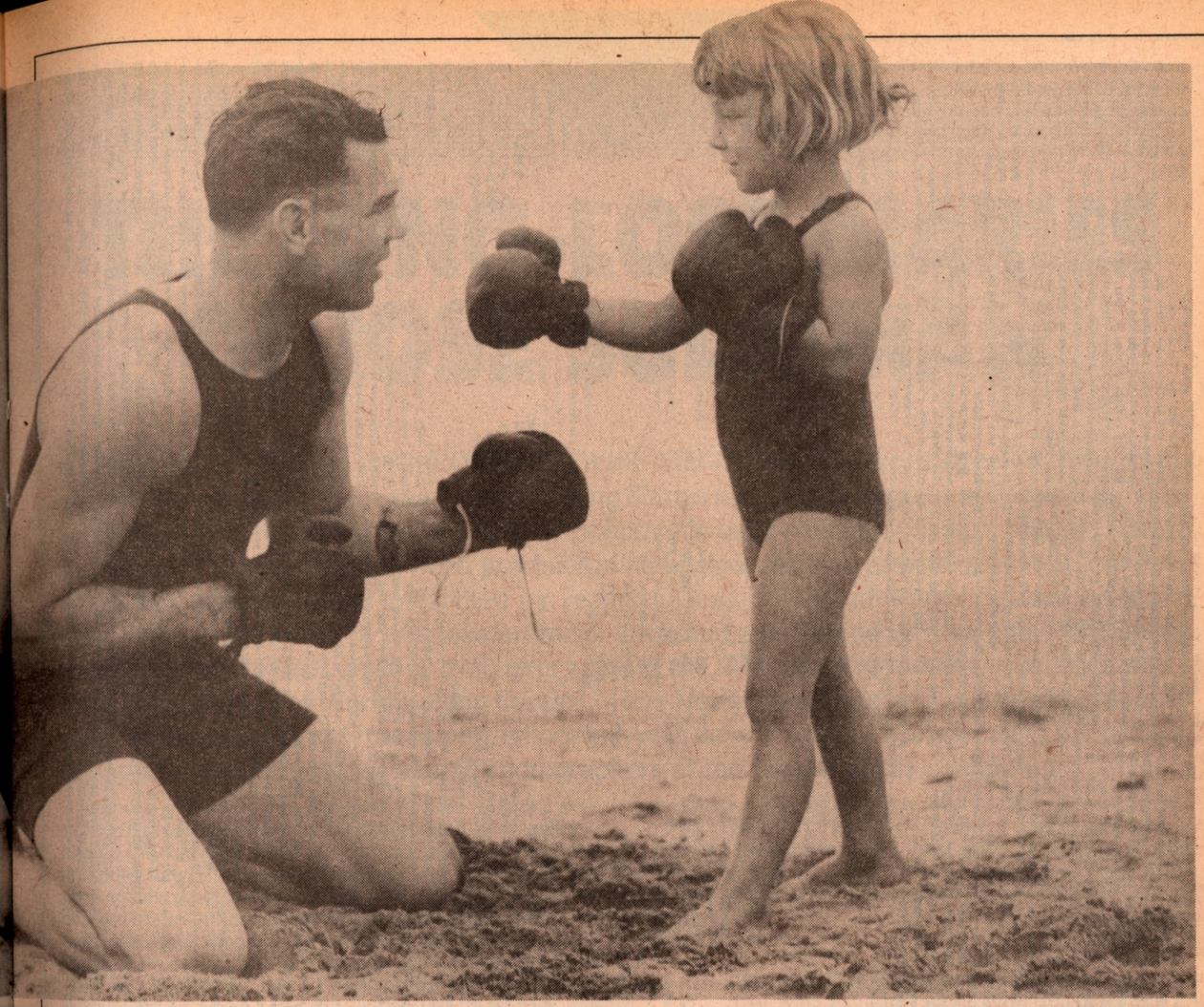
The fight was over. Another first-round knockout for Dempsey. Or so it seemed. There, in the middle of the ring, was little Doc Kearns jumping up and down. On one side Dempsey, the apparent victor, was climbing through the ropes, his sweater thrown over his shoulders, heading for the dressing room. But, wait a minute! As the listless hulk of a man who had entered the ring only three minutes before as the champion was placed ginerly on his stool, the officials huddled on one side of the ring. One of them had detected what sounded like the bell during the last count, drowned out by the roar of the crowd. Now referee Ollie Pickard was trying to get Dempsey's attention, get him back in the ring, aided by Kearns, who was waving his cap madly.

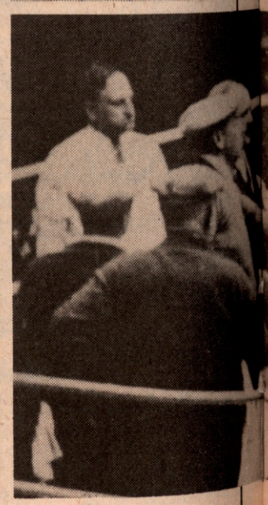
And, unbelievably, there would be a second and a third round of the fight, anticlimactic and unnecessary with Willard, his jaw broken in two places, his rib cage smashed, four teeth missing, one eye closed, his nose splayed all over his face and his face cut, out to do battle again. But the next six minutes were merely pro forma, the outcome already having been decided by Dempsey's first punch. When, at the end of the third, the half-butchered ox once known as Willard moaned through a clenched jaw that would not open, that he was through, the result became official: Jack Dempsey had won the heavyweight championship of the world. And Jess Willard, $100,000 richer, sat in his corner sobbing, "I have a farm in Kansas and a hundred thousand dollars...I have a farm in Kansas and a hundred thousand dollars..."

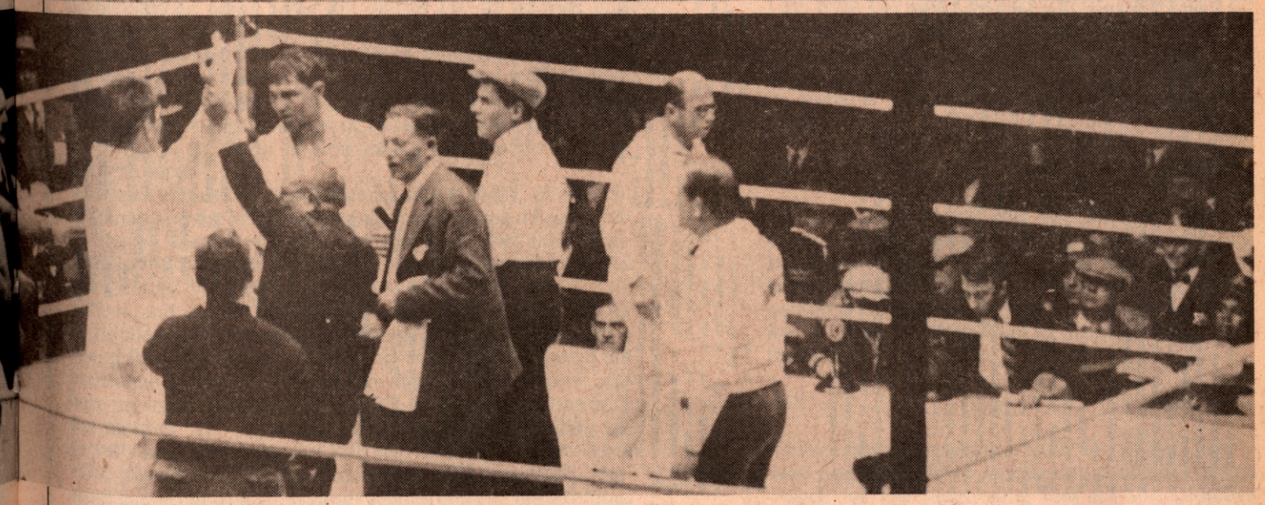
It was just the sort of incident to usher in the craziest, zaniest era ever known in sports, the era of giants, "the Golden Age of Sports," as Paul Gallico would call it. And Jack Dempsey was the first of a pantheon of greats who would reflect a grateful nation's idolatry and praise—soon to be joined by the likes of Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, and others during those Roaring Twenties. But, as the Golden Age began, Jack Dempsey stood alone.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR









THE LONG-LOST DIARIES OF JOSE SULAIMAN

MEXICO CITY, JUNE 15, 2083 (COMBINED WIRE SERVICES)—The world greeted today's purported findings of Jose Sulaiman's long-missing diaries with mixed degrees of skepticism. ¶The alleged diaries, found in the remains of Sulaiman's once-palatial villa just outside Mexico City—which at one time had been proclaimed an historic shrine by virtue of a WBC constitutional amendment—were unearthed by reporter Gerd Heidemann, who claimed he found them "under a mound of precious artifacts, uncashed sanctioning checks, unsigned option contracts and unused currency from every one of the more than 50 member-countries which once belonged to the World Boxing Council." Herr Heidemann then held up the more than 60 volumes covered in morrocco and embossed with Jose Sulaiman's private seal for picture-taking by the assembled group of photographers at the historic press conference.

Although some of the contents of the diaries were somewhat faded by the constant smog which has blanketed Mexico City for most of the last century, the Royal Academy of Boxing Arts & Sciences, which studies the sport which had once achieved popularity throughout the civilized world, has attested to the authenticity of the documents. Moreover, they buttressed their findings by calling in the by-now ancient Hugh Trevor-Berbick-Roper, winner of 1983's Janet Cook Truth in Journalism Award for verification. Mr. Trevor-Berbick-Roper pored over the diaries for 10 seconds and promptly proclaimed them to be the "genuine" article.

Already several sons of former WBC members have hailed the discovery of the diaries as "something akin to a religious experience" and STERN Magazine and the London TIMES have agreed to pay upwards of $4 million to the treasury of the WBC in the form of sanctioning fees for the right to serialize them.

(Others, however, remembering the history of the Sr. Sulaiman and the WBC, believe the diaries to be a hoax, concocted by former members of the WBC and their sympathizers to cast both in a more favorable light, to be viewed more kindly by historical perspective.)

Over and above their historical significance, the diaries were filled with heretofore undivulged details of the golden age of the golden clowns of boxing. In separate chapters the man once known as "The Raider of the Lost Artifacts" lays bare the inner workings of the WBC, his total fascination with the number "12"—including an entire chapter detailing the secretly-held 13th, 14th and 15th rounds of those abbreviated WBC title fights which were concluded in Sr. Sulaiman's oversized gameroom—and his observations of those once-famous members of the boxing fraternity he came in contact with.

RING Magazine, which was "leaked" a copy of these diaries by Herr Heidemann, takes great pride in bringing you the following excerpts from these diaries, something STERN is calling "the greatest journalistic coup of the 21st Century."

"DEAR DIARY–: JULY, 1978

> Why New York writer Jerry Lisker spread story that I am from Fall River, Massachusetts, even if true? It cannot help me in the WBC inner sanctum to be too closely identified with the United States. . . But I like the fact that Lisker tells some the name "Sulaiman" in Arabic is "Solomon". . . Maybe that help me with some. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: JULY, 1979

> There are some people who say I have never really done anything wrong in my life. 'Course, they only say that behind my back. . . They also say boxing hardly possesses a single people who are worth painting, although many of them would be better for a little whitewashing. . . Wonder what that means? . . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: NOVEMBER, 1979

> Today I met a nice man, a true "Son of the Desert" who cashed the WBC sanctioning check at Caesars Palace for the sanctioning fees for the Leonard-

Benitez fight. . . I do not know why he wished me 'Good Luck' when I put the money in my pocket. . . I do not gamble. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: NOVEMBER, 1980

What was that idiot Bert Sugar doing? One minute he was talking to me and all I said to him was 'Nobody ever bought me a cup of coffee' and the next minute he was jumping up with my breakfast check in his hand and running off to the cashier's desk hollering 'I just bought Jose a cup of coffee. . . " Wonder why he was also counting the coffee spoons. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: JUNE, 1981

Asked why, with so many campeons from Mexico, there are no title fights in Mexico. . . I only say that I go to America for the same reason Los Banditos rob banks—'cause that's where the pesos are. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: MARCH, 1982

Why oh why is the Mexican government bothering me about a small amount of something they call 'Artifacts'? . . They say they found them in a warehouse I own and that I was to sell them in U.S. . . . Everyone know I only saving these precious heirlooms for my homeland not, as they say, to export them to America. . . What is the crime in keeping them myself? And why am I being called "The Raider of the Lost Artifacts"? I do not see the humor in that. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: APRIL, 1982

Who is this terrible Teddy Brenner and why he is he saying such awful things about me? He knows I don't like options like the one he claimed he had with Alexis Arguello. . . I like everybody, even Teddy Brenner and accepted his check as a WBC promoter. But he stopped payment on it after court tell him to pay. . . Why he do that?"

"DEAR DIARY–: JUNE, 1982

How did I come into town again without my suitcases. . . Maybe I'll have to tell Bob Halloran at Caesars that I lost another camera. . . That would give me enough to take ringside pictures with, if I ever had to shoot. . . Of course, there are those who say I'm half-shot already. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: JULY, 1982

Can't understand why I'm being villified by the leading American boxing writers today. . . Senor Flash Gordon, who lives in Nuevo York, puts out a mimeographed weekly called 'Tonite's Boxing Program', or something like that. . . Makes no how you say?, difference. . . Anywho, I tell him on telephone, 'My son is one of your great amigos and fans and it hurt him when you say such things about me. Please come down to Mexico D. F. as my guest and see for yourself how it is not true. . . ' I think he see the light and that he will not write any more of this bad stuff about me. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: SEPTEMBER, 1982

Having a wonderful time in Venice at WBC convention, wish you were, how you say?, her. . . Wonder how many straight years I can get away without giving a full financial report? . . . . "

"DEAR DIARY–:

Elected El Presidente again. Two more and I think I break Joe DiMaggio's consecutive record. . . "

"DEAR DIARY–: NOVEMBER, 1982

I just heard from the resident WBC numerologist who pointed out that the letters in Duk-Koo Kim's name—when assigned numerical values from 1-26 for their alphabetical position—add up to 110, which, when added together as 1 + 1 equal 2. And that's a good number. Think I'll take the "2" part and combine it with 10 to give all championship bouts a limit of 12. It would be what Duk-Koo Kim would have wanted if he were alive today."

"DEAR DIARY–: DECEMBER, 1982

Today somebody ask me what am I doing, and I tell them I'm not sure. After all, the only time I don't have disagreements is when I am in a room alone. That happened last night at the Hearns-Benitez fight, to be sure. . . Maybe I should charge the WBC treasury—whatever and wherever that is—for a new calculator. . . Reason is I totaled up the scorecards tonight of the Junior Middleweight, or as we call it 'Super Welterweight' fight, and, of course, being—how you say—unfamiliar with the number '9', I add it up wrong on judge Young's card. Wonder how many times I've made same mistake before and it cost anybody the fight?"

"DEAR DIARY–: MARCH, 1983

Today I testify before the United States Congress. I am so happy that the great country of the U.S. of A. wanted me to tell them the truth about boxing and the WBC. I prepare 30-page document with charts and proposals for them to see. But they no look at anything, instead asking me questions, like 'How are same managers managers of both fighters in WBC title fights?', and 'how the WBC deals or no deals with U.S. of A.' Of course, I tell them truth, or as I once told writer from American magazine, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, about questioners: 'I tell them what they want to hear and answer them "Yes" and "No" ' . . . Problem is when I'm finished Dave Anderson of New York paper asks me which country I have easiest time dealing with and I tell him truth. . . the United States. How I know he print my

remark, which I no speak in front of Congress, in paper?...

"DEAR DIARY–: MARCH, 1983

I think everything come out alright with U.S. Congressmen when one of the *alcaide* says to me "Thank you for being our guest and coming all the way to Atlantic City to testify..." Does this mean I can get my expenses paid by them and by the WBC too for coming to see the Spinks-Braxton fight?"

"DEAR DIARY–: MARCH, 1983

When I hand out ballots for greatest fighters of the WBC's first 20 years why does George Kimball of Boston, U.S.A. put down name 'Mike Baker'? Is it because his manager was Edward Bennett Williams was WBC attorney...? What's so funny about that?"

"DEAR DIARY–: MAY, 1983

Cannot understand why everyone wants to remember WBC constitution and rule about Number One-contender at time of Boza-Edwards signing to fight Bobby Chacon...Have other rule respecting option...NBC put me on air to answer question and interview so good...It goes like so:

'NBC: Doesn't Boza-Edwards as the long-time number-one ranked contender deserve the first crack at Bobby Chacon?'

Me: "Yes. He does deserve the crack at Bobby Chacon, but not when is upsetting of the rules and the constitution of the WBC...'

NBC: If one follows the rules of the WBC, the number-one contender is mandated to get a crack at the title and there is a specific order from the board of the WBC that number-One contender get a crack at the title by May 29th of this year. Why won't you sanction this as a title fight?

Me: 'I have traveled approximately ten thousand miles to mediate between the Boza people, the Chacon people, and the promoters. I have had, fortunately, the help of Mr. Jim Jacobs. We both have fought desperately to help this promotion to be sanctioned. But the fact is unfortunately, you only have, you have a red corner and a blue corner. If the blue corner loses, they slap you; if the red corner loses, they slap you. So, what can you do? Respect the rules..."

There, I guess I told them in clear and no-nonsense terms..."

"DEAR DIARY–: MAY, 1983

Can you believe this? I no recognize the Hagler-Scypion fight as title fight because it is scheduled for 15 not 12 rounds and everybody and their hermano is against me...What I do now? Maybe I recognize for 15 rounds if I can justify it and get out of trouble, like find Hagler have signed option before rule go into effect, or something to save me face..."

"DEAR DIARY–: MAY, 1983

Why is everyone always picking on me? As a human being I make many mistakes; I have even said, as I did at a recent press conference in Las Vegas that 'I am stupid.' Maybe they do not accept me because I'm Mexican...I don't understand, I am not accepted in this country. Of course, I am not accepted sometimes in home country too where they have just judged me guilty of "Ignorance of Law," or as one newspaper put it "Ignorance." And that's not funny..."

"DEAR DIARY–: DECEMBER, 1988

Today many of my friends attend a special party I throw of all the fighters who do not fight rounds 13, 14 and 15. Today they fight them and I report them for first time:

HALEY-MAMBY: It is three more rounds of toe-to-toe slugging, with Haley just holding on, in more ways than one, to win.

HOLMES-RODRIGUEZ: The three more rounds I no look at, they being more boring than the 12 rounds I see in Scranton.

L'APORTE-CASTILLO: Referee Davey Pearl closed out evening by giving Ruben Castillo a 108-standing count...

COLIN JONES-MCCRORY: Oy, I think I make mistake as 12 rounds not enough and need three more to get decision, but, unfortunately, neither one wants to succeed Azucar Ray as the WBC half-champion and the fight still ends in a draw, making each a quarter-champion

ROSARIO-RAMIREZ: Here's one fight I no see the end of, being under the ring when decision is given to Ramirez.

CURRY-HALEY: Three more rounds is same as first 12, with both men fighting as if in instant replay of fight they fought in Las Vegas where activity was confused with action...

HOLMES-WITHERSPOON: Holmes came out of retirement to fight three more rounds as personal favor to me...He no look as sharp as time he won crown from Norton after we strip heavyweight crown from Spinks because he no fight mandatory contender Norton...Now we have problem with Bobby Chacon who DID fight mandatory contender...Oh, the fight! I no watch being in argument with Chacon about such things...Larry no need help anyway, he our fighter of the decade and he go in ring wearing our belt to show it to the visiting dignitaries...

"DEAR DIARY–: DECEMBER, 1992

I can only hope, as I set my seal, and that of the WBC, to these many volumes, that whoever find them in history no think they are forgeries like those of others found before me...I so want to be loved for what I have done to boxing...Now and forevermore..." □

① WHEN WILL IT EVER END ??
BOXING
CORRUPTION
W.B.C.
W.B.A.
② ..FOR A START—AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHERE THE "SANCTIONING" MONEY ENDS UP?
IS NOTHING SACRED?
W.B.C.
W.B.A.
FIGHTERS' PURSES
③ A GOOD, LONG LOOK AT W.B.A. AND W.B.C. BIGWIGS—ESPECIALLY THIS "COLLECTOR" OF AZTEC INDIAN ARTIFACTS.
...WHO WOULD WANT TO GO AFTER MY SCALP?
...ENOUGH TO RAISE THE HAIR ON ONE'S HEAD!
④ ANOTHER "MYSTERY" IS HOW NUMEROUS STIFFS SUDDENLY ZOOM UP THE RANKINGS TO A TITLE SHOT?
W.B.C. CHIEF JOSE SULAIMAN
MUST BE A MIRACLE SINCE I HAVEN'T WON IN 12 YEARS AND WASN'T RANKED 'TIL TWO DAYS AGO!
...JUST PROVES IT'S BLESSED TO GIVE AND RECEIVE!
⑤ ...MAYBE OUR HALLOWED NETWORKS SHOULD REPORT ON HOW THEY SHELL OUT FOR ENDLESS "TITLE" SCRAPS?
...ER TIME OUT FOR A COMMERCIAL!
DRESSING ROOM
W.B.A.
W.B.C.
KEMO-SABE DON KING
...READY TO DIVE—I MEAN JUMP IN!
BOXING—
SOAP
ONE CHAMP PER-DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL RULES
LEGITIMATE RANKINGS
U.S BASED (NOT THE U.S.B.A.) BOXING BODY
...ETC, ETC, ETC.!
CHARLIE McGILL - THE RING -

RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

Photo by Jack Goodman

Back in December, Bobby Chacon won the WBC junior lightweight title with a dramatic, come from behind decision over Bazooka Limon. The bloodied Chacon cemented the victory and "Fighter Of The Month" honors with an emphatic, last-minute, 15th-round knockdown.

Now Battling Bobby has done it again. This time, the fighter who extended Chacon to the limits was number-one, WBC contender, Cornelium Boza-Edwards. The Don Chargin-promoted fight was not recognized as a title bout by the WBC, which ruled that Don King had exclusive options on the champion's next two fights. But an injunction barring the fight, which King had obtained in a California court was thrown out at the last minute, and the bout went on as scheduled.

Throwing politics aside, Bobby once again oavercame a shaky start, which saw him sustain three deep cuts and one knockdown. When it was over, Bobby had decked Cornelius three times, and the final knockdown, once again coming in the final round, earned Chacon the victory and made him "Fighter Of The Month" once more.

FIGHT OF THE MONTH

DOKES-WEAVER SCORECARDS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Tot.
Judge Harold Lederman																
DOKES	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	9	10	143
WEAVER	9	9	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	143
Judge Larry Hazzard																
DOKES	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	9	10	144
WEAVER	9	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	144
Judge Jerry Roth																
DOKES	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	145
WEAVER	9	9	9	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	141
The RING																
DOKES	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	142
WEAVER	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	143

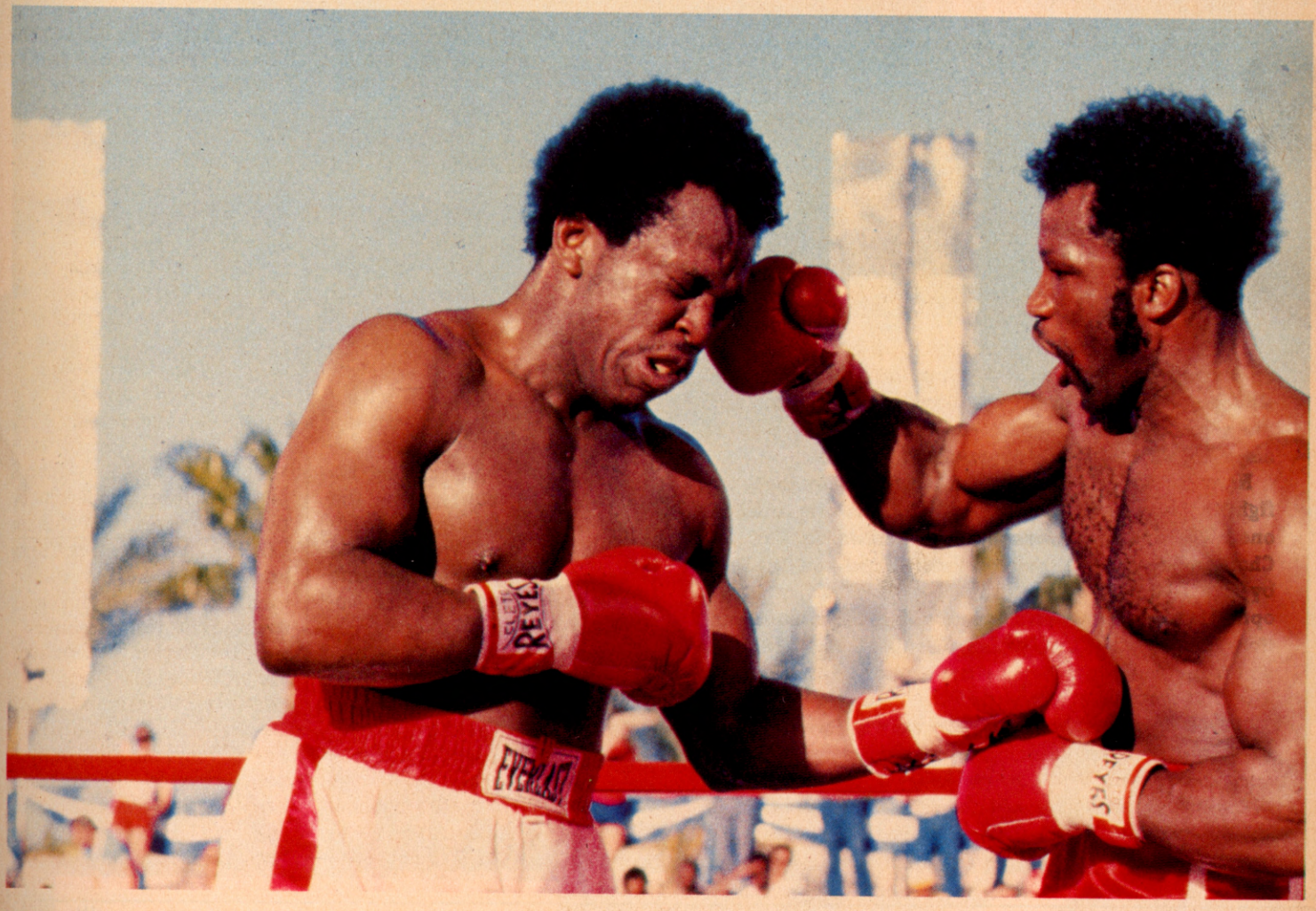
LAS VEGAS, NEV.—MIKE Weaver and boxing history have always been an item. Only a few heavyweight champions ever lost their first pro fight. Weaver is the only one to lose his first two. He won the heavyweight title with the shortest time remaining on the fight clock; he lost his title in the shortest time in boxing history. Now, he has fought a draw in his attempt to recapture the crown—only the third time in modern heavyweight history a heavyweight title fight has ended in a draw.

Yet, even while casting his permanent footsteps in the historical concrete of boxing history, Mike Weaver has neither appreciated the game nor has the game, in turn, appreciated Mike Weaver.

Weaver admitted, earlier in the week before his fight with Dokes, that he "never fell in love with this business." One of the first hints he gave was a fight he had back in 1973, his fourth pro fight. His opponent was a Billy Ryan, a local favorite in Fresno. "The theater where they held it," remembered Weaver, "was owned by the guy's father. The referee was his uncle. One judge was his cousin. In the second round, he hit me on top of the head and his uncle, the referee, jumped between us and stopped it." It was at that minute that Mike Weaver "understood I was never going to fall in love with the business."

His second hint might have come last December 10th when referee Joey Curtis, haunted by the specter of the recent ring death of Deuk-Koo Kim in the very same ring less than a month before, jumped in between Weaver and his as-

COLOR ACTION: Top: Curry lands with a right, en route to upsetting Haley and capturing WBC junior welterweight title; bottom: Weaver stings Dokes but Michael keeps WBA heavyweight crown on hotly-disputed draw. Overleaf: Page (top) beat Snipes to earn shot at heavyweight champ Holmes, who had tough time turning back Terrible Tim.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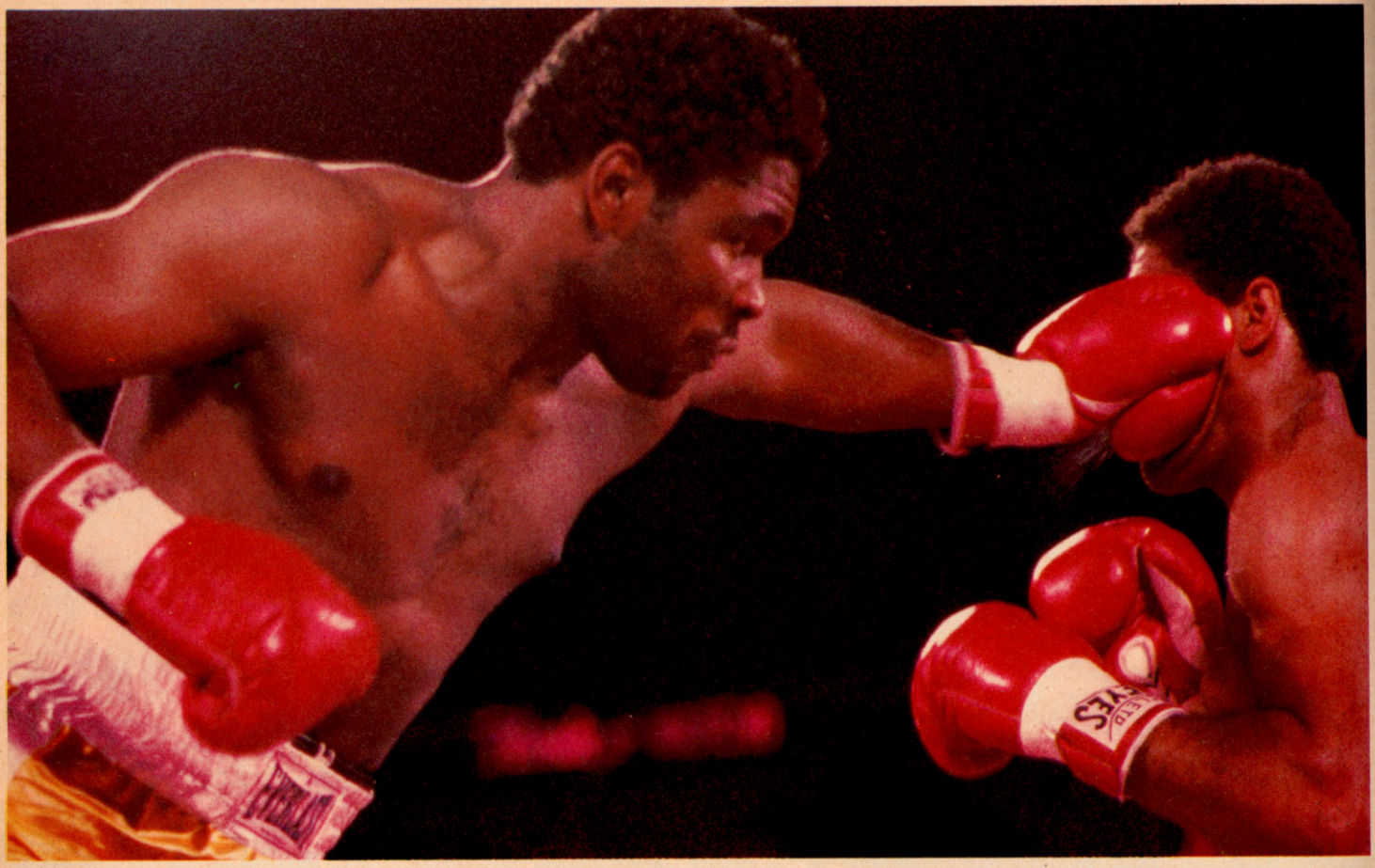
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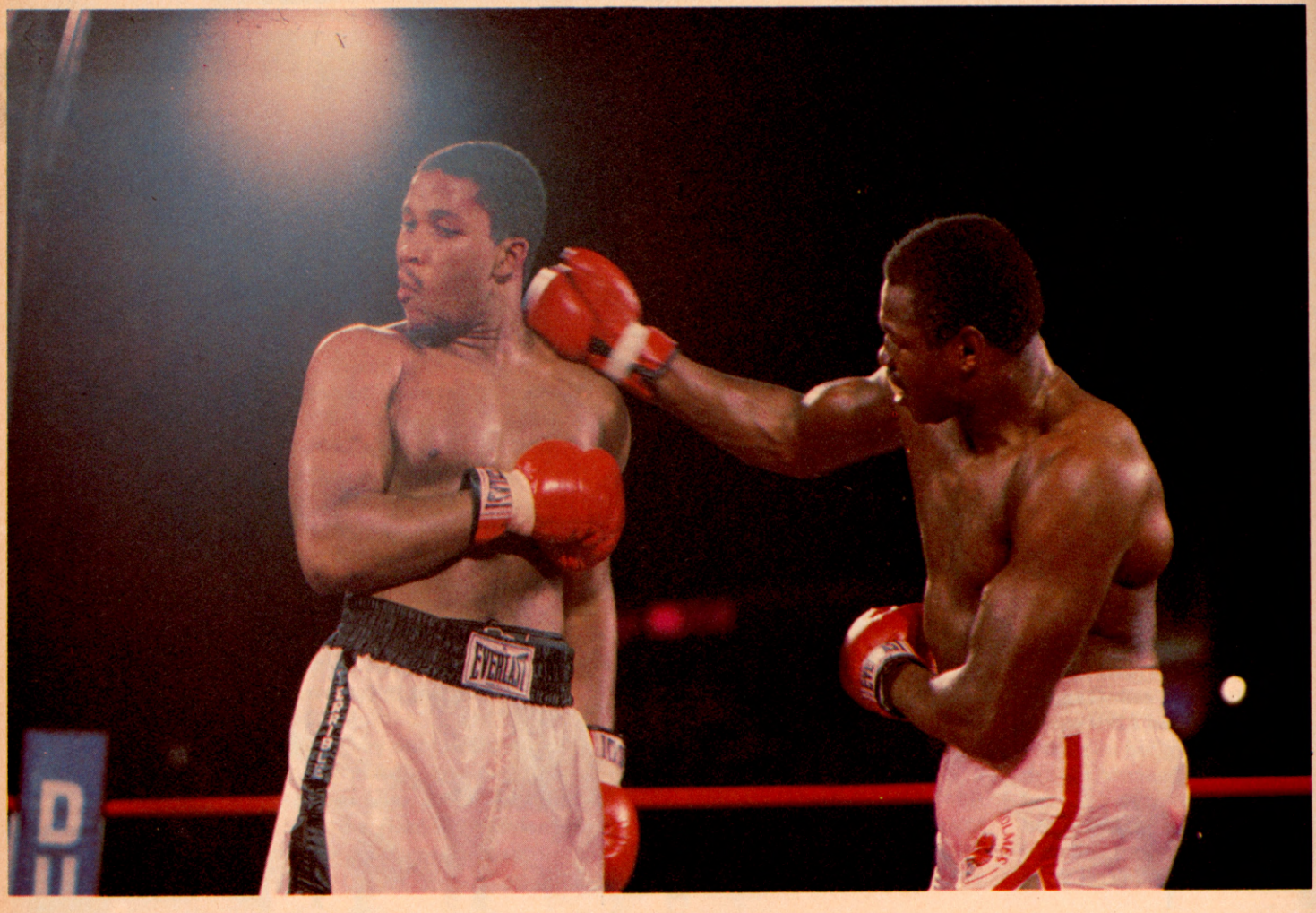
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PLAYERS GO PLACES

New Players Kings.
Regular and Menthol

12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

THE WORLD RENOWNED BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** ..... Easton, Pa.
1 **Michael Dokes*** ..... Akron, Ohio
2 **Mike Weaver** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Greg Page** ..... Louisville, Ky.
4 **Gerrie Coetzee** ..... South Africa
5 **Pinklon Thomas** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
6 **Renaldo Snipes** ..... Yonkers, N.Y.
7 **Trevor Berbick** ..... Halifax, Canada
8 **Gerry Cooney** ..... Huntington, N.Y.
9 **Tim Witherspoon** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Randall (Tex) Cobb** ..... Abilene, Tex.

11. John Tate, 12. Marvis Frazier, 13. James Broad, 14. James Tillis, 15. S.T. Gordon, 16. David Bey, 17. Jeff Sims, 18. Eddie Lopez, 19. Bernardo Mercado, 20. Scott Frank

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MICHAEL SPINKS ..... St. Louis, Mo.
1 **Dwight Braxton** ..... Camden, N.J.
2 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad** ..... Brooklyn, N.Y.
3 **Eddie Davis** ..... Freeport, N.Y.
4 **Carlos DeLeon** ..... Puerto Rico
5 **John Davis** ..... Hempstead, N.Y.
6 **Marvin Johnson** ..... Indianapolis, Ind.
7 **Oscar Rivadeneyra** ..... Vineland, N.J.
8 **John Odhiambo** ..... Denmark
9 **Jose M. Flores** ..... Uruguay
10 **Pete McIntyre** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.

11. Ossie Ocasio, 12. Saad Muhammad, 13. Willie Edwards, 14. Richard Caramanolis, 15. Jerome Clouden, 16. Eric Winbush, 17. Young Joe Louis

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER ..... Brockton, Mass.
1 **Wilford Scypion** ..... Port Arthur, Texas
2 **Frank Fletcher** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Tony Sibson** ..... England
4 **Mustafa Hamsho** ..... Syria
5 **Thomas Hearns** ..... Detroit, Mich.
6 **Dwight Davison** ..... Detroit, Mich.
7 **James Shuler** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** ..... Venezuela
9 **James Green** ..... Irvington, N.J.
10 **Curtis Parker** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.

11. Bobby Czyz, 12. James Kinchen, 13. Bernard Mays, 14. Vinnie Curto, 15. Jean Marie Emebe, 16. Juan D. Roldan, 17. Alex Ramos, 18. (Tie) Mark Holmes, Robbie Sims

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

THOMAS HEARNS** ..... Detroit, Mich.
1 **Wilfred Benitez** ..... Puerto Rico
2 **Davey Moore*** ..... New York, N.Y.
3 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** ..... San Antonio, Tex.
4 **Mike McCallum** ..... New York, N.Y.
5 **Carlos Herrera** ..... Argentina
6 **James Green** ..... Irvington, N.J.
7 **Roberto Duran** ..... Panama
8 **Fred Hutchings** ..... Stockton, Calif.
9 **John Mugabi** ..... Uganda
10 **Gary Guiden** ..... Muncie, Ind.

11. Herol Graham, 12. Carlos Santos, 13. Kirkland Laing, 14. Buster Drayton, 15. Clint Jackson, 16. Francisco DeJesus, 17. Tadashi Mihara, 18. Sean Mannion

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 145 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION
TITLE VACANT

1 **Milton McCrory** ..... Detroit, Mich.
2 **Donald Curry*** ..... Ft. Worth, Texas
3 **Marlon Starling** ..... Hartford, Conn.
4 **Roger Stafford** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **Nino LaRocca** ..... Italy
6 **Colin Jones** ..... Wales
7 **Elio Diaz** ..... Venezuela
8 **Kevin Howard** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **Mauricio Bravo** ..... Venezuela
10 **Pete Ranzany** ..... Sacramento, Calif.

11. Luis Resto, 12. Milton Guest, 13. Bobby Joe Young, 14. Pablo Baez, 15. Harold Volbrecht, 16. Jun-Sok Hwang, 17. Mark Harris, 18. Hans Henrik Palm, 19. Alfredo Lucero

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* ..... Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Alexis Arguello** ..... Nicaragua
2 **Johnny Bumphus** ..... Clementon, N.J.
3 **Bruce Curry**** ..... Ft. Worth, Texas
4 **Leroy Haley** ..... Las Vegas, Nevada
5 **Saoul Mamby** ..... New York, N.Y.
6 **Steve Hearon** ..... Houston, Texas
7 **Ubaldo Sacco** ..... Argentina
8 **Billy Costello** ..... Kingston, N.Y.
9 **Ronnie Shields** ..... Pt. Arthur, Texas
10 **Patrizio Oliva** ..... Italy

11. Hidekazu Akai, 12. Willie Rodriguez, 13. Felix Reyes, 14. Guillermo Fernandez, 15. Clint McKenzie, 16. Hugo Hernandez, 17. Tommy Ayers, 18. Adriano Marrero, 19. Antonio Cervantes, 20. Gene Hatcher

How **The Ring** International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all six major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under **The Ring**'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

1983

*WBA champion

**WBC champion

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION
TITLE VACANT

1 **Ray Mancini*** ..... Youngstown, Ohio
2 **Edwin Rosario**** ..... Puerto Rico
3 **Howard Davis, Jr.** ..... Glen Cove, N.Y.
4 **Andy Ganigan** ..... Honolulu, Ha.
5 **Greg Coverson** ..... Kalamazoo, Mich.
6 **Roberto Elizondo** ..... Corpus Christi, Texas
7 **Livingstone Bramble** ..... Passaic, N.J.
8 **Jose Luis Ramirez** ..... Mexico
9 **Ken Bogner** ..... Trenton, N.J.
10 **Orlando Romero** ..... Peru

11. Jimmy Paul, 12. Melvin Paul, 13. Robin Blake, 14. Tyrone Crawley, 15. Tony Baltazar, 16. John Montes, 17. Sergio Medina, 18. Alvin Hayes, 19. Nick Furlano

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ROGER MAYWEATHER* ..... Las Vegas, Nev.
1 **Bobby Chacon**** ..... Oroville, Calif.
2 **Hector Camacho** ..... New York, N.Y.
3 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards** ..... England
4 **Samuel Serrano** ..... Puerto Rico
5 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** ..... Mexico
6 **Johnny De La Rosa** ..... Miami, Fla.
7 **Rolando Navarrete** ..... Panama
8 **Jorge Alvarado** ..... Panama
9 **Chung Il-Choi** ..... Korea
10 **Rafael Solis** ..... Puerto Rico

11. Ruben Munoz, 12. Il-Bok Lee, 13. Tae-Jin Moon, 14. Eduardo Prieto, 15. Oscar Arnal, 16. Carlos Pinango, 17. Edgar Castro, 18. Benedicto Villablanca, 19. Yoshimitsu Azato

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

EUSEBIO PEDROZA* ..... Panama
1 **Juan LaPorte**** ..... New York, N.Y.
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** ..... Puerto Rico
3 **Rocky Lockridge** ..... Paterson, N.J.
4 **Jose Caba** ..... Dominican Republic
5 **Azumah Nelson** ..... Ghana
6 **Ruben Castillo** ..... Bakersfield, Calif.
7 **Mario Miranda** ..... Colombia
8 **Marcos Villasana** ..... Mexico
9 **Jackie Beard** ..... Detroit, Mich.
10 **Bernard Taylor** ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

11. Hwan Kil Yuh, 12. Reyes Gonzalez, 13. Augustin Martinez, 14. Irving Mitchell, 15. Richard Savage, 16. Oscar Bejines, 17. Angel Mayor, 18. Loris Stecca, 19. Steve Cruz, 20. Rocky Garcia, 21. Barry McGuigan

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** ..... Puerto Rico
1 **Leo Cruz*** ..... Dominican Republic
2 **Jaime Garza** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Sergio Palma** ..... Argentina
4 **Mike Ayala** ..... New York, N.Y.
5 **Lupe Pintor** ..... Mexico
6 **Felipe Orozco** ..... Colombia
7 **Bobby Berna** ..... Philippines
8 **Soon-Hyun Chung** ..... Korea
9 **Juan (Kid) Meza** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Felix Rodriguez** ..... Panama

11. Bernardo Checa, 12. Victor Callejas, 13. Carmelo Negron, 14. Oscar Muniz, 15. Jairo Anton, 16. Antonio de la Paz, 17. Pongpan Sorphayathai, 18. Juan Antonio Lopez, 19. Julian Solis

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** ..... Mexico
2 **Albert Davila** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Oscar Muniz** ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
4 **Jiro Watanabe** ..... Japan
5 **Rafael Orono** ..... Venezuela
6 **Edgar Roman** ..... Caracas, Venezuela
7 **Gaby Canizales** ..... Laredo, Texas
8 **Chul-Ho Kim** ..... Korea
9 **Harold Petty** ..... Ft. Worth, Texas
10 **Freddie Jackson** ..... Houston, Texas

11. Enrique Sanchez, 12. (Tie) Kiko Bejines, Jaime Garza, 14. Richard Sandoval, 15. Seung-Hoon Lee, 16. James Pipps, 17. Eijiro Murata, 18. Daniel Zaragoza, 19. Jorge Ramirez, 20. Neptali Alamag, 21. Raul Valdez

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

CHARLIE MAGRI** ..... England
1 **Santos Laciar*** ..... Argentina
2 **Freddie Castillo** ..... Mexico
3 **Eleoncio Mercedes** ..... Dominican Republic
4 **Jung-Koo Chang** ..... Korea
5 **Katsuo Tokashiki** ..... Japan
6 **Hilario Zapata** ..... Panama
7 **Prudencio Cardona** ..... Colombia
8 **Gabriel Bernal** ..... Mexico
9 **German Torres** ..... Mexico
10 **Frank Cedeno** ..... Philippines

11. Juan Diaz, 12. Hi-Sup Shin, 13. Juan Herrera, 14. Tadashi Tomori, 15. Amado Ursua, 16. Lupe Madera, 17. Hwan Jin-Kim, 18. Gustavo Ballas, 19. Candido Tellez, 20. Adrian Roman, 21. Keith Wallace

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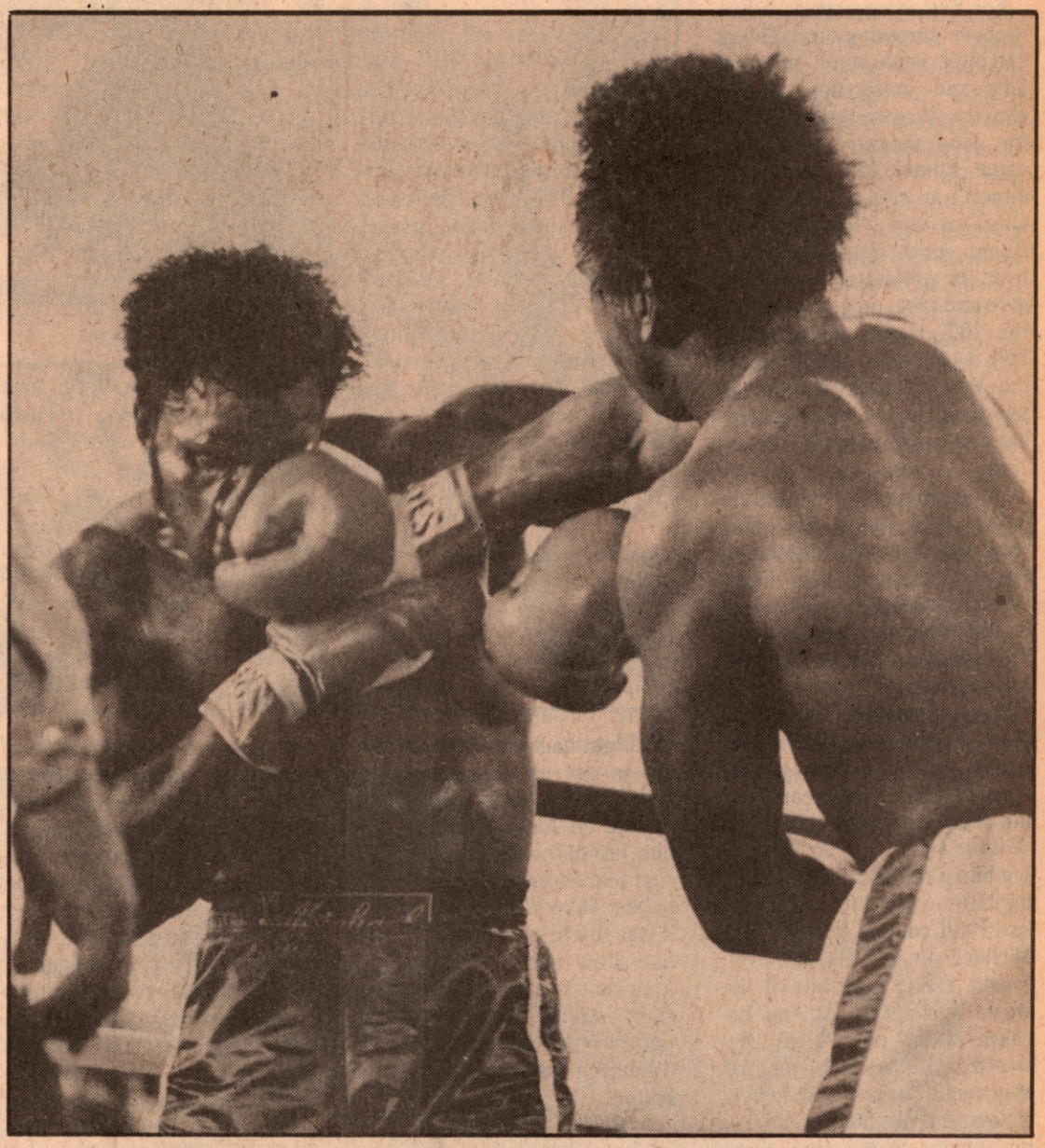
saulter, Michael Dokes, to stop the fight in just 63 seconds. It seemed to most ringside observers that Weaver was blocking most of the punches or, at the very least, taking them high atop his head. "No matter what the referee says, at no time was I hurt," says the mild-mannered Weaver. "At no time did I not know where I was. At no time was I in trouble. At no time was I in danger." In fact, Weaver was so mild-mannered that he answered neither Dokes physically nor Curtis orally, thus insuring the controversial stoppage. But the stoppage was *so* controversial that the normally thick-skinned WBA — which, it seems, could ignore anything short of an atomic detonation—mandated that Dokes' first defense of his more-than-somewhat tainted crown be against the same Mike Weaver—all the better, it seemed, to take some of the heat off the embattled international boxing organization.

This time it would be different. Mike Weaver had determined that. He would not come into the ring "cold", as he admitted he had in their first fight. This time he was warmed up, his body glistening under a thin veneer of sweat. (Or, as one writer at ringside noted, "Horses sweat, men perspire, Mike Weaver glows.") As Weaver stood stoically in his corner contemplating his immediate future, Michael Dokes literally pranced in his, pawing the ground like a horse in heat to get at his rival, his *bete noire*. Then the bell. And all hell broke loose.

Weaver came tearing out of his corner and met Dokes mid-ring, where the two locked horns—and punches—like two bull moose in heat, landing heavily with their best weaponry. Suddenly, Weaver had backed Dokes into the ropes, then, just as suddenly, Dokes had reversed their positions and was belaboring Weaver with rights and lefts to the head. Barely half-a-minute had gone in the first round and one had visions of Joey Curtis jumping out of the audience on cue to once again stop the fight. But this time there was to be no Joey Curtis; this time the bout would go on to its natural conclusion. And what a conclusion!

Starting with the first round —which might, just might, have been the most action-packed first round in a heavyweight championship fight since



Dempsey-Firpo — through the third, Michael Dokes went to war, landing his vaunted left hook behind the fastest pair of hands this side of Laramie. But then, almost imperceptibly, Weaver began to turn the tide, forcing the action, turning into the aggressor. The exact instance when Weaver began to come on is somewhat unclear, lost in the hundreds of bomb blasts going off overhead. But one thing that did seem clear to this observer was that something had happened to Dokes' right hand sometime in the fourth — not that his right hand is his dominant hand; nonetheless it broke up his rhythm. And from that moment on, Dokes fighting a one-gun fight against a two-fisted gunner like Weaver was at a distinct disadvantage. Especially since Mike Weaver was fighting for something more than mere victory: He was fighting to reclaim his manhood, a manhood Joey Curtis had taken from him five months before.

With Dokes taking on the appearance of a water hose suddenly gone flaccid after the pressure has subsided, his first rush of adrenaline having been exhausted, Weaver continued his attack. Still, Dokes managed to land enough to inflict damage, cutting Weaver above both eyes—although later Weaver would insist the damage was inflicted by "thumbs." But cuts were not the story of this fight; the story was Mike Weaver's ferocity, something few had ever seen in this seemingly placid man. Time and again he rocked Dokes with overhand rights, loading them up and sending them forth in much the same manner as a Juan Marichal. And time and again Dokes would fall into a clinch, behind one or two lefts in return.

Then, in the ninth, an overhand right to Dokes' head rocked the champ and it looked like his legs were about to go. But the massively-built Dokes defied gravity and stayed on his feet, resorting by now to a pitty-pat of a left to keep off the man who had become his tormentor.

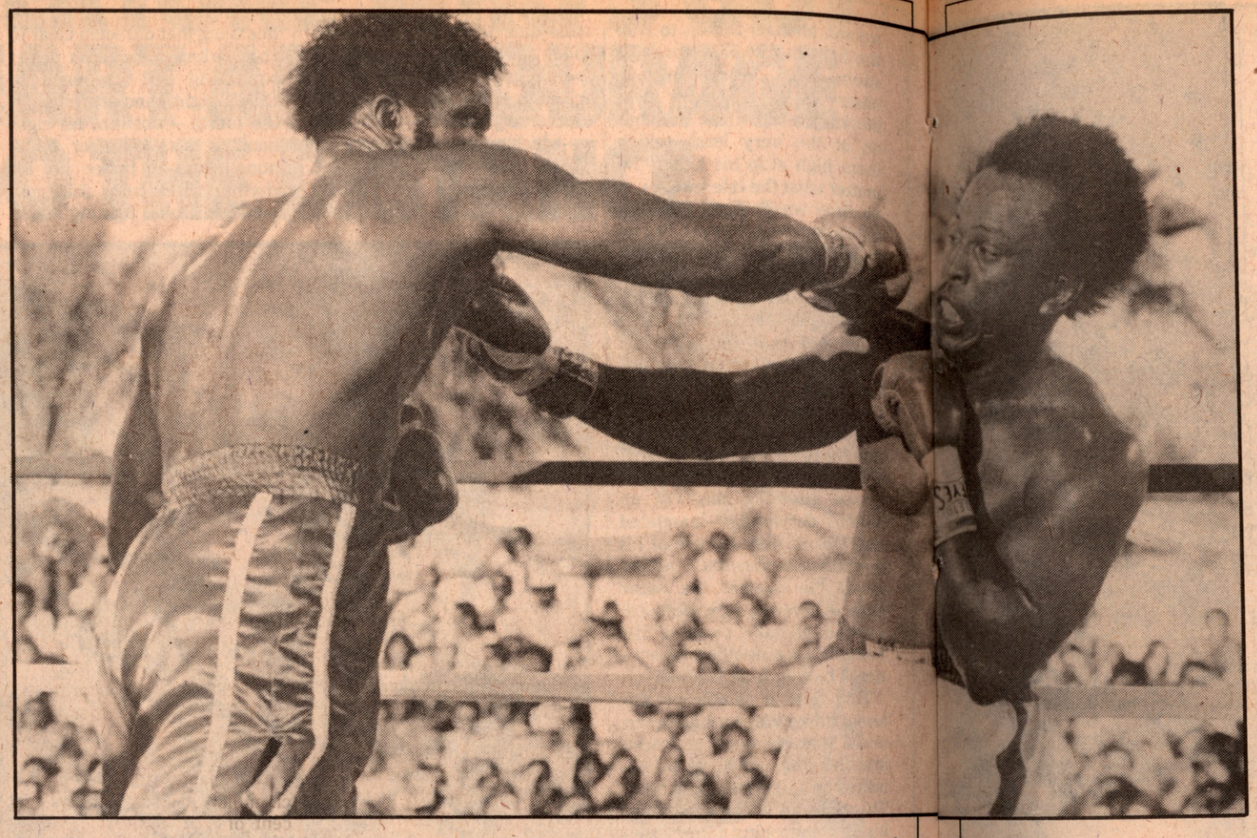
For five more rounds it was Weaver throwing and Dokes catching, with some pitty-pat lefts and more than a few clinches thrown in by Dokes for good measure. And then came Round 15, and it was almost a replay of Round One—except this time in slo-mo, both fighters wearied from the previous 14 rounds of give-and-take, not to mention the 100 degree temperature. Still, it seemed to all at ringside that Weaver clearly had the upper hand in the close-quarter hand-to-hand combat of the 15th.

Unfortunately, the judges didn't quite see it the same way, two of the officials, judges Harold Letterman and Larry Hazzard, seeing the last round — and the fight itself — even. The result: a draw. Michael a conclusion.

When asked if he would fight Mike Weaver again, Dokes could only hiss through exhausted lips, "They can strip me of my title, but I won't fight Weaver again. . . . I'm not giving him a rematch without him fighting every top contender like I did coming up." He has, Michael, he has. He has even fought the Billy Ryans of the world and survived. And because in the only "fight" between Dokes and Weaver that ever really "happened" he held Dokes to a disputed draw, it is not inconceivable that these two warriors will meet again. After all, their records read, Dokes had kept his title on a technicality.

Dokes, who had insisted before the fight that Weaver had "denied me any credit . . . he denounced me . . . deluded the truth . . ." had claimed he would fight this "as a vendetta". Dokes then was moved to say, "If he goes down after 63 seconds I'm going to pick him right back up. He's not going to get off that easy this time." This time Dokes didn't; he had no Joey Curtis to help him, just his own fighting heart. And that alone was not enough to beat Mike Weaver. This time it was the first fight through to one draw and one 63-second knockout by Joey Curtis. But then again, Mike Weaver knows what it's like to fight the establishment. He's been there before.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR



OCASIO-STEPHENS

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—RING Magazine has consistently resisted the temptation , if there ever were any, to rank fighters in a newly-formed division called either (A) Cruiserweights and/or (B) Junior Heavyweights and whose weight limit is either (A) 190 pounds and/or (B) 195 pounds, depending upon which of the two alphabet soup groups one listens to. The reason, simply stated, is that there are not enough fighters to go around who are fighting at the prescribed weights and in the designated division (whatever the hell it's called) to make up a *minion* of 10 for the ratings.

And, if the two "Mystery Challengers" who signed in to fight for the WBA Junior Heavyweight title, Osvaldo Ocasio and Randy Stephens, are any indication of the quality of the division, it may well be a long time indeed before we will rate the division. Or even find eight more to flesh out a Top Ten.

Ocasio, if you remember, is the man who received a rating of 9.9 on one Olympic diving judge's card for his innovative free falls after being separated from his senses by Larry Holmes in a heavyweight title fight some three years ago. After holding Michael Dokes to a draw in a subsequent "go" of it in the heavyweight ranks, he once again treated viewers to a beautiful two-and-a-half gainer in his rematch with Dokes as the one they call "Dynamite" caught him in full-flight with a perfectly-timed left hook just as he leapt in to land one of his own. It was at that point that Ocasio decided to take his kangaroo style and leap into a newly-formed WBA division called, for lack of a better name, the "Junior Heavyweight" division, beating one Robbie Williams back in '82 and defending his semi-precious baubble against someone named Young Joe Louis last winter.

But Young Joe Louis is no relation, either in name or ability, to the former great heavyweight champion. And neither is the "Junior Heavyweight" division any relation to its namesake, the heavyweight division.

For here were two of the supposed best in the division, Ocasio and Randy Stephens, fighting for the championship in the walk-on event of Don King's "Crown Affair." For all anyone cared, it could have been the walk-out bout.

Stephens, who carried a winning record into the bout, including 13 straight wins, approached his task much as a person petting a mad dog would; tentatively. Despite repeated cries from his corner to "Get off first," interspersed with other cries of "Four at a time," Stephens showed a curious reluctance to throw anything that could be viewed as malicious in intent. With Ocasio himself showing barely enough offense to win rounds it reminded one of Willie Pep's famed effort in winning a round from Jackie Greaves without throwing a punch. Only this time, there were two fighters in the ring, each trying mightily to win rounds without throwing anything resembling a punch.

Stephens finally responded to manager David Wolf's exhortation to "Go out and fight" by the seventh round and even began backing Ocasio up. But to no avail. The final cards read Ocasio 147-143, 148-144 and 146-142.

Osvaldo Ocasio was still the WBA Junior Heavyweight champ. Very still. Proving, in the 100 degree heat, that not only mad dogs and Englishmen would go out in the noonday sun. So, too, would those rather unusual creatures known as junior heavyweights. Or was that cruiserweights?

CURRY-HALEY

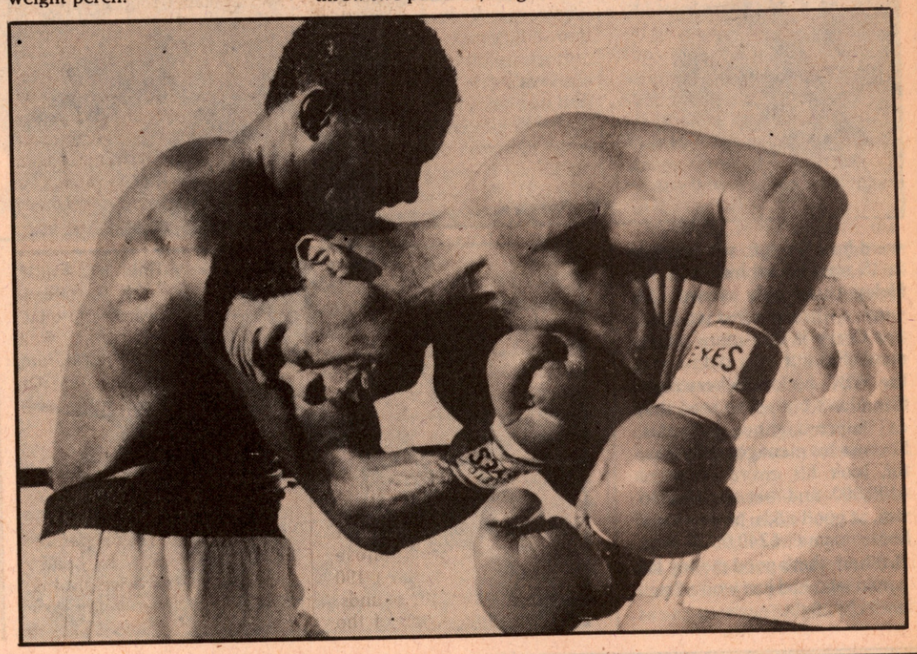
LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Boxing history, of sorts, was made when Bruce Curry captured the WBC Super Lightweight (read "Junior Welterweight") Championship in a 12-round unanimous decision over Leroy Haley. It was the first time that two brothers had ever held titles simultaneously. And at the same time, too, as he joined brother Don, currently residing high atop the WBA Welterweight perch.

(Contrary to rumors circulating amongst supposedly knowledgeable boxing writers at ringside, it was not, however, the first time two brothers had been champions; albeit not simultaneously. Hardly anyone remembers the Gardner Brothers, Jimmy and George, champions at the turn of the century, or the Dundee Brothers, Joe and Vince, who ruled the welterweight and middleweight roosts in the late '20s and early '30s. But they should have recalled that Leon and Michael were world's champions from 1978 up to the present. All one heard around ringside was that the "Bell Brothers" were champions at the same time—although neither were—and that the "Baer Brothers" almost were, as if "almost" worked in boxing as in horseshoes. And "horseshoes" we say to the boxing historians whose memory doesn't extend at least "back" to 1983.)

The fight itself was hardly as interesting as the post-fight discussion, it merely being a club fight for a championship. Leroy Haley, the defending champion, used a style reminiscent of Arthur Murray, as he threw two punches, lunged into a clinch and held. And so it was one-two-hold, one-two-hold, all evening. Curry, on the other glove, preferred to stand toe-to-toe with Haley, whose arms were too short to punch with the far stronger Curry, and take the fight to him—as well as the championship from him.

Curry, who carried a record of 27 and 7 with 14 KO's, was best remembered—at least, before his battle with Haley—for having lost to Wilfred Benitez despite decking him twice. At one time Curry was thought to be one of the best prospects around, winning his first 14 fights before meeting —and almost beating—Benitez. But then he became an international traveler, journeying to such out-of-the-way places as Tokyo, Monte Carlo and San Juan, fighting as many as three times a month. Somehow those travels had taken their toll and now the supposedly over-the-hill Curry Brother was expected to be no more than cannon fodder for Haley, who had won his title last year in a thrilling bout with Saoul Mamby.

But returning to his former style much like a remembered watering hole, Curry fought the battle he needed to, beating Haley at his own game: inside



Photos by Jack Goodman

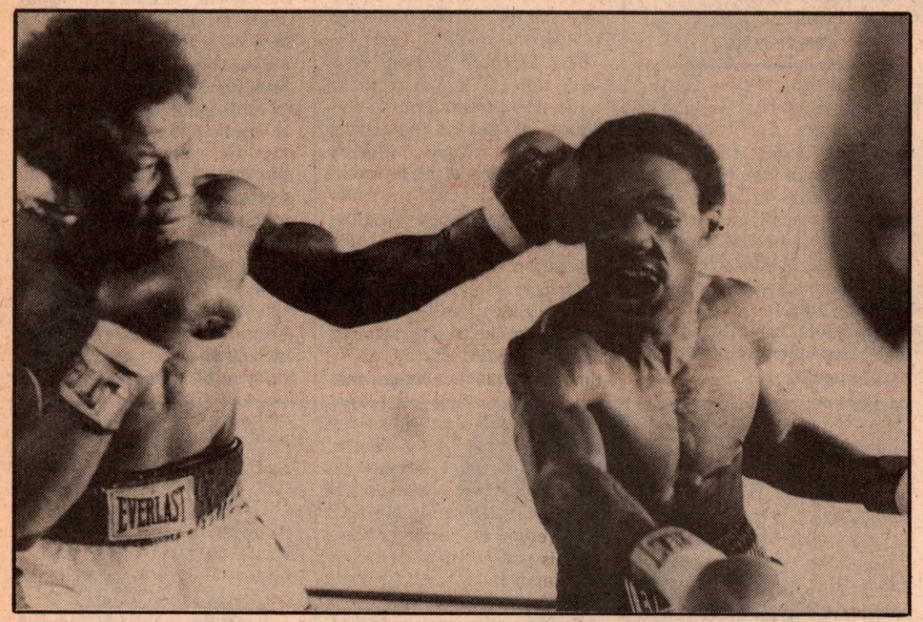
and in flurries. With the fight in doubt as late as the ninth round, Curry finished out with a flourish and a flurry, not losing any of the last three rounds on the three officials' scorecards. The three officials —Chuck Minker, Duane Ford and Dalby Shirley—gave the fight, and the crown, to Curry, 117-112, 115-114 and 116-112. It was unanimous, Bruce Curry had become half of the first brother tag-team ever to hold world's titles at one and the same time.

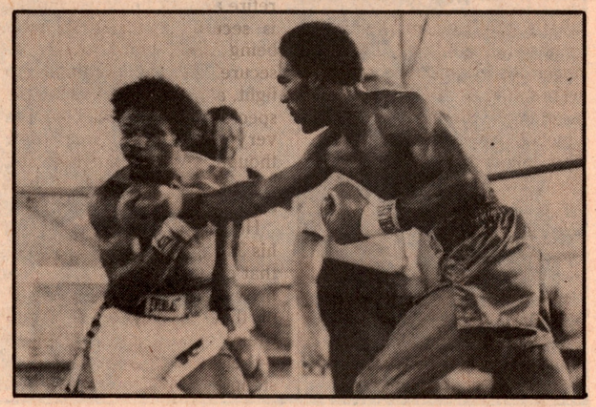
POSTSCRIPT:

When New York POST writer Dick Young asked Haley afterward how it felt to win his title in 15 rounds and lose it in 12, Haley could only answer, "A win is a win and a loss is a loss." For Curry it was more. Much more. For not only did he win the WBC Junior Welterweight title (don't bother to read that as "Super Lightweight"), but because his manager, Billy Baxter, took his entire purse of $100,000 and bet on him to win, at good odds, he also took home some $240,000. And Brother!, that's good money for a man who had just won a "supper" club fight.

In the companion bout former three-time champion Wilfred Benitez, coming off a five-month layoff, looked rusty. At best. Relying on a strong overhand right—his left virtually nonexistent—Benitez played his old-time game of laying on the ropes and awaiting his opponent all the better to nail him with a counterpunch. But his opponent, tough Tony Cerda, was not overly impressed with Benitez' strategy. Nor his form. And continually beat the ex-champion to the punch time and again, scoring with more overhand rights inside than did Benitez.

Despite the fact that on paper the bout looked like a mismatch—with Benitez entering the ring sporting a 43-2-1 record, together with a purple tuxedo inscribed "The Bible of Boxing," and Cerda possessing an 18-2-3 record, and a red robe—Cerda did almost as much giving as receiving. And found it almost as enjoyable. Typical of their confrontation was the second round when Benitez brushed Cerda's face with two soft right hands and Cerda returned the favor with two of his own, only of the harder variety. Benitez stepped back, apparently startled that Cerda had the affrontry not only to take his punches, but to swap with him. By the end of the round Benitez knew he was in a fight as Cerda landed a jarring right to the side of Benitez' movie-profile face.



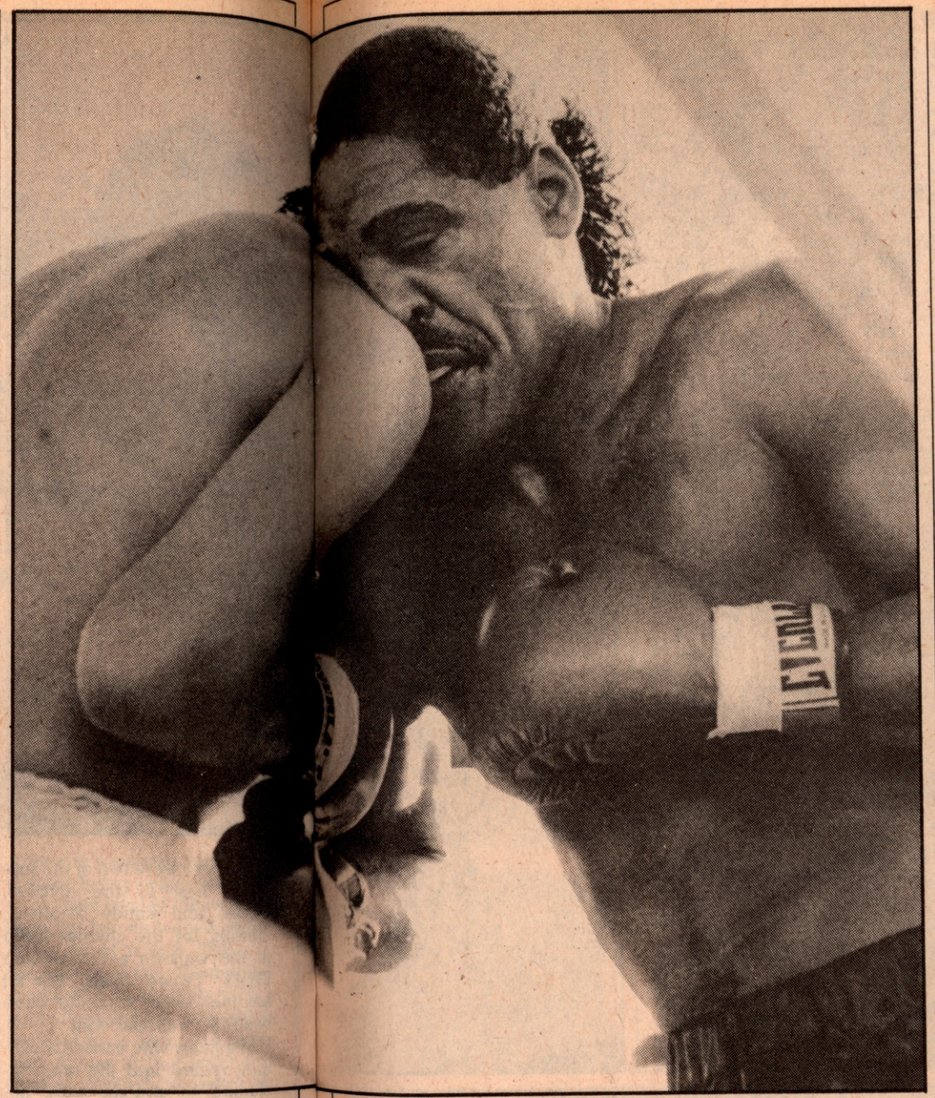


The third showed the stirrings of each from their self-imposed catharsis as they traded punches in the middle of the ring, Benitez finally showing some minor resemblance to the man who had fought many of the greats of his time. In the fourth, and again, in the seventh, Benitez was able to land his right with some authority, but Cerda took everything the former junior welter weight-welterweight-junior middleweight champion threw and come back with a dose of his own. By the end of the fight Cerda wore the marks of a warrior, his left eye virtually closed, trimmed with a cut, courtesy of Benitez.

The decision, to nobody's surprise, was unanimous for Benitez. But what was surprising was Benitez' post-fight conduct. Suddenly the man who just a few short months ago had had difficulty with the English language approached the overhanging microphone and began addressing the crowd. After a false start, marked by a smattering of boos, Wilfred began again, this time sure of himself: "Ladies and gentlemen," he intoned, "Why you boo? This was a great fight. This fellow will do very well. He is the next true champion. He is one of the toughest boxers today."

It was a professional touch worthy of...well, a Wilfred Benitez.

But it will take more than curtain calls for Wilfred Benitez to climb back to the top of the ladder. That will require a return to the form that brought him there in the first place. And that he cannot achieve solely by oratory.



Photos by Jack Goodman

HOLMES-WITHERSPOON

Larry Holmes has become boxing's version of Dorian Grey, aging right before our eyes with each and every performance. While protesting that he "doesn't want to wind up like a Muhammad Ali," off of his performance against Tim Witherspoon, the man who once had been as peerless in his age as Muhammad Ali had been in his, has begun to look frayed around the edges, leaving pieces of his one-time greatness in rings from Las Vegas to Scranton—and back again.

Now in the Indian summer of his career, Holmes continues to state that he wants "to retire undefeated." And yet, he seems to box to a different drummer than immortality, a drummer known only as the great god moolah. When, at a pre-fight press conference, he asked the assembled writers "Where did a Nigger make as much money as I did in as short a period of time?" the answer came back, quick and short, if not sweet: "Wells Fargo." Larry did not seem to see the humor, nor the irony, of writer Pat Putnam's remark. But everyone who has watched him recently did. The only reason he seems to have for his continued presence in the ring is money. His place, if and when he ever decides to retire as undefeated champion, is secure. His financial well-being also seems to be as secure. But he continues to fight, almost as if following the specter of Muhammad Ali, the very man who was once thought to be his *dybuk* and who now seems to be his siren call.

Holmes is now approaching his 34th birthday, an age when that collective group known as heavyweight champions, all 31 of them, had long since left their perch as champions —their average age, when they stepped down, either voluntarily or involuntarily, 30 years and four months. Two of the greatest, John L. Sullivan and Joe Louis, became ex-champions after their 34th birthday, and only five (Fitzsimmons, Johnson, Willard, Walcott and Ali) endured beyond one score and fourteen. But Holmes, after stating he doesn't want to "wind up like Ali," gives every indication of following right in the elusive footsteps of his predecessor, proving himself to be like almost every other champion—something proved out by the fact that only five of the 31 won their *last* professional fight, the rest going out losers.

To many watching him fight Tim Witherspoon, Larry Holmes was a loser. In more ways than one. Fighting behind his once-vaunted left jab, Holmes captured as many as five of the first six rounds on the three judges' scorecards. But throughout those opening five stanzas the young Witherspoon, veteran of only six amateur fights and 15 professional fights, continued to come after his, suddenly ancient foe, picking off many of the jabs with a Ken Norton look-alike move—crossing his right hand over to the left side of his face, all the better to pick off punches. The move also left the right side of his face vulnerable to a left hook. But that left hook never came as Holmes concentrated on throwing left jabs and straight rights. Or maybe, just maybe, he saw it but couldn't capitalize on it.

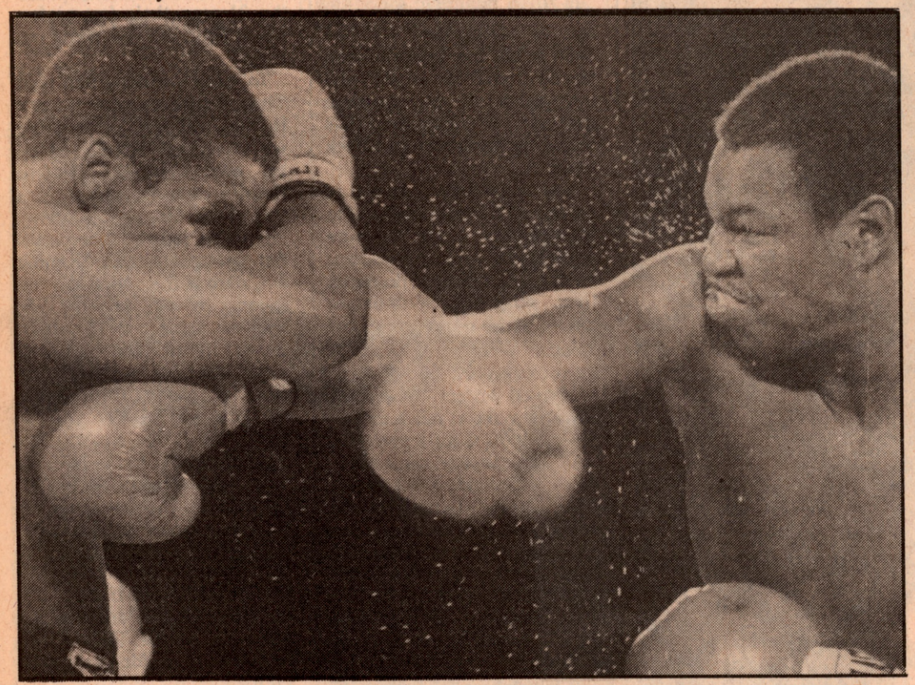
Suddenly, in the seventh, the tenor of the fight changed as two Witherspoon rights in response to two of Holmes' hurt the champion. A few tended to disbelieve their own eyes. But not Witherspoon, who knew he had hurt Holmes. It was merely a portent of things to come. At least, as far as Witherspoon was concerned.

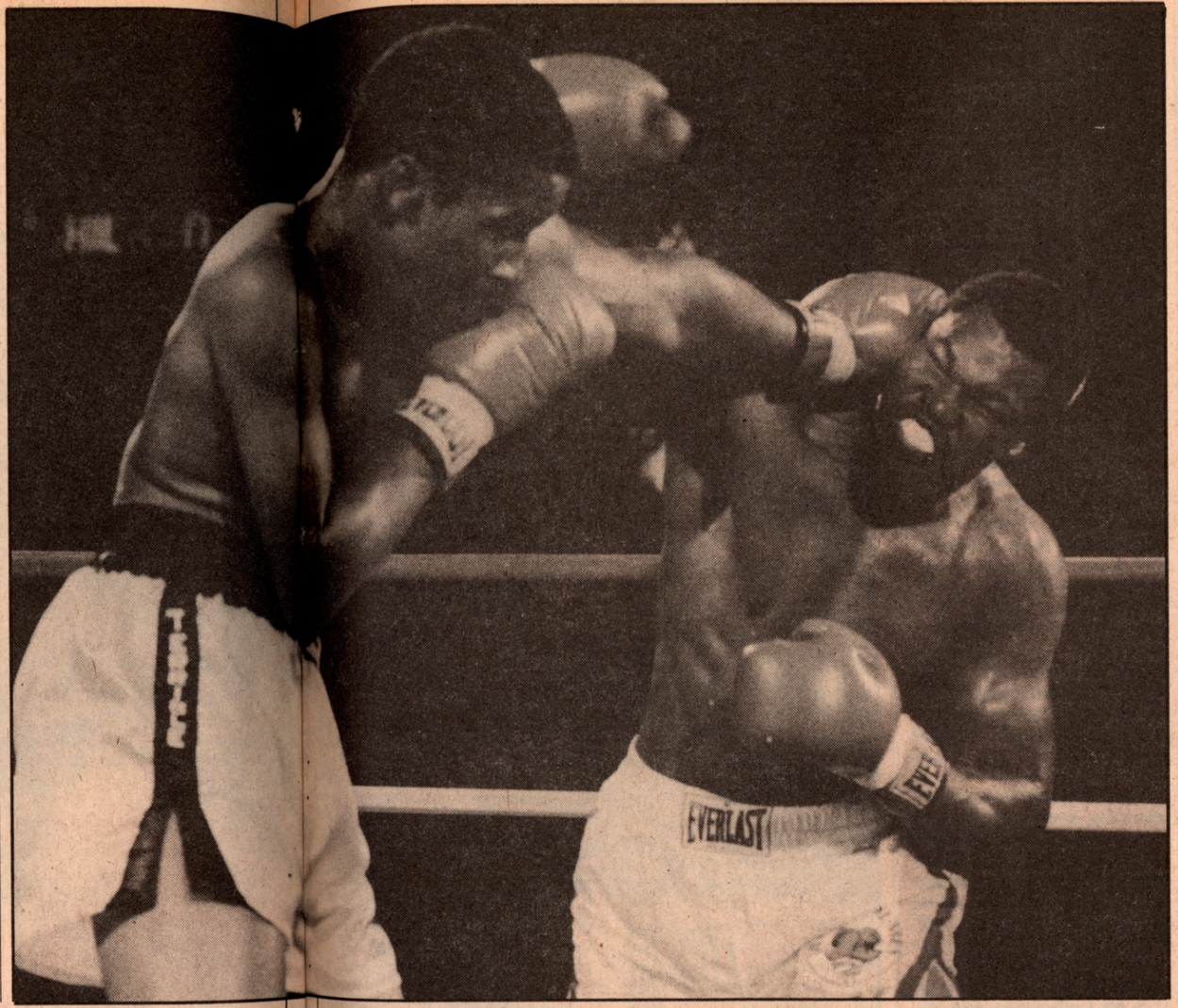
Witherspoon hardly looked like a 6-1 underdog as he emerged from his corner for the near-fateful ninth round. It was a round in which he nearly, as one sportswriter put it, "took

the scorecards out of the judges' hands." For, one minute here was the challenger, dismissed as an inexperienced pro with "an average left, an average right and no stamina," and the next minute there stood a pretender to the throne, raining right-hand-after-right hand to the unprotected head of the champion. Holmes, after taking a barrage, came back with three of his own, making as if he had been playing possum during Witherspoon's primary assault. But the man they call "Terrible Tim" was not to be put off and continued to throw rights to the champion's head. And most surprising of all, not only connecting with them but also with lefts—something few of Larry Holmes' opponents have ever successfully employed—to the head and body of the crumbling form of what looked for all the world like the soon-to-be-ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

Backed into a neutral corner Holmes retaliated in the only way available to him: meeting right with right. But Witherspoon had the upper hand, connecting three-to-two. Finally, Holmes escaped the hell-hole known as the corner only to resurface in the center of the ring where he tried to stave off further punishment. Then, as punch followed punch, the two weary warriors fell into each other. And for what seemed like an eternity the by-now hysterical crowd, still screaming "Tim-mee, Tim-mee..." was treated to the eerie spectacle of the two men in seeming slow-motion resting against each other in reverse piggy-back fashion, their arms not moving, their faces contorted in fury. The round wound down on an alternating frequency level, with Holmes and Witherspoon participating in what seemed like a here-I'll-give-you-my best-then-its-your-turn swapping of punches. As the round ended the fans were on their feet anticipating that rarest of sports events: the potential crowning of a new heavyweight champion. Ironically, although Witherspoon had clearly dominated the action, landing far and away the heavier blows, one judge scored the round 10-10. But, even more ironically, he was to be the only judge who gave Witherspoon the decision!

Strangely, Round 10 found Witherspoon up on his toes, dancing. ("I started dancin' 'cause I thought I was ahead," Witherspoon was to acknowledge later, almost echoing the same sentiments Joe Walcott had lo those 36 years ago when he, too, believed in his heart of hearts that he was ahead.) It was to cost him. Dearly. The still-hurt Holmes went back to his jab and right hand, as Witherspoon came in occasionally to thump away at the champion's body with a lead right. Rounds 11 and 12 were close, but it was more of Witherspoon trying out his new Fred Astaire numbers—even though he hurt Holmes, again, in the 11th—and Holmes desperately trying to salvage something, anything, with rights and more rights.

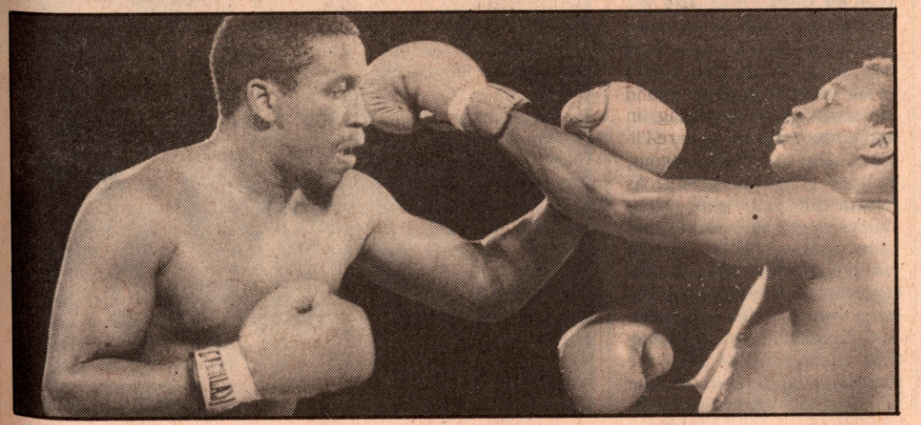




Photos by Jack Goodman

HOLMES-WITHERSPOON SCORECARDS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Tot.
Judge Herb Santos													
HOLMES	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	9	9	114
WITHERSPOON	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	115
Judge Chuck Minker													
HOLMES	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	115
WITHERSPOON	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	113
Judge Chuck Hassett													
HOLMES	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	118
WITHERSPOON	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	9	9	9	111
The RING													
HOLMES	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	115
WITHERSPOON	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	113



At the bell, Tim Witherspoon was raised in the arms of his handlers, confident that they were hoisting the new heavyweight champion into the air—his arms raised in what looked to be a two-handed victory salute, in much the same manner as Roman gladiators of yore had raised their fists in a "We who salute you" fashion. And then the moment of truth: the decision. And the verdict: a split decision for Holmes, 114-115, 115-113 and 118-111. To many it was an unbelievable result. To all, it had been an unbelievable thought: Larry Holmes extended by a boxer who had been given less chance of winning than the gamblers who stood at the tables less than 150 yards away.

In the post-fight press conference, Larry Holmes took his place at the interview table and, unfortunately, exhibited little of what Ernest Hemingway would have called "Grace under pressure," referring to Tim Witherspoon as someone who "A couple of years ago, a couple of fights ago, wasn't good enough to wear my socks."

But what of the future for Larry Holmes in the ring? What has he to look forward to ?

The man who tied Tommy Burns' record for consecutive knockouts in defense of his title with eight has now gone 50 consecutive rounds without scoring a knockdown, the second longest shutout skein behind—you guessed it!—Muhammad Ali. And the man who was once untouchable, who once could go through entire fights without losing even a *round*, now has lost an entire scorecard to an opponent. The next step is inevitable. The only man who can stop its inevitability is Holmes himself—by retiring as the undefeated heavyweight champion. Before it is too late! Larry, you owe that to yourself—and to the millions of fans who respect you. Now.

Photo by Jack Goodman

PAGE-SNIPES

They had taken a ten minute intermission, twice, punctuated by a four-round fight which ended in two, and now the WBC portion of the "Crown Affair" would commence. One could only guess the intermission was to give Jose Sulaiman enough time to fumigate the ring so that he remained untouched by anything having to do with that other leper in boxing's global community, the WBA.

The first of the two-bout WBC portion of the card was something billed as a "WBC Eliminator" contest between Greg Page, the WBC's Number One-ranked contender, and Renaldo "Mr." Snipes, the Number Two-ranked contender. It was also, not incidentally, for something called the USBA Heavyweight Title, won by Page in his highly-memorable fight in February of '81 against Stan Ward.

Snipes had been less concerned with the USBA portion of the bout than with the WBC portion, threatening not to enter the ring unless he got a signed piece of paper from Don King and Jose Sulaiman guaranteeing him a return bout against Larry Holmes if he won. He needn't have worried.

For, except for some last-ditch flurries, the one-eyed Snipes, fighting in his normal herky-jerky fashion, was clearly outpointed by a trimmer-than-normal Page who continually danced away from Snipes' wild overhand tosses. Page alternated his style occassionally coming in as if he were retreating on the balls of his feet to throw punches to Renaldo's exposed head and midriff and every now and then bull Snipes into the ropes. Snipes, who had looked cool, calm and collected before the fight, lost his cool when, in the third, he fouled Page and was soon being collected as Page closed his eye with an open-gloved punch in the fourth that bordered on a thumb.

As the cards were being collected for what, obviously, was a Page win, Redd Foxx, seated somewhere in the nether-nether regions of the Dunes' "Celebrity Section" was asked who he thought had won. Foxx could only reply, "What do I care? I always bet on the black man..."

It was that kind of fight, a fight which may have shown up the threadbare condition of the heavyweight division. A division, as one ringside observer noted, which could easily see the re-emergence of the form of Gerry Cooney. And while Redd Foxx wouldn't bet on him, he may not be able to bet against him.

BERT R. SUGAR

CHACON-BOZA-EDWARDS
WBC Junior Lightweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—BOBBY Chacon did it one more time, a fight straight from the heart, and it left the crowd roaring and in hysterics. Bleeding terribly from cuts around both eyes, Chacon, the World Boxing Council junior lightweight champion, fought back savagely in the late rounds to win a unanimous 12-round decision over heavily favored Cornelius Boza-Edwards at Caesars Palace.

Nearly 32 years old, and a 4-1 underdog, Chacon had every old cut on his face reopened by the sixth round. The blood dripped over his chest, and finally turned his opponent's trunks from white to pink. Though at times it seemed impossible for Chacon to continue, he never gave up trying. With his fans on the verge of a heart attack, Chacon went into vicious toe-to-toe exchanges with Boza-Edwards, and some of the spirit seemed to wilt in the challenger if only because, earlier, he must have felt certain that he had Chacon all but hanging in the public square. Now here he was, fighting back furiously, and he would not go away.

Although the 26-year old Ugandan, now a Las Vegas resident, was the WBC's number one contender, and Chacon their champion, the WBC refused to recognize the bout as a title fight following complaints

and lawsuits by promoter Don King regarding contract disputes. The WBC may have dug its own grave this time, because neither Chacon nor NBC knuckled under to the edicts whipped out from the offices of WBC president Jose Sulaiman in Mexican City.

Chacon dropped Boza-Edwards in the first and second rounds but took the heavier punishment in both rounds while against the ropes as he once again courted disaster in his own way. Boza-Edwards, a southpaw, knocked Chacon down in the third round with an overhand left and, by the sixth every old nick and cut on Chacon's face had been busted open—bringing ringside physician Dr. Edwin Homansky again and again up to the ring to inspect Chacon's wounds. Twice, referee Richard Steele stopped the fight, so frightful was the bleeding. And every time Chacon pleaded, "Don't stop it. I'm okay. The cuts aren't bad." The fight continued, and the action became so fierce that on two occasions both men, though friends outside the ring, kept punching one another after the bell.

Chacon, 129¾, from Palermo, California, dominated the last few rounds, and the fight gave new life to every old and hackneyed phrase ever said about the sport. In the dramatic final round, Chacon taunted his opponent with his arms down, then stepped in with a three-punch combination that sent Boza-Edwards crashing to the canvas. The man who had beaten Chacon two years ago struggled up and survived to the bell.

Judge Lou Tabat scored it 115-112, Dave Moretti had it 117-111, and Duane Ford had it 115-113. Boza-Edwards, also 129¾, applauded as the decision was announced. *The Ring* had it 116-113 for Chacon, who upped his record to 52-6-1. The loser is now 38-4.

Chacon recieved the largest purse of his 11-year career, $450,000, and was cheerful and bustling when he showed up at the press conference. "He was very strong and determined," Bobby said. "He fought like a champion. He was in great shape and I knew it would be difficult to hurt him in the body so I was concentrating on his chin. I hit him in the stomach a few times just to loosen him up. There was no way I wanted the fight to be stopped. Look, I'm a fighter. I'm not a sissy. If he's getting in some punches, then that's okay, cause I'm going to come right back with my own. I know what I'm doing in there. As long as I'm on my feet, forget about the cuts; don't stop the fight. It was tough, yes, but it was a beauty.

"I'm just fighting for my three kids," Chacon went on. "My wife couldn't wait, so everything I do now is for my family. This is my last year of fighting and I want to make some money. Bring on Camacho. I'd like to fight the 'Macho Man'. It'll be east against west. Let him come to Sacramento. After that, I think I'd like to go after Ray Mancini. That'll be a very tough fight. After that I plan to get out. I was a fool when I was a kid, but I've grown up some and I'm more serious."

The life of Bobby Chacon, in and out of the ring, has always seemed an outlandish drama, pitched to the extremes and filled with promise. When he was 22 years old, he had talent to burn and the style to go with it and he won the world featherweight title. He was a hero in Los Angeles. Just a year later he was considered washed-up, a victim of himself. Then there was the long comeback where Chacon performed erratically, twice retiring, twice failing to win the title, until finally he moved his family to the foothills of the Sierras and began fighting regularly in Sacramento. Six months ago he twice climbed off the canvas to beat champion and bitter rival Rafael (Bazooka) Limon in as thrilling a fight as has ever been seen. He earned $50,000 winning his second title, and now has been promised one million dollars by promoter Don Chargin to meet Hector Camacho.

No one in Boza-Edwards' camp complained about the decision, yet co-commentators Ferdie Pacheco and Marv Albert, the duo that hyped Larry Holmes against Lucien Rodriguez, ranted foolishly throughout the nationally shown telecast. Despite the fact that Chacon's cuts were inspected by two doctors and his personal plastic surgeon, Pacheco rendered his medical opinion from his chair and all but demanded that the fight be stopped. When referee Richard Steele twice halted the bout, Pacheco honked, "All they're are doing is giving Chacon some extra time to rest." As if Boza-Edwards was doing construction work while Chacon's eyes were being inspected!

Pacheco continually put both feet in his mouth to serve his own ego. Following the ninth round, while Dr. Homansky visited Chacon's corner, Pacheco sang into the microphone, "The doctor has been examining his eyes with an ophthalmoscope to see if he's reacting, if there's any brain damage." Marv Albert immediately asked the right question, saying, "What can he tell here regarding brain damage?" Pacheco replied, "He can't tell anything at all." And so it went, all downhill, right up to the interviews with the fighters in the ring.

Bobby Chacon, who only trained six weeks for the fight, will be out four to six months. "It was hard for me to keep my concentration before the fight," Bobby said, "because of all the court orders, not knowing if the fight would even go on. I have to train 10 weeks before I start to get vicious. I'll be ready for Camacho."

The fight had been cancelled two days before it was scheduled when Don King got an injunction from an L.A. court. The following day, another court overturned the injunction. When Bobby's girlfriend, 26-year old Melissa Mendonsa, heard the news she said she was glad. "Chalk one up for our side," she said. "And I don't mean us. I mean all the fighers Don King has screwed."

John (The Beast) Mugabe, 155, a Ugandan now living in London, stopped Roosevelt Green, 152½, Chicago, at 1:59 of the first round in a scheduled 10. Mugabe is now 17-0, reportedly all knockouts.

Charm Chituela, 126½, a native of Zambia now fighting out of Las Vegas, stopped Rafael Tijera, 129, Phoenix, in the fifth round of their scheduled 10.

Ernie (Pow Pow) Chavez, 128½, Chico, Calif., won a unanimous six-round decision over Abe Soto, 130, Phoenix.

Shelton LeBlanc, 136, Las Vegas, shut out Johnny Redd, 138, Las Vegas, over six miserable rounds.

(05-15-83)

CHRISTOPHER COATS

LACIAR—HOZUMI
WBA Flyweight Title

SHIZUOKA, JAPAN—WBA flyweight champion Santos Victor Laciar, 112, retained his crown by stopping Japanese challenger Shuichi Hozumi, 111¾, at 2:52 of the second round in a scheduled 15-round bout in Shizuoka's Industrial Arena.

The 23-year-old Hozumi had trained hard, and won the first with nice footwork. Dancing to and fro, he scored with jabs and short rights to the face of Laciar. The champ stalked him, but failed to land any solid blows.

All three officials—referee Chuck Hassett (California), judge Larry Hazzard (New York), and judge Fernando Viso (Puerto Rico)—scored that session 10-9 for the challenger. Hozumi almost won the second round as well—until a long left hook caught him on the right cheek. He staggered back into the ropes, and referee Hassett gave him a standing eight-count.

Laciar swarmed over the challenger, and knocked him into the ropes again with a two-fisted attack. The ref gave Hozumi another standing eight-count, and the crowd yelled for the challenger to "run," "move," "get away," and "clinch." Hozumi, though had his back to the ropes, and Santos bombarded him with punches.

Finally, the bout was stopped.

"The loss itself was no disgrace," said the crestfallen loser.

"I'm just sorry that I didn't make a better showing."

"I thought it would be hard to catch.

"After the first round," said Laciar, "I thought it would be

hard to catch him. But he had a softer chin than I had thought. I think I'll make two more defenses, then retire.

Laciar is now 52-6-10 with 20 knockouts. Hozumi is 20-3 with five kayoes.

The champ, incidentally, earned about $100,000 for less than six minutes of fighting.

Freddie Jackson knocked out former WBC flyweight champion Antonio Avelar in the sixth round.

Paul DeVorce, 124, stopped Radames Bido in the sixth.

Mexican lightweight Julio Cesar Chavez halted inept Puerto Rican Javier Fragoso in the third.

Don King Productions.

(05-01-83)

MARIO RIVERA MARTINO

ROSARIO-RAMIREZ
Vacant WBA Lightweight Title

SAN JUAN, P.R.—Edwin Rosario, Puerto Rico, won the WBC lightweight crown—vacant since relinquished by Alexis Arguello—with a close but unanimous (115-113 on all three cards) verdict over North American Boxing Federation champion Jose Luis Ramirez, Mexico, in a 12-round bout in the Roberto Clemente Coliseum.

The decision was well received by the crowd of more than 7,000, but the Mexican's request for a return should be given serious consideration. He lost the first five rounds, but took the offensive from there on, and Edwin was hard pressed to maintain his early lead. Rosario would have had a *very* difficult time had the bout been staged over the 15-round distance instead of 12.

Rosario seemed to have trouble with the Mexican's southpaw stance, and, instead of moving away from Jose's lethal left, he traveled clockwise and went into it. That's not the way to go against a sharp punching southpaw like Ramirez.

In the sixth, Rosario permitted Ramirez to corner him and throw a steady barrage of punches to the head. Edwin threw his vaunted right, by Jose, who had stood up to Arguello, took it without blinking.

Rosario was doubtless hampered by his 11-month absence from the ring, and possibly, his lack of experience against top contenders. But he gave an admirable performance, with all things considered. He is young, and should improve.

Ramirez, ironically, admitted that he'd lost after the fight. Had the bout been held in Mexico City or southern California, however, he'd have won—and by a comfortable margin.

MAYWEATHER-ALVARADO
World Junior Lightweight Title

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Roger Mayweather, the World Boxing Association junior lightweight champion, is a young man who bumped into the hard edge of one of boxing's oldest truths—too much praise makes a fighter look lousy. The 21-year old Mayweather came highly regarded, and extremely confident, but he was far from spectacular in taking out number one (WBA) contender Jorge Alvarado of Panama after eight rounds.

The lanky, long-armed Mayweather had his opponent draped over the ropes, head rolling forlornly, when a towel sailed out of Alvarado's corner at 2:20 of the eigth of the sanctioned 15-round bout. Alvarado, 129½, was brave and determined, but too many stiff punches wiped out his skill, and after the champion landed numerous jabs and overhand rights in the seventh and eighth rounds, the 22-year old Alvarado was a helpless case bent over the top rope. Referee Ernesto Magana ended the fight before the towel even hit the canvas.

Roger Mayweather proved himself the better fighter, but he was smacked silly twice in the early rounds by an inexperienced boxer with a reputation as a light puncher. Undefeated in 19 fights, nine by knockout, Alvarado has only stopped three of his last eight opponents—not one with world class credentials. Yet he was able to knock Roger's eyes spinning when he hit him solidly with either hand.

Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mayweather now lives in Las Vegas and was in only his 16th professional fight, which according to the history of the sport places him about half way through grade school. Roger has hand speed, reach, height (5'10"), and coordination in his favor, and he clearly seems to be a good learner. A few months ago he knocked out veteran 130-pound champion Sammy Serrano to win the title, but he was staggered and hurt in the process. Last October, Mayweather gained national acclaim when he won a lopsided decision over Ruben Munoz, but Roger had his knees wobbled when the short-armed Munoz finally tagged him. No fighter has ever learned how to take a punch; apparently, it cannot be taught—other than outright avoidance. Roger has a jaw the size of a teapot, and it may well be one thing he cannot overcome.

This was the first world title fight ever held in San Jose, and a fervent SRO crowd filled the Civic Auditorium. The fight started fast, and the crowd went into hysterics when Mayweather hurt Alvarado midway through the first with a two-punch combination. The champion went right hand crazy, however, and Alvarado soon recovered his senses.

The audience clearly favored Mayweather, but in the third and fourth rounds Alvarado gumed up the cheers, landing short left hooks that had the champion reeling and dizzy. After the fourth round, in which Mayweather was close to being knocked down, his trainer, Jessie Reid, pleaded with him to "get his feet moving and keep punching all the time." It was the best advice, and Roger stayed with it—shooting out his jab and avoiding exchanges up close. And so the fight took an odd turn; the fellow with the big punch was backpedaling and jabbing, while the challenger, with less power, kept stalking forward to connect with. that one big shot that would give him the title.

"He got in some good punches," Mayweather said once back in his dressing room. "But I came into the fight in very good shape and I felt confident in myself that I could outbox him. Yeah, I was surprised at how well he took my right hands. But my corner gave me a lot of help and I tried my best to follow Jessie's instructions. I'll look better in my next fight, that I am sure of because I learned from this one."

By the sixth round, Alvarado began to take too many punches, and though still persistent, he was punished with both hands by the champion everytime he lunged in. His demise was just around the corner, and after being battered woefully in the seventh, he came out with hardly a prayer for the eighth. Alvarado kept his arms straight up, but he was little more than a figure in a shooting gallery, and the towel that eventually floated into the ring could have been sent by the Red Cross.

Mayweather's manager, Bill Baxter, claims to have lined up former junior lightweight champion Rafael Limon for a defense within the next few months. But the big gravy is supposedly a year or so off, when Mayweather will mix it up with Hector Camacho. That is a sweet notion, worth the time to contemplate, but Mayweather has no guarantee of walking over iron-willed "Bazooka" Limon, and Camacho, the darling of t.v., has yet to win the WBC version of the 130-pound title. The undefeated Puerto Rican, with the inappropriate nickname "*Macho*," could well get his bubble busted by Bobby Chacon.

Mayweather was the superior performer, but the officials' cards had it close. Referee Ernesto Magana of Mexico tabbed it 68-66, judge Luis Subaran of Venezuela had it 68-67, and judge Sammy Lopez saw it 70-64—all for the champion.

Luis Spada, manager of Alvarado, said, "Jorge has boxed better in gym workouts. He was just too tight tonight. I thought he had a chance to win the title in the third and fourth rounds, but it did not happen. He is a young man and I am

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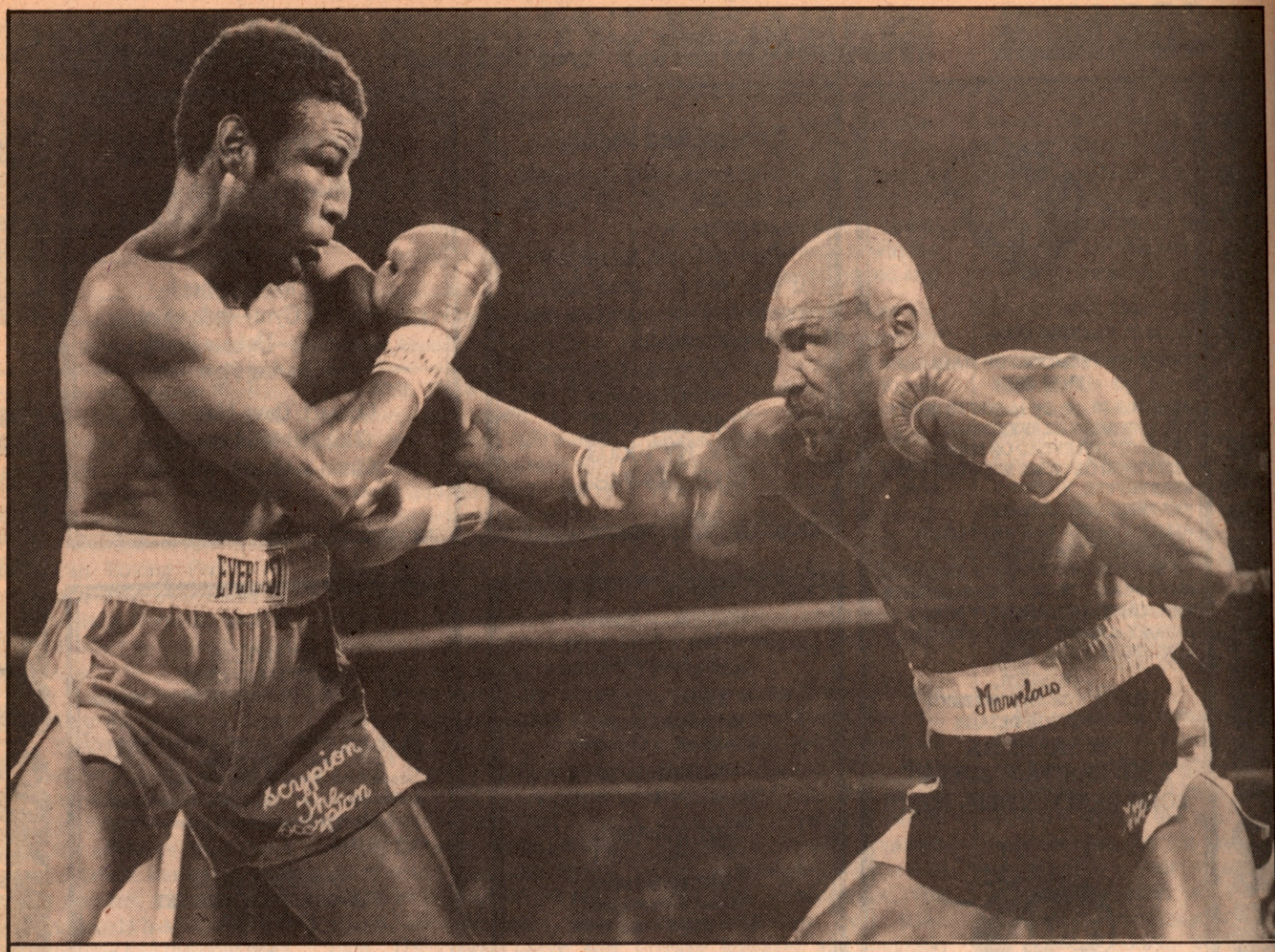
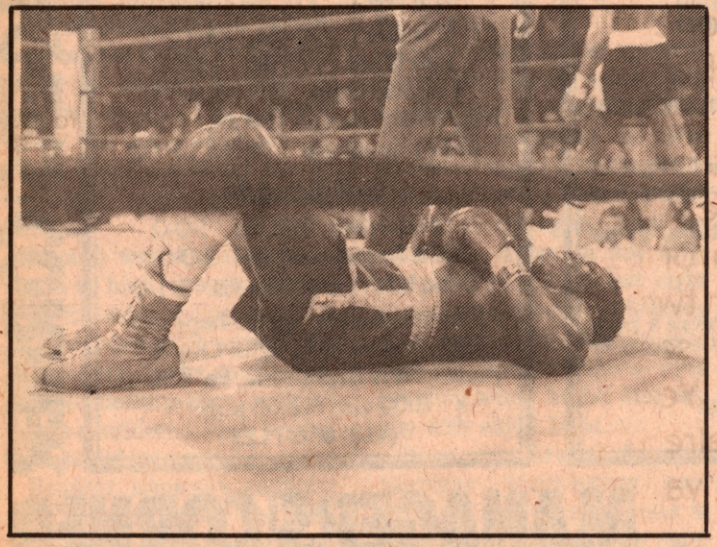


HAGLER KO'S SCYPION: While the WBA and WBC haggled, Marvin Hagler bolted to the newly-formed USBAI to get the sanction for his seventh defense of his undisputed middleweight title. Scypion promised to make Marvin back up, but after taking a few like this one from the southpaw champ (above) it was Scypion who retreated. Wilford wilted from a right-left combination in round four. See next month's *Ring* for the full story.



sure he will earn another opportunity at the title."

When the fight was over, the crowd gone, and the hype had faded away, the champion, his handlers, and family were still caught up in the excitement. Unwilling to let it pass quickly, they filled the dressing room with talk and boasts of the champion going on to greater achievements. Some even claimed that young Roger Mayweather was destined to win three world crowns.

Dwight Davison, 162, Detroit, halted Frank Medina, 160, Los Angeles, at 1:07 of the second round in a scheduled 10. Henry Elespuru, referee. Davison is now 35-2 with 25 knockouts. Medina is 45-13-3.

Gabriel Bernal, 114, Mexico City, won a split decision over Jose Pulga Torres, 112½, Tucson, Arizona, 10. Scoring: referee Rudy Ortega, 96-92, Bernal; judge Dave Nelson, 97-93, Bernal; judge Henry Elespuru, 97-94, Torres. Bernal, the Mexican national champ and the WBC's number one flyweight contender, is now 30-8-2 with 18 knockouts. Torres is 23-8-1 with 14 kayoes.

Juan (Kid) Meza, 124, Los Angeles, stopped Roberto Castillo, 127, at 1:22 of the eighth round in their scheduled 10. Henry Elespuru, referee. Meza is now 34-6-1 with 27 knockouts. Castillo is 14-5 with eight kayoes.

Stevie Romero, 133, San Jose, won a unanimous (100-90, 97-94, 96-93) decision over southpaw Joe Perez, 134, Los Angeles, 10. Perez was down from a right in the seventh. Dave Nelson, referee.

Glen Corbus, 146, won a unanimous shutout (60-54 on all three cards) decision over Mike Mayon, 145, San Diego, six. Corbus, a former amateur star (90-12 record), is now 4-0 with two kayoes as a pro. Mayon is 16-7.

Zachary Hewitt, 158, San Francisco, won a unanimous verdict over Steve Tausan, 159, four. Hewitt is now 3-0. Tausan is 2-1.

Promoter—Joe Gagliardi/Garden City Boxing Club.

Don King Productions.

(04-20-83)

CHRISTOPHER COATS

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RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

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ALABAMA

▲**MOBILE—Fairground Arena**—Mike (Tuscaloosa Kid) Hutchinson, 151, stepped up in class and rallied to take a close eight-round unanimous decision over rugged Cuban Isidoro Moreno.

Moreno, 149, had a slight edge after five rounds, but the Angelo Dundee product rallied over the last three rounds to take the nod. Hutchinson wobbled Moreno in the seventh with a series of rights.

Hutchinson upped his mark to 13-0 with six knockouts, while Moreno fell to a very deceiving 12-5 with 11 kayoes.

Slick Charles Campbell, 156, Mobile, improved to 7-0 with a second round stoppage of southpaw Carl Oville, 156, Port Arthur, Texas.

Reggie (Flash) Dixon, Port Arthur, lost a narrow split decision to Kenny Davis, Pensacola, Fla., in a six-round toe-to-toe brawl, welters.

Ben (Flash) Gordon, 179, Mobile, was battered for three rounds, but came back to halt game Tony Oville at 2:44 of the fourth. Gordon is now 6-1.

Randy (Big Right Hand) Griffin, 152, Mobile, iced southpaw Troy Handy, 142, Port Arthur, with a right uppercut to the body in 1:39 of the first. Griffin is also 6-1.

Promoters—Tillman Brothers.

Attendance—1400 (est.). Gate—$11,000.

(04-27-83)

THOMAS DEAS, JR.

FLORIDA

▲**MIAMI—Fronton Jai Alai**—Ian Clyde, 112, Canada, won the American Inter-Continental flyweight crown by stopping polular Steve Whetstone, Homestead, Florida, also 112, at 1:14 of the seventh in a scheduled 12-rounder.

Clyde, a shifty southpaw, dropped Whetstone for a nine-count in the second. Steve came back, however, knocking Andy flat on his back in the fourth. After that, it was all Clyde. He battered Steve with left hooks, cut his eye in round six, and dropped him again in the seventh before the bout was stopped. Clyde is now 13-3-1. Whetstone is 29-5-1.

Mad Dog Martinez, 136¼, Miami, and Clemente Rojas, 136, Miami, drew in a dull 10.

Juan Arroyo, 136, Miami, stopped Chris Rizzo, 139, Miami, in a scheduled eight. Rizzo was unable to answer the bell for round five. Arroyo is now 15-0-1.

Jorge Fonseca, 149, Miami, TKO'd Ray Eshegerry, 147, Miami, at 1:54 of the second in a scheduled six-rounder.

Landy Quintero, 136, Miami, TKO'd Stan Watson, 133, Miami, at 1:14 of the first round in a scheduled four.

Troy Davis, 128½, Miami, outscored Omar Estrada, 127½, Miami, four.

Promoters—Felix Zabala, Ernie Letiziano.

Matchmaker—Lou Barsky.

Attendance—1,740.

(02-25-83)

▲**TAMPA—Ft. Homer Hesterly Armory**—Richard Savage, 126½, West Monroe, Louisiana, knocked out Antonio Nieves, also 126½, Nevada, N.J., in 2:50 of the first round of a scheduled eight. A crushing right to the jaw was the knockout punch. Savage is now 16-0.

Bruce Johnson, 161, Tampa, won a unanimous decision over Leroy Hester, also 161, Miami, eight.

Lamont Haitchcoach, 153, Totowa, N.J., outscored Alan Hetrick, 154½, Camden, S.C., six.

Glen Wolf, 147, Miami, TKO'd Vint Hammock, also 147, Winter Garden, at 2:04 of the fist round in their scheduled six. Max Parker, Jr., referee.

Keith Jackson, 123½, Miami, won a unanimous decision over Troy Davis, 125, Tampa, six.

Steve Bearden, 155½, Tampa, outscored Kenny Davis, 150, Pensacola, four.

Don Shiver, 154½, Tampa, won a unanimous duke over Carlos Mims, 156, Pensacola, four. Shiver is now 5-0.

Promoter—Phil Alessi.

Matchmakers—Ken Rosenberg, Brad Jacobs.

Attendance—968.

(04-15-83)

▲**FT. LAUDERDALE—War Memorial Auditorum**—Veteran Tony Green, 182, Miami Beach, TKO'd the promising Jack Johnson, 188, Hollywood, at 1:15 of the 10th and final round. Eddie Eckard, referee.

Keith Adams, 160, Ft. Lauderdale, kayoed rated kick boxer Paul Ellis, 156, Sarasota, in 2:00 of the fourth round in a scheduled six.

Scott Wheaton, 184, Miami, knocked out southpaw Drew Andrews, 182, Homestead, in 2:48 of the fifth round of a scheduled six with a right cross. Wheaton is now 3-0.

Popular Pete Trematerra, 161, Coral Springs, kayoed Tony Torres, 161½, Homestead, in 2:40 of the second in a scheduled four-rounder. A right to body finished Torres. Trematerra is now 10-1.

Rocky Robinson, 164½, Miami, won a unanimous decision over Richard Brown, 166, Hollywood, six.

Dick Curry, 174, North Miami Beach, stopped Marco Martinez, 174, Homestead, at 1:03 of the first round in their scheduled four.

Promoters—Hank Kaplan, Ramiro Ortiz.

Attendance—1,540.

(04-20-83)

▲**FT. LAUDERDALE—Galt Ocean Mile Hotel**—Oscar Holman, 185, Miami, TKO'd Ricardo Richardson, 187, Puerto Rico, at 2:58 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight. Bernie Soto, referee.

Veteran Nat King, 159, Miami, kayoed A.W. Muhammad, 153, West Palm Beach, in 2:10 of the first round in their scheduled eight.

Kevin Whelan, 137, Ft. Lauderdale, outpointed Billy Garcia, 136, Miami, four.

Willie McGee, 147, Miami, TKO'd Victor Guzman, 149, Homestead, at 2:20 of the second in their scheduled four-rounder.

Billy Cunningham, 152, Miami, outscored Ralph Auriemo, 151, Margate, four.

Sonny Jones, 160, Miami, outpointed Arnold O'Niel, also 160, Lake Worth, four rounds, in the best bouts of the night.

J.T. Thomas, 162, Pompano, and Ronnie Robinson,, 165, Miami, drew in the four-round opener.

Promoters—Julio Martinez, Buddy Gilbert.

Attendance—250.

(04-27-83)

▲**HIALEAH—Ventura Skating Center**—Dexter Smith, 147, Homestead, won the vacant Florida State welter crown by knocking out tough Dario DeJesus, 146, Miami, in 1:38 of the seventh round of a scheduled 10. It was Dexter's eighth straight kayo win.

Kenny Whetstone, 160, Homestead, kayoed veteran Jerry Hill, 155, Atlanta, Georgia, in 2:41 of the first round in their scheduled 10.

Jose Ribalta, 213, Miami, TKO'd Ron Harry, 205, Deerfield Beach, at 2:08 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight. Eddie Eckart, referee.

Leroy Lucero, 129, Miami, halted Jorge Suarez, 132, Miami, with three knockdowns in 2:36 of the first round of a scheduled six. Bill Conners, referee.

Cornelius Drane, 138, Miami, outscored Gavilan Gonzales, 135, Miami, four. Promoter—Julio Martinez.

Attendance—800. (04-29-83) LOUIS ZIPKIN

▲**JACKSONVILLE—Civic Auditorium Exhibition Hall**—Clay Davis, 135, Jacksonville, won a unanimous decision over Alex Wilcox, 133, MacClenny, eight. Davis was very effective on the inside with body shots, and was in control throughout the bout. He's now 13-3. Wilcox is 13-7.

Dorcy Gaymon, 198, Jacksonville, kayoed Bobby Dade, 209, Dundee, in 0:38 of the first round.

Rick Nelson, 182, New York, knocked out J.D. Johnson, 180, Lakeland, in 2:35 of the third.

Anthony Daniels, 148, MacClenny, won a unanimous decision over Tony Fling, 148, Jacksonville, four. Daniels was down in the second.

Lonnie Wilcox, 158, MacClenny, and Alan Briscoe, 167, Orlando, had their bout declared "no contest" at 0:24 of the second due to problems with equipment.

Greg McGoogan, 137, MacClenny, outscored Randy Frazier, also 137, Eustis, four.

Fred Chadwick, 211, Eustis, kayoed Martie Freese, 251, Gainesville, in 1:11 of the first.

(04-26-83)

HARVEY KAPLAN

INDIANA

▲**HAMMOND-Civic Center**—Carlos (The Force) Tite, 159½, Hammond, won a unanimous decision over Billy (Fireball) Bradley, 159¾, Indianapolis, in a 10-round bout billed for the Indiana middle-weight title.

Tite floored Bradley with a left hook in the fourth round. The bout was marred by numerous clinches, and referee George DeFabis later said it was the most exhausting bout he'd ever officiated.

The scores were 99-92, 98-95, and 98-91. Carlos injured his left mauler in round six.

Wilbert (Vampire) Johnson, 165, Indianapolis, won a lopsided unanimous decision over Hank Thomas, 167, St. Louis, eight.

Rick Beranek, 155, Rapid City, South Dakota, TKO'd John Farr, 160, Omaha. Farr couldn't answer the bell for round two due to a broken nose.

Clarence Osby, 179, Milwaukee, outscored Ramzi Ibriham, 178¼, Chicago, six.

Four-rounders: Ken Larson, 156, Beverly Shores, Indiana, went to 2-0 by outpointing Jim Farr, 158, Omaha. Kevin Austin, 144, Milwaukee, TKO'd Harold France, 145, East Chicago, Indiana, at 2:57 of the fourth and final session. Vic Mobley, 133, Hammond, outpointed Paul Graham, 140½, Gary, Indiana.

Promoters—Dexter Tite, Fred Berns.

Matchmaker—Pete Susens.

Attendance—3,000. Gross—$29,900.

(04-28-83)

GARY L. MERRITT

NEVADA

▲**LAS VEGAS—Showboat Hotel and Casino**—Gene Hatcher was one upset youngster three days before his fight, when he found out for the first time that scheduled opponent Ricardo Jiminez had withdrawn because of illness.

"He just doesn't want to fight me," said Hatcher about Jimenez, who cancelled one other meeting late last year because of a tooth ache.

But the show must go on, and so Hatcher faced Romero Sandoval. Better for Sandoval if Jiminez had shown up.

Hatcher, 140, Fort Worth, pounded Sandoval, 138, Los Angeles, from the opening bell, finally taking him out by technical knockout at 3:01 of the fifth.

Three combinations hurt Sandoval and prompted referee Harry Krause to step in and administer a standing 8-count. Krause could have counted to 108, because Sandoval was through for the night, his eyes glazed and his legs wobbly.

The win not only boosted the former national amateur champion's (1980, welterweight) record to 17-1 with 15 knockouts, it gave him the ESPN junior welterweight title.

In a bout scheduled for 10 rounds, Tony Cerda, Jr., 161, Pomona, Calif., and James Waire, 160, Los Angeles, battled to a draw. It was the fourth meeting for the two brawlers with the series now at one win apiece, one draw and one no decision. Cerda's record is now 14-2-3.

Waire was dropped in the first round, but finished strong to earn the draw. Judge Dalby Shirley scored it 96-94 for Cerda, judge Chuck Minker had it 95-94 for Waire while judge Duane Ford had it even 95-95.

Johnny Apollo, 154, Las Vegas, proved to be a better movie than a middleweight, losing a four-round unanimous decision to veteran manager/trainer Mike Sarge's latest discovery, David Rosen, 159¼, Las Vegas.

Attendance—1,000 (est.).

(02-25-83)

▲**LAS VEGAS—Showboat Hotel and Casino**—Take nothing away from Pedro Laza; he's a fine boxer, a deft counterpuncher, and one day soon he's going to be a top notch contender. But hand it all to Cornelius Boza-Edwards, he's a wiley veteran, relentless with his pressure, and he just very well may be the finest junior lightweight on this planet.

So it was that after stalking the quick-moving Laza for the better part of seven rounds, Boza-Edwards finally hurt his prey and, eventually, inevitably, took him out. The end came at 1:49 of the ninth in their nationally televised bout scheduled for 10 rounds.

Although Boza-Edwards was leading quite comfortably on all three judges' scorecards, he never could quite drop the bomb on the young Cuban refugee who now lives in Miami, Fla. Just as it appeared the former World Boxing Council junior lightweight champion, a Ugandan now living in Las Vegas, would unload, Laza would counter and dash out of trouble.

But the youngster couldn't do it forever and by the eighth Laza had run out of room—and time. A right to the head and Laza was down. Another right hurt him and Laza was in trouble. A jarring right near the end of the round to the side of the head and only the bell saved Laza.

Nothing could save him in the ninth. A right uppercut to the chin, a missed left and a long right to the head and Laza went down. Almost immediately Boza-Edwards was on Laza with a left-right-left combination and referee Richard Steele delivered a standing eight-count. But the respite was brief and following three

more thundering rights to the head, Laza went down. Steele didn't even bother to complete the 10-count.

The win gives Boza-Edwards, 131¾, a 38-3 record with 29 knockouts. Laza slips to 22-2. He had won 22 straight following a loss in his pro debut entering the fight promoted by Don Chargin.

In a companion 10-rounder, world ranked featherweight Jose Caba, 128½, originally from the Dominican Republic and now living in Los Angeles, took an easy unanimous decision over former world-ranked super bantamweight contender Nicky Perez, 128½, Tucson, Ariz.

Caba, with a 23-2 record after this fight, was too strong for Perez, whose best days are behind him, and pummeled him throughout. Although penalized two points for low blows, Caba won by six points on one judge's scorecard and by 10 on the other two judges' cards. There were no knockdowns in the bout. The light hitting Perez's record slips to 52-10-1.
(02-27-83)

JIM HUNTER

NEW JERSEY

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—Al (Earthquake) Carter was given a chance to recoup after a recent tough loss to Joe Manley, being matched with veteran Dominican trial-horse Roberto Bido. Al made the most of it, bettering Roberto in brisk action until a left hook dropped him in the fourth. Bido was up, but being rocked along the ropes when ref Zack Clayton stopped the bout at 1:15 of the round; scheduled 10. Carter, out of Youngstown, weighed 134, with Bido, Santiago, Dom. Rep., at 135.

Clarence (Granny) Miller, 124½, Phila., came back from an eye cut to score two flukey knockdowns in the third and pound out a hard-fought unanimous decision over Leonard Church, 129, Lorain, Ohio, six. Two good young prospects met head-on in a scheduled four, with the less-heralded scoring a mild upset. Andre Boyer, 138½, Lindenwold, N.J., looked surprisingly sharp cutting up, then dropping Edouardo Torres, 141, Atlantic City, with a series of inside hooks for a TKO at 3:00 of the second. "Wicked" Joe Pickett, 129¾, Phoenixville, Pa., won a unanimous decision over Ramon (Baby) Lopez, 128, Queens, in a rugged but sloppy four. These bouts refereed by Frank Cappuccino.

Hard-punching southpaw Harry Daniels, Carrollton, Ga., scored his second straight spectacular upset in a scheduled six. Daniels, 162½, blasted out undefeated Edwin Newby, 163, Atlantic City, who was down, then slumping on the ropes when counted out at 1:08 of the first. In a wild brawl, Eddie "Speedy" Van Kirk, 137½, Baltimore, bombed Roberto Andino, 136, Santurce, P.R., with a series of haymakers to stop him on his feet at 2:40 of the third. Scheduled four. Clayton refereed these two.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Don Elbaum, Ted Menas.
Attendance—1400 (est.)
Judges—Ray Hoagland, Frank Cairo, Al DeVito.
Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.
Announcer—Ed Derien.
(02-22-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—A rare all-decision card was made rarer still by the absence of bad calls. Pat Cuillo, 181½, Niagara Falls/Vineland, gained a unanimous verdict over James Williams, 179, Portland, Ore., in a serious but uninspiring ten. The veteran Williams' herky-jerky style kept Cuillo off balance, and the fight close, in the first half, but Pat swept the second five. Williams was staggered in the eighth and battered the final two, but hung in for the distance. Ted "Water" Pick refereed.

"Rubber Band" Fred Brown lived up to his nickname, as he upset Juan Ramon Santana by a close majority decision, six. Brown, 147½, Newark, was a bit too slippery for the flat-footed slugger, 147¾, Camden, handing Santana his first defeat after six wins. Pick refereed. James "Bish" Cullins, 135½, Landover, MD, got even for a previous bad decision, as he pounded out a close, split call over Ray Evans, 132, Phila., six. Darryl Graham, 130¼, Buffalo, dropped Ocee Harper, 129, Washington D.C., in the fourth, and pounded him down the stretch, for a unanimous decision, six. Jeffery Hill, 162¾, Phila., finished strong to take a majority call from Tony Hodges, 161½, Long Island City, 4. Duane Bobick refereed these three.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Don Elbaum & Ted Menas.
Attendance—1300 (est.).
Judges—Harold Lederman, Wm. Kostrub, Ray Hoagland.
Timekepper—Roy Johnson.
Announcer—Ed Derien.
(03-08-83)

▲HAZLET TOWNSHIP—Plaza Forum—Wrestling and amateur boxing promoter John Gorman launched a series of monthly pro shows, and drew a packed house. The matches were mediocre, with two stiffs splashing in the top bouts, but the lively fans didn't seem to care.

In the scheduled eight round main, veteran Freddie Boynton, Red Bank, N.J., got no opposition from one Steve Valdelamar, a Colombian now based in Hoboken. Boynton, 155, twice decked Steve, 154, with routine left hooks, for a KO at 1:17 of the first. Joe O'Neil refereed. The main attraction for the fans, Union Beach's Ricky Jefferson, 164½, got even less opposition from Paterson's Larry Tann, 165, who was down for a TKO at only 0:34 of the first, scheduled four. Referee was Paul Venti.

The undercard provided better action. Perennially overmatched Edwin Santiago, 125, Hoboken, got a nice win, stopping Benny Llanos, 125, Union City, who was floored and being battered in a corner at 1:53 of the second of six. Southpaw Bruce Starling (nee Stallings), 157, Elizabeth, TKO'd debuting Dennis Burns, 161, Troy, NY, down once in the first and twice in the second, at 2:06, scheduled four. These two refereed by O'Neil.

Popular Jake "The Snake" Reilly, 148¼, Troy, can't fight much, but loves to entertain, dropping a unanimous decision to Jose Fuentes, 149, Jersey City, in a scrambling six. Tony Demby, 157, Atlantic City, was too much for returning oldie Pete O'Keefe, 158, Middletown, taking a unanimous verdict, six. Venti refereed these two.

Promoter—John Gorman (Phytes, Inc.).
Matchmaker—Tom Wilstead.
Attendance—SRO, 850, $9000 (est.).
Judges—Al DeVito, Frank Cairo, Lawrence Wallace.
Timekeeper—Justin Bucanico.
Announcer—Frank Shain.
(03-11-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Resorts International—The Curtis Parker—Tony Braxton bout turned out to be a diamond in the rough, hidden between the Chandler-Canizales and Spinks-Braxton title showdowns. An excellent pairing of styles, this was a throwback to the chess matches between savvy veterans in the fifties. Not two exuberant kids trying to overwhelm each other on drive and power, but a controlled battle of tactics that see-sawed frequently without losing momentum.

The early rounds were evenly, and bitterly, contested. Parker, 158¼, Phila., unveiled a stiff, and very busy, jab, while applying steady pressure. While more disciplined and paced than in the past, strength and determination were still important parts of his arsenal. Camden's Braxton, 157¾, was calm in the eye of the storm, offering Curtis a target, then slipping countering with swiping rights. The close battle finally broke open in the sensational seventh. A rally by Tony had Curtis in trouble, but when the storm subsided, Parker came back with a right hand bomb from which Braxton may never have recovered. Tony faded in the stretch, as Curtis pulled away. A valiant rally by Braxton in the tenth wasn't enough to turn the tide, and Tony was wilted by the end. Judge Frank Brunette still voted a draw, 5-5, but Robert Kimbrough (8-2) and Milo Savage (6-3-1) gave Curtis a majority decision.

Braxton refused to blame his defeat on his withering in the stretch, but did intimate that outside troubles (he's got a weapons charge hanging over him) may have broken his concentration. For Curtis, just the opposite. After an attempt at self-management, and a round-robin of trainers, he now appears settled with Bill Gabrel and Milt Bailey. Despite suffering four losses and being nearly forgotten, Parker has never absorbed a solid beating, and remains poised on the fringes of the middleweight picture, just waiting for an opporuntity,

Steve Traitz, 164, Norristown, Pa., looked sharp disposing of experienced Bennie Mitchell, 162, Columbus, Ohio, a TKO with

UNITED STATES RATINGS/JULY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
1. Greg Page (Kentucky)
2. Mike Weaver (California)
3. Pinklon Thomas (Pennsylvania)
4. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
5. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
6. Gerry Cooney (New York)
7. Randall (Tex) Cobb (Texas)
8. John Tate (Tennessee)
9. Tony Tubbs (Ohio)
10. Marvis Frazier (Pennsylvania)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
1. Dwight Braxton (New Jersey)
2. Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (New Jersey)
3. Carlos De Leon (Puerto Rico)
4. Eddie Davis (New York)
5. John Davis (New York)
6. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
7. Oscar Rivadeneyra (New Jersey)
8. Pete McIntyre (California)
9. Jerome Clouden (Louisiana)
10. Eric Winbush (New York)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Wilford Scypion (Texas)
2. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
3. James Shuler (Pennsylvania)
4. Dwight Davison (Michigan)
5. James Green (New Jersey)
6. Curtis Parker (Pennsylvania)
7. James Kinchen (California)
8. Bernard Mays (Michigan)
9. Vinnie Curto (Massachusetts)
10. Bobby Czyz (New Jersey)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Wilfred Benitez (Puerto Rico)
2. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
3. Mike McCallum (New York)
4. James Green (New Jersey)
5. Fred Hutchings (California)
6. Gary Guiden (Indiana)
7. Sean Mannion (Massachusetts)
8. Mark Medal (New Jersey)
9. Billy Collins (Tennessee)
10. Buster Drayton (Pennsylvania)

WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Milton McCrory (Michigan)
2. Marlon Starling (Connecticut)
3. Roger Stafford (Pennsylvania)
4. Kevin Howard (Pennsylvania)
5. Pete Ranzany (California)
6. Luis Resto (New York)
7. Bobby Joe Young (Ohio)
8. Milton Guest (New York)
9. Simon Brown (Washington, D.C.)
10. Robert Hines (Pennsylvania)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Johnny Bumphus (New Jersey)
2. Saoul Mamby (New York)
3. Steve Hearon (Texas)
4. Leroy Haley (Nevada)
5. Billy Costello (New York)
6. Ronnie Shields (Texas)
7. Tommy Ayres (Ohio)
8. Harry Arroyo (Ohio)
9. Gene Hatcher (Texas)
10. Alfredo Escalera (Puerto Rico)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
2. Andrew Ganigan (Hawaii)
3. Livingstone Bramble (New Jersey)
4. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
5. Greg Coverson (Michigan)
6. Ken Bogner (New Jersey)
7. Robin Blake (Texas)
8. Jimmy Paul (Michigan)
9. Melvin Paul (Louisiana)
10. Tyrone Crawley (Washington, D.C.)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Hector Camacho (New York)
2. Samuel Serrano (Puerto Rico)
3. Rolando Navarrete (Hawaii)
4. Johnny De La Rosa (Florida)
5. Rafael Solis (Puerto Rico)
6. Ruben Munoz (Texas)
7. Refugio Rojas (California)
8. Hector Cortes (California)
9. Tyrone Jackson (New York)
10. Tony Santana (New York)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
2. Jose Caba (California)
3. Bernard Taylor (Tennessee)
4. Jackie Beard (Michigan)
5. Ruben Castillo (California)
6. Irving Mitchell (California)
7. Richard Savage (Louisiana)
8. Bernabe Montanez (Puerto Rico)
9. Paul DeVorce (New York)
10. Sylvester Kennon (Missouri)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Jaime Garza (California)
2. Mike Ayala (New York)
3. Carmelo Negron (New York)
4. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
5. Oscar Muniz (California)
6. Gaby Canizales (Texas)
7. Lenny Valdez (Nevada)
8. Jose Parilla (Puerto Rico)
9. Jose Lopez (California)
10. Vince Christian (Pennsylvania)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
1. Albert Davila (California)
2. Oscar Muniz (California)
3. Gaby Canizales (Texas)
4. Richard Sandoval (California)
5. Harold Petty (Texas)
6. Freddie Jackson (Texas)
7. James Pipps (Texas)
8. Victor Callejas (Puerto Rico)
9. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)
10. Johnny Carter

FLYWEIGHTS
1. Alonso Gonzales (California)
2. Felix Castillo (Texas)
3. Joey Olivo (California)
4. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
5. Willie Jensen (Nevada)
6. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
7. Ian Clyde (California)
8. Steve Whetstone (Florida)
9. Ramon Perez (Puerto Rico)
10. Norberto Castellanos (Texas)

three knockdowns at 3:01 of the first, scheduled 10. Fred McMunn, 158¾, Kensington, also surprised, demolishing Philly rival Irishman Mike Sheeran, 160¼, S.W. Phila., who was being battered on the ropes at 1:53 of the third, scheduled eight. Southpaw Gary Hinton, 140¾, Phila., a talented fighter whose career seems on a treadmill, easily handled Clemente Rojas, 139, Barranquilla, Colombia. Rojas was down in the first, and stopped after five of 10 rounds, taking too much punishment.

Calvin Grove, 126¼, Coatesville, PA, drubbed Jose Figueroa, 126, Fajardo, P.R., for a unanimous decision, six, one knockdown in the second. Art Crandall, 131¾, Millville, NJ, battered Jack Moore, 131¾, Phila., for a unanimous win, four. Vinnie Rainone refereed the main event and Sheeran-McMunn, Rudy Battle the others.

Promoters—J.Russell Peltz, Joe Hand.
Matchmaker—J.Russell Peltz.
Attendance—800 (est.).
Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.
Announcer—Ed Derien.
(03-14-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—Two faces from the past, one a resurrection and the other an exhumation, appeared in a ten-round non-event. One, "Zovek" Barajas, 163½, Sinaloa, Mexico, via Arlington, Texas, was once a leading man at the Olympic Auditorium, but is now only a supporting-role zombie. The other, Vinnie Curto, 169½, E. Boston, is now back with old manager Joh Gagliardi, after a "rocky" romance with Sylvester Stallone. Zovek's battle plan consisted mostly of trudging from rope to rope, where he would lay back and imitate a punching bag, while exposing Vinnie's less-than-awesome power. After five rounds of this, ref Zack Clayton decided that Zovek, Vinnie, and most of all the fans, had had enough, and stopped it at 2:42 of the sixth.

The prelims, however, were loaded with action. Kelvin Seabrooks, 121¼, Charlotte, frequently used as fodder for experienced opposition, found the shoe on the other foot. Young prospect Ewart Chance, 119¾, Linden, Guyana, via Brooklyn, was overmatched and stopped on his feet at 2:50 of the third, scheduled eight. Mike Pucciarelli, 163¾, Pittsburgh, hammered "Bean" Whisetten, 160, Camden, SC, for a unanimous decision, six. Rodney Frazier, 201, Phila., easily handled spoiler Johnny Pitts, 222¾, Bridgeton, N.J., stopping him at 2:20 of the third of a scheduled four, no knockdowns. Ted Pick refereed these three.

"Granny" Miller, 124½, Phila., scored a repeat win over Roy Melton, 122, Phila., who was down in the first, battered in the second, and not out for the third. In a wild brawl, Tony Carbone, 176, Jersey City, floored Victor Harvey, 176½, Thorofare, NJ, twice in the first and once in the second, then survived a late surge by Victor, to gain a majority decision, four. Zack reffed these.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Don Elbaum,, Ted Menas.
Attendance—1400 (est.).
Judges—Wm. Kostrub, Milo Savage, Robert Kimbrough.
Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.
Announcer—Ed Derien.
(03-22-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—Two young light heavies on a treadmill did little to advance their careers in a hard-fought, but dull, scheduled 10. Charley Singleton, 175¼, Phila., stopped Stanley Ross, 181, Phila., who was unable to come out for the ninth. A steady body attack rendered Stanley hors-de-combat, blaming matchmaker Don Elbaum for not informing him of weight-making requirements in time. Charley's vulnerable beak was again dented, after losing nearly a year off with a deviated septum. Though undefeated and with good credentials, his career appears to be moving at a snail's pace. Though Charley seemed in command, the scoring was odd: William Kostrub 7-1 Singleton, but Lawrence Wallace 4-4, and Art Spell 5-3 Ross. Vinnie Rainone refereed.

Dark horse Carl Jones, 160, managed by Norm Henry, who came out of the MAPs scandal with a clean slate, turned in a fine win in an excellent bout. Oldie Lloyd Richardson, 158, Buffalo, who once battled Matthew Saad in a preliminary, put up a struggle, but was finally floored, with ref Duane Bobick calling a TKO at 2:02 of the sixth and final round.

Joey Caraballo, 126½, Bronx, outmuscled Ray Evans, 130½, Phila., for a unanimous decision in a fine six. "Rubber Band" Fred Brown, 146½, Newark, gained a unanimous call from Joe Williams, 145½, Camden, 4. Rainone refereed these two. Felix Marquez, 112½, Hamden, CT, handed a strangely dormant Kenny Butts, 109¼, Phila., his first defeat, via unanimous decision, six. Leslie Toney, 142¼, Youngstown, edged slow starter Eddi Van Kirk, 136¾, Balto., by majority verdict, four. Bobick refereed these two.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Don Elbaum, Ted Menas.
Attendance—1200 (est.).
Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.
Announcer—Ed Derien.
(04-12-83)

J.R. JOWETT

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Resorts International—Former WBA light heavyweight champ Mike Rossman, making his first start in almost two years, labored to score a TKO over prdinary Charlie Smith at 0:53 of the 10th and final round. Although it was hardly the sort of performance that inspires rave reviews, Rossman has plenty of time to fight his way back into contention. He's still only 26.

"I wasn't sharp," admitted Rossman. "It wasn't good enough to be a top contender, but it was good to go to 10. I'm not satisfied. But being off as long as I was, it really wasn't bad."

Smith, 180½, Chesapeake, Va., fought like a man who wished he was somewhere else. Anywhere. He seemed exhausted just climbing through the ropes and then proceeded to fight (if that's the word) in the most awkward manner imaginable. He backpeddled around the ring, holding his left hand down at his knees, but somehow managed to pop Rossman with frequent rights to the head. These blows, while far from dangerous, revealed that Mike is still highly susceptible to any kind of punch coming from the right side.

Rossman, a surprisingly hard 177¼, naturally exhibited signs of rust. He was stiff in his movement and lacked much of the old snap when punching. Nevertheless, his attitude was good and he kept plugging away until referee Frank Cappuccino called him off. Rossman's body punches had taken their toll on Smith and he was spitting blood at the end.

The win lifted Rossman's record to 41-7-1 (25 kayoes). It will take time and several bouts against better opposition than Smith (now 13-6, five kayoes) before any judgement can be made.

It must have been the night for old light heavyweights because Richie Kates (looking far sharper than Rossman) was awarded a close, and highly questionable, unanimous decision over Jeff (Bobcat) Lampkin in an excellent 10-rounder.

Kates, 179½, Vineland, N.J., and Lampkin, 177¾, Youngstown, Ohio, made a fine pairing that pitted a comebacking veteran against a somewhat jaded prospect. The match seemed to bring out the best in each and provided the crowd with a riveting contest.

Kates utilized his experience and boxing smarts to their best advantage. He kept his left jab in Lampkin's face all night, closing his left eye and raising a swelling around the right. It was a pleasure to watch such an old pro outbox his younger and stronger rival. Unfortunately for Lampkin, the judges seemed to see little else.

Lampkin bravely ignored his damaged eyes and stayed on Kates' tail. He broke through, from time-to-time, with vicious shots to the head that definitely hurt Richie. Then, just when it looked like Kates was ready to fall, he would box his way back into the fight.

The last two rounds were all Lampkin. He bombed Kates with both hands, finishing the fight with a big rally in the final frame that had Kates out on his feet. The capacity crowd gave both men an extended ovation at the final bell.

The decision was not as popular as the fight. Judge Tommy Kaczmarek voted for Kates by a reasonable 5-4-1 margin, and judge Milo Savage was not too far off the mark with a 6-4 score, but judge Richard F. Murry went overboard, giving Kates the nod 7-3. *The Ring* thought that Lampkin's roaring finish earned him the fight, 5-4-1. The referee was Larry Hazzard.

Kates upped his log to 42-6 (23 kayoes), while Lampkin dropped to 22-3 (18 kayoes). A rematch would be nice, but Kates probably wants to go for one more big payday and would be foolish to risk a return.

Richard Nixon, 154, upset fellow Philadelphian Kevin Perry, 154½, scoring a TKO at 1:56 of the eighth round in a scheduled eight. Perry went over from a flurry and was wisely rescued by referee Hazzard.

In other prelims, Vaughan Hooks, 171¼, Phila., TKO'd Ronald Palmer, 166, Pottstown, Pa., at the end of the second round in a scheduled four. Referee, Hazzard. Dawud Shaw, 171, Pottstown, scored a unanimous decision over Jamie Olatunde, 177¼, Phila., eight. Referee, Cappuccino.

The card was televised live over the PRISM cable.
(04-13-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—Light punching lefty Prince Mohammed, 174¾, Hollywood, Calif., scored a unanimous 10-round decision over Willie Stallings, 176¼, Freeport, N.Y., in a monotonous affair. Mohammed outboxed Stallings all the way, but never had him in any kind of trouble. All-in-all, a very pedestrian match. Referee, Rudy Battle.

Mexican southpaw Juan Veloz, 123¾, now fighting out of New York, ruined the unbeaten run of Philadelphian Granny Miller, scoring a TKO at the end of the fifth. Miller, 124¼, had won nine in a row (seven kayoes), but was dropped by lefts in both the first and fourth. Miller also suffered a badly swollen right eye that was the official cause of the stoppage. Referee, Ted Pick.

Marvin Mack, 169¾, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Arthur Hall, 174½, Irvington, N.J., six. Referee, Battle.

In the evening's best match, Jerome Johnson, 156½, Jackson, N.J., and Ricky Jefferson, 160, Keyport, N.J., battled to a four-round draw. It was rock 'em-sock 'em all the way and everybody was happy with the stalemate. Referee, Pick.

In another draw, Frank (The Favorite) Farmer, 206½, Columbus, Ohio, and Greg Walsh, 215, Huntington, N.Y., battled on even term for four rounds. Referee, Pick.

Judges—Joe O'Neill, Bill Kostrub, John Stewart.
Elbaum-Menas Productions
Attendance—800 (est.)
(04-19-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino—World-rated Mike McCallum ran his unbeaten log to 18-0 (17 kayoes) with a third round TKO over game, but outclassed, Tony Suero in a scheduled 10. Suero, a rugged club fighter, never had a chance. After scoring well with his jab in the first, "Tough Tony" tried to mix it up with McCallum. It was suicide. Mike damn near tore his head off. After 15 unanswered punches crashed into Suero's head in the third, referee Paul Venti called it off at 2:21.

Suero, 157½, had better stick to fighting his own calibre if he's going to last much longer. His log slipped to a hard-fought 14-6-2 (eight kayoes). For McCallum, it's on towards a title shot sometime this year. He is now a member of Emanuel Steward's Kronk Boxing Team, so he will probably go after Davey Moore instead of teammate Tommy Hearns.

Livingstone Bramble, 136¼, Passaic, N.J., punched his way to a unanimous 10-rounds decision over veteran warhorse Gaetan Hart, 133½, Canada. Bramble won with room to spare, but never came close to dropping Hart, although he did open a cut over Gaetan's left eye. Bramble upped his pro record to 16-1-1 (10 kayoes), while Hart dropped to 53-23-5 (25 kayoes). Referee, Tony Perez.

Hot prospect Simon (Mantequilla) Brown, 147½, Washington, D.C., worked hard to score a TKO over veteran Pete Seward, 150¾, Columbus, Ohio, at 2:48 of the seventh round in another scheduled 10.

Brown attacked Seward's body with left hooks over the first few rounds and then switched upstairs. In between taking punches and covering up, Seward fought back the best he could, but always seemed to come up on the short end of the exchanges. Brown, now 14-0 with 12 kayoes, hung Seward in a corner in the seventh and opened up with a barrage of head shots that prompted referee Perez to step in.

Edward (Watusi) DeJesus, 130¼, Camden, N.J., looked lucky to score a majority decision over Anthony (Cobra) Williams, 131¼, Phila., in a fast-paced four. Referee, Venti.

Rodney Trusel, 146, Detroit, Mich., won a unanimous decision over Teddy White, 148, Newark, six. Referee, Venti.

Judges—Phil Newman, Ray Hoagland, John Stewart.
Promoters—Elbaum-Menas and Main Event Productions.
(04-26-83)

▲ATLANTIC CITY—Sands Hotel Casino—Unheralded Dominican Reyes Cruz upset John (The Heat) Verderosa, scoring a unanimous 10-round decision in the top-half of an NBC-televised double-header. In the other portion of the bill, comebacking Alex Ramos survived a precarious final round to win a unanimous 10-round nod over previously unbeaten J.B. Williamson.

Cruz, almost a head taller than Verderosa, made excellent use of his reach advantage, outboxing, and outpunching, the Staten Island slugger for most of the match. Although he doesn't appear to have the punching power his 21-0, 14 kayoes, record would indicate, Cruz kept his hands busy, throwing well placed flurries whenever Verderosa forced him to stand and trade.

Verderosa, coming off a career best win over Sean O'Grady, did altogether too much showboating. He swaggered around the ring in his street punk manner and laughed when Cruz popped him a good one. For all his theatrics, "The Heat" landed few meaningful punches and finished the afternoon badly marked about the face.

Cruz, now boxing out of Paterson, N.J., gained confidence as the bout progressed, indulging in his own brand of fancy footwork in the ninth. His 6-3-1 and 5-4-1 (twice) margin of victory seemed overly generous to Verderosa.

The loss dropped Verderosa to 24-2 (17 kayoes). His camp claims that he should never be boxing as a junior welterweight and that his future belongs among the lightweights. John, on the other hand, says he just can't make 135 anymore. Both men weighed 144 for this one.

Ramos, 158¾, scoring well with hard hooks to both the body and head. He almost put Williamson away with a nice combo in the fifth, but J.B. hung tough and stuck around for the surprising finish.

Just when it looked like Ramos was chugging his way to a routine win, Williamson came up with a big right to the head in the 10th that shook Alex to the core. It was almost like a flashback of his defeat at the hands of Ted Sanders. Williamson took aim and plastered the stricken Ramos with a series of clean shots to the head. Ramos wobbled, but stayed upright, bulling forward until the final bell came to his rescue.

Despite his rocky last round, Ramos won with room to spare by scores of 8-1-1, 7-2-1, and 5-3-2. The win lifted his log to 17-1-1 (10 kayoes), while Williamson lost for the first time in 16 pro starts. The fact that J.B. isn't much of a puncher (only five early wins among his 15 victories) was probably the only thing that saved Ramos' bacon.

In a third scheduled 10, David Sears, 175¼, Howard Beach, N.Y., emerged victorious with a TKO over Bob Jennings, 170, Laurens, S.C., at the end of the fifth. After fielding several rights in the first, Sears dominated the battle of unbeaten whitehopes, battering Jennings until a badly swollen left eye ruled Bob out. Sears is now 12-0 (nine kayoes), while Jennings slipped to 11-1 (nine kayoes).

Diego Rosario, 122, Paterson, returned to action with an easy TKO over Coco Ortiz, 119½, New York, at 2:44 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight. It was Rosario's first start since he was iced by Gaby Canizales in a USBA bantamweight title fight back in June of 1982.

Brian Mathews, 155½, Phoenix, scored a unanimous decision over John Gordon, 157¼, Greenville, S.C., six.

Tyrone Jackson, 126¾, New York, kayoed Felix Cortes, 122, Westbury, Conn., in 1:24 of the first round in a scheduled eight to run his unbeaten record to 15-0 with 12 kayoes.

Jose Ruiz, 137½, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Leslie Tony, 140¼, Youngstown, Ohio, six.

Frank Cappuccino refereed Cruz-Verderosa, Diego-Ortiz, and Mathews-Gordon, while Rudy Battle handled Ramos-Williamson, Sears-Jennings, Jackson-Cortes, and Ruiz-Tony.

Judges—Richard F. Murry, Tommy Kaczmarek, Paul Cavaliere.
Main Event Productions, Inc.
(05-01-83)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ATLANTIC CITY—The Sands Hotel Casino—Roger Stafford got what he was looking for. He also may have lost something along the way. What he received was a strong yeoman like 10-round workout win. "I'm very happy I got ten rounds of work." Dropped along the way, however, was probably a bunch of yeas for the Philadelphian to defeat Don Curry in their scheduled June WBA welterweight title bout. As the fight entered the ninth round, one fan was overheard saying, "and this is the guy who is supposed to beat Donald Curry?"

Stafford, 150, now 22-3-1 with eight kayoes was set to challenge Ray Leonard last May and we all know what happened then, right gang? A few months later, he lost to WBC finalist Milton McCrory. Now Roger is a Top Rank boxer and so it is Curry whom Roger finally gets a shot at.

Roger worked well enough but never landed the power punches needed to forge his name forever in *The Ring Record Book*. Said Stafford afterwards, "I knew I was off. I ain't been active enough, but he was a very strong competitor." The winner hadn't fought since November 1.

His opponent, Alejos Rodriguez, 149½, San Antonio, hung tough throughout—actually just easing back out of harm's way for the most part. The victor worked—if not artfully or powerfully—for every point. Stafford took the unanimous decision with scores of 10-0 from judge Frank Brunette, 9-1 from judge Harold Lederman, and 8-2 from judge Milo Savage, whom *The Ring* agreed with. There were no knockdowns in this bout, refereed by Zack Clayton.

In the co-feature 10, "The B.T. Express came roaring into town. Bernard Taylor, 128¼, (now 21-0-1, 13 kayoes) Knoxville, Tenn., had very little trouble (make that *no* trouble) in putting away an overmatched Roosevelt Rico, 129¼, Ft. Worth, Texas, at 1:35 of round three.

Recently listed by *The Ring* as one of the world's most boring fighters, Bernard took his post-Pedroza WBA title bout (draw-15) victory in fine no-nonsense style. His quick, long and accurate combinations just coundn't miss his shorter foe. Poor Rico took stick from the first minute. A right to the head dropped him for an eight count in the third and then seconds later a lightning right uppercut-left hook-right cross put Rico down again just as ref Paul Venti was moving in to stop it.

Later, in his dressing room, Bernard said, "Fans didn't need another 10. I'm like a big old truck. I change gears. I see the opportunity, I take it."

Three bouts completed the card, which was the last Top Rank/ESPN cable TV offering from The Sands after a stay of 18 months. Full agreement for a new contract could not be reached by the parties involved and so now it is full circle time for the T.R./ESPN Atlantic City marriage: Playboy, Sands, and now Resorts, where they started it all in April of 1980 with this mostly Thursday night offering.

James (Buster) Douglas, 246¼, Columbus, Ohio, KO-2 (1:36) Henry Porter, 195½, St. Louis, Mo. A short right hand did it as ref Zack Clayton counted 10. Porter just couldn't cope with the size of the son of Billy (Dynamite) Douglas. It was scheduled for eight.

In a pair of fours, Jose Torres, 162, Jersey City, N.J., came from behind to TKO-4 (2:25) John (Top Dog) Ford, 163, Norfolk, Va. A left-right floored Ford in the fourth and ref Paul Venti halted matters after the count and a good look. Hector Jaiman, 155¼, Cambridge, Ohio, W-4 (M) Ernie (The Fighting District Attorney) Sharif, 152, Pittsburgh, Pa. It was a good scrap and no, Ernie will not appeal the decision in his pro debut. No knockdowns. Referee was Paul Venti.

All bouts were worked by the same team of judges.

(04-28-83)

JACK OBERMAYER

NEW YORK

▲NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—Robert Adams, 152, Philadelphia, scored an upset TKO over the previously undefeated Michael de la Rue, 151, Kew Gardens, Queens, New York, at 2:56 of the seventh round in a scheduled 10.

De la Rue, who has the proper "killer instinct" for a fighter, but is short on skill, was thumbed in the first round and badly cut above the left eye in the third. His record is now 13-1-1 with 11 kayoes. Adams upped his log to 10-6-1 with four knockouts. Joe Cortez, referee.

Another 10 saw talented Mark Medal, 154, Jersey City, kayo Reggie Ford, also 154, Georgetown, Guyana, with a stomach punch in 1:04 of the fifth round. Medal is now 18-1 with 15 knockouts. Ford, who was also down in round three, is 11-9 with four kayoes. Luis Rivera, referee.

Charlie (White Lightning) Brown, 135½, North Haledon, New Jersey, floored Angel (El Bravo) Cruz, 138, Bethlehem, Pa., with a left hook in the fourth round and stopped him at 2:02 of the eighth frame in their scheduled 10. Vinnie Ferguson, referee. Brown, who's being built up, is now 15-0 with 14 kayoes. Cruz drops to a reported 13-4-1 with five knockouts.

Juan Ramon Cruz, 132, Santurce, P.R. (now fighting out of New York), TKO'd Greg Washington, 133, Elizabeth, N.J., at 1:17 of round four in a scheduled eight refereed by Joe Cortez. Cruz is now 8-1 with six kayoes.

Andres Tena, 124½, Dominican Republic, TKO'd Pipino Oquendo, 125, Bronx, New York, at 1:58 of the seventh in their scheduled eight-rounder. Luis Rivera, referee. Tena represented the D.R. in the 1980 Olympic Games.

Pedro Estrada, 154, New York, TKO'd Marty Johnson, 152½, New York, at 1:19 of the second in a scheduled six-rounder refereed by Rivera.

Edgar Bravo, Bayamon, P.R., 139½, won a majority decision over Louis Tapia, 139½, Santiago, D.R., in the opening four. Scoring: judge Artie Aidala, 2-1-1; judge Billy Graham, 3-1; judge Carol Castellano, 2-2. Vinnie Ferguson, referee.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.

(04-29-83)

▲NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—What looked like an interesting pairing—light heavyweight Euclides Valdez vs. the washed up contender, Jerry Martin—was scratched by a sudden Martin pull-out. Alvino Manson, 173½, Anderson, Indiana, was rushed in as a replacement, and—lo and behold—stopped Valdez in 0:56 of the fifth round with three knockdowns. The first was from a solid punch, but the others were rather questionable. Euclides, in fact, just fell to his knees without being hit on the last occasion, but referee Arthur Mercante waved it over.

Valdez, who won the first four rounds on the scorecards of two judges, fell to 11-2-1 with seven kayoes. Manson, no known relation to the family of killers, is 12-3 with nine knockouts.

Pedro Vilella, 145, New York, a southpaw, won a unanimous decision over Danny (Mad Dog) Paul, 144, Detroit, in a clinch-filled 10. Scoring: judges Bernie Friedkin and Harold Lederman, both 7-3; judge Victor Suarez, 6-3-1. Vilella is now 13-0-1 with five kayoes. Paul is 23-5 with 13 knockouts. Vinnie Ferguson, referee.

Dwight (Tiger) Walker, 161, Newark, N.J., won a split decision over Hector Rosario, 163, San Juan, P.R., 10. Scoring: judges Friedkin and Lederman, 7-3 and 6-3-1, respectively, Walker; judge Suarez, 5-3-2, Rosario. Walker is now 15-2-1 with six kayoes. Rosario is a reputed 9-5 with five knockouts. Arthur Mercante, referee.

Kenny Styles, 158, New York, won a unanimous decision over Charles Hecker, 159, Brooklyn, eight. Scoring: Friedkin, 6-2 (7-2 in points); Lederman, 6-1-1 (7-1); Suarez, 6-2. Hecker was decked in the fourth. Vinnie Ferguson, referee.

Mike Martinez, 154½, Brooklyn, won a unanimous (6-0 on all three cards) decision over Miguel Machado, 160, New York, six. Bill Tate, referee.

Anthony Holt, 161, New York, TKO'd Nathaniel Graham, 165, Harlem, New York, at 2:31 of the first round in a scheduled four refereed by Tate. This was the walk-out bout, originally scheduled for six.

Miguel Dominguez, 136, New York, won a split duke over Papo Figueroa, 132½, New York, in the six-round opener. Scoring: Friedkin and Lederman, 4-2 and 5-1, respectively, Dominguez; Suarez, 4-1-1, Figueroa. Bill Tate, referee.

A scheduled four between Nelson Rosa, 197, Dominican Republic, and Leslie Jackson, 255, of New York, was not held.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.

(05-13-83)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

OKLAHOMA

▲ENID—Convention Center—Joek Spitler, 167, Stillwater, Ok., won a hard fought unanimous decision over rugged Cecil (Goodnight) Pettigrew, 169, Tulsa, eight. Spitler is now 4-1. Pettigrew is 12-3.

Arnette Churn, 188, Enid, won a unanimous decision over Richard Silas, Perkins, six.

Referee—Fred Gonzalez.

Judges—Bob Canaan, Joe McCormick, Mike Heldermann.

Attendance—2,200.

(03-26-83)

▲OKLAHOMA CITY—Quality Inn—Tony Harrison, 160, Oklahoma City, won a unanimous decision over Bruce Jackson, 158, Stillwater, eight. Jackson was down in the first and eighth, but it was war in between.

Linwood Jones, 264, Hutchinson, Kansas, knocked out David Sharp, 230, Oklahoma, with the first right hand he threw in the first round.

Virgil Moore, 147, Oklahoma City, kayoed Dave Metzger, also 147, Tulsa, in the first.

Rick Myers, 180, Oklahoma City, outscored Richard Silas, Perkins, six.

Clyde Turner, 156, Lawton, outscored Rocky Pidgeon, 155, Tulsa, six.

Referee—Leroy Miller.

Top Contenders Productions, Inc.

Attendance—600 (est.).

(04-06-83)

JAMES HUTTON

PENNSYLVANIA

▲PHILA.—Blue Horizon Aud.—Promoter Harold Moore mixed up a witch's brew of last-minute matches, yet still came up with an excellent program. When the rematch of the controversial Dennis Howard-Tony Stern bout fell apart, undefeated prospect Steve Little was promoted to the main event, against Stern, but his inexperience showed and he blew the assignment. In a dullish eight, Little, 139, Phila., probably outpunched Stern, 137, Harrisburg, but did so much jiving that Tony's non-nonsense approach caught the judges' eye. Al Morris and Joe Henry voted 37-35, while ref Ozzie Sadler tabbed 39-36, all for Stern.

In an explosive six, left hooks dropped Nasir Ali, 163½, Phila., in the first, and Jesse Goodmond, 163, Phila., for the count at 1:23 of the second. Tommy Barnes, 128, Phila., beat willing Ira Layton, 127, Harrisburg, by unanimous call, four. Ozzie refereed these two.

Darryl Martin, 138, Harrisburg, knocked out "Junior Honeyboy" Walker, 135, Phila., with one short right at 2:24 of the first, scheduled 4. Junie Nash, 150, S. Phila., won a close majority decision from Anthony Griggs, 152, S. Phila., in a wild shoot-out, four. Angelo Talley, 125½, Phila., showed clever counter punching against aggressive southpaw James Oliver, 125, S. Phila., dropping him twice for TKO at 3:00 of the third of the scheduled four. Tommy Reid refereed these bouts.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Harold Moore (MWM Promotions).

Attendance—450, $4000 (est.).

Timekeeper—J.P. Mina.

Announcer—Mel Phillips.

(02-23-83)

▲PHILADELPHIA—Golden Eagle—This exciting club repeated their previous format, debuting the son of a former champion, and again drew a packed house. This time it was Joe Frazier's son, Hector, fighting as "Smokin' Joe" Frazier, Jr. Joe's nephew Rodney and Joey Giardelio, Jr. (Paul Tilelli) also appeared. Smokin' Joe, Jr., a miniature of his dad at 137, battered game but green Tony Glasgow, 141, a right uppercut dropping him and ref Rudy Battle halting it at 2:19 of the first, scheduled four. Both of Phila.

Rodney Frazier, 203, Phila., TKO'd overweight punching bag Ronald Anderson, 192½, Phila., at 0:57 of the first, while Giardello, 130½, Cherry Hill, NJ, stopped Thomas Perrin, 129¼, Phila., at 1:50 of the first. The poorly-instructed Perrin had a most unusual style, jabbing with his left out of a southpaw stance. Both scheduled fours, reffed by Battle.

In the main event, Robert Adams, 151, S. Phila., proved too sharp a boxer, and withstood a late surge by George Burton, 147, Balto., to gain a unanimous decision, eight. Carol Polis 39-36, Bob LaGuardia 38-37, and ref Frank Cappuccino 38-35.

"Dynamite" Joe Bradford, 151, Phila., defeated Ra'Sean (Kenneth) Parker, 153, Phila., by unanimous verdict, six. And a rare matchup gave losing "opponent" types a chance to score a win—by facing each other. Kenneth Lomax, 147¼, Phila., halted an out-of-gas Richard Gainey, 140, Phila., slumping in a corner at 1:24 of the third of a scheduled four. Cappuccino worked these two.

Promoter—Joe Verne.

Matchmaker—Billy DeMarco.

Attendance—SRO, 1500, Gross—$1200 (est.).

Timekeeper—Charles Cunningham.

Announcer—Hank Kropinski.

(02-24-83)

▲CONSHOHOCKEN—McDonald Labor Lyceum—This excellent club may be floundering, because of the retirement of house hero Jimmy Connelly due to excessive eye cuts. What could be their final promotion ran on St. Patrick's Day, highlighted by Billy Conn signing *Ring* reproduction posters of his famous Joe Louis epic. Billy then proceeded to bad-mouth boxing in the local papers.

In the scheduled 10 main go, Ernie Singletary, 168, Phila., easily disposed of "Dancing" Dan Snyder, 169, Darby. Instead of dancing, Danny laid on the ropes and took a pounding, until folding for a TKO at 2:58 of the second. Hank Cisco refereed. Marvin Mack, 170, Phila., easily beat a clutching Mike Staton, 171, Washington, D.C., by unanimous verdict, six. In a scheduled six, southpaw Pablo Rivera, 140, Brooklyn, upset Andre Boyer, 140½, Lindenwold, N.J. Explosive right uppercuts dropped Andre in the first and again in the second, for a TKO at 2:30. Bob Polis refereed both sixes.

"Wicked" Joe Pickett, 129, Phoenixville, was tamed by Derrick Swinney, 134, Camden, and lucky to get a draw in a good four. Kenny "The Rabbit" Brown, 154, W. Phila., won a unanimous decision over Leon Fulton, 157, N. Phila., in a sensational four. Leon was down twice in the second and once in the third, but battled back each time. Tony Butts, 135, Phila., took a unanimous decision from Robert Stevenson, 139, N. Phila., four. James Stills, 183, N. Phila., got no opposition in his second win over Robert Brown, 177¼, Phila. Brown folded for the count at 2:20 of the first, scheduled four. Polis reffed Stills-Brown, Cisco the other fours.

Promoter/Matchmaker—Bob Connelly.

Attendance—650, $6500 (est.).

Judges—Joe Sweeney, Joe Henry.

Timekeeper—Tommy Malandro.

Announcer—Frank Talent.

(03-17-83)

▲PHILA.—Golden Eagle—A fine club show headlined light heavy hopeful Dawud Shaw in what was to have been a rematch of his narrow loss to Willie Torres. Instead, Pete Harris, of Lynchburg, Va., subbed for an injured Torres, dropping the unanimous decision, eight. While Dawud, 172, Chester, Pa., showed clever boxing in pitching a shutout, he also displayed a decided reluctance to go into the trenches, allowing the outclassed Harris, 178, to last the route.

"Dynamite" Joe Bradford, 151, Phila., outbrawled Jose Green, 149, Warminster, for a unanimous decision, six. Mike Golden, 135, S.W. Phila., thrashed Ricky Stinnie, 137½, Charlottesville, VA, scoring a knockdown in the third, to win a unanimous call in an action six. Rudy Battle refereed the main event and sixes.

The popular sons of former champions again highlighted the undercard, where publicist Sy Roseman has succeeded in getting film clips of four rounders on the evening news! Joe Frazier, Jr., 138, Phila., belted out Carlos Garman, 146, Phila., with a solid body attack at the end of the first, one knockdown. Joey Giardello, Jr., 129, Cherry Hill, blasted Darryl Dickens, 127, Phila., with a knockdown forcing a TKO at 0:59 of the first. Junie Nash, 148, Frankford, looked good with a solid, unanimous win over experienced Xavier Biggs, 151, S. Phila., in an exciting four. Jose Green's brother Edwin, 147, Warminster, debuted, but lost a close majority decision to Carlos DeJesus, 148, Phila., four. Charlie Sgrillo refereed the fours.

Promoter—Joe Verne.

Matchmaker—Billy DeMarco.

Attendance—950, Gross $10,000 (est.).

Judges—Adalaide Tyndale, Al Morris.

Timekeeper—Charles Cunningham.

Announcer—Hank Kropinski.

(03-24-83)

J.R. JOWETT

CANADA

ALBERTA

▲EDMONTON—Three scheduled 10-round heavyweight bouts headlined.

Ken Lakusta, 212, Edmonton, stopped Harvey Steichen, 217, Las Vegas, in the eighth round. Johan Louw, referee.

Rocky Sekorski, 201, Minneapolis, stopped Ralph Rivas, 198, Carson City, in the seventh. David Ward, referee.

Scott LeDoux, 238, Minneapolis, halted Larry Ware, 208, Reno, in the seventh. Barney O'Connor, referee.

Laurie Mann, 142, Prince George, B.C., won a unanimous decision over Ralph Twining, also 142, Detroit, eight. No knockdowns, but the official scores were 80-72 (twice) and 80-73.

Judges—B. Warwick, L. Sutton, Ken Rudd.

Timekeepers—Gus Bell, Harold Kitchen.

Ringside Physician—Dr. H.A. Sollbach.

Ring Announcer—Greg Musselman.

Gross—$8,500.

(02-28-83)

ONTARIO

▲TORONTO—St. Lawrence Market—Three "live" bouts supported the Michael Spinks-Dwight Braxton closed circuit telecast.

Jimmy Gradson, 163, Toronto, halted Leslie Gardner, 167½, Detroit, at 1:46 of the ninth round in a scheduled 10.

Rick Pappa, 137½, Toronto, halted Jimmy Heickert, 139, Oshawa, at 2:41 of the first round in a scheduled four.

Ray Henderson, 173½, Toronto, stopped Roger Hercules, 175, Tornoto, at 0:55 of the third round in their scheduled four.

Prior to the screening of the big fight, boxing diplomas were presented to former Canadian champions Arthur King and Earl Walls by Clyde Gray, representing the Canadian Professional Boxing Federation. Gray, who now heads the Ontario Athletic Commission, held the Canadian and Commonwealth welterweight titles.

Referee—Fern Chretien.

Judges—Jackie Silver, Chuck Williams, Ray Hipalito.

Timekeepers—Arnold Paris, Frank Shillolo.

Ringside Physician—Dr. A. Murray.

Ring Announcer—George Maxwell.

Promoter—All-Canada Sports.

Attendance—1,200.

(03-18-83)

▲TORONTO—St. Lawrence Market—A benefit night was held to help re-equip the Landsdowne Boxing Club. The highlight was a three-round exhibition featuring Clyde Gray and former Canadian lightweight champion Nicky Furlano.

Two six-round fights were also on the card, and both bouts went the distance. LeRoy Pink, 142, Toronto, won a unanimous

(30-24 (twice), 30-25) decision over Kenny Smith, 140, Windsor, and Razor Ruddick, 183, Toronto, won a unanimous (29-24, 29-25, 30-24) verdict over William Hollis, 181, Detroit.

Referees—H. Davis, Ed. Gaudet.
Judges—J. Silvers, D. Mann, R. Hipolito.
Timekeepers—A. Paris, Frank Shillolo.
Ringside Physician—Dr. A. Hacker.
Ring Announcer—Frank Allnutt.
(04-08-83)

QUEBEC

▲HULL—Robert Guertin Arena—The SRO sign was out as former Canadian lightweight champion Gaetan Hart, 137, a veteran of 80 pro fights, faced Pierre Huneault, also 137, Hull, who was taking part in his seventh pro bout and first 10-rounder. There is no commission in Hull, so officials from the Montreal Athletic Commission handled the card.

The younger Huneault gave the veteran a real going over in the first four rounds, eased up a little in the next three, and turned it on again going down the stretch. Hart was a battered, tired fighter at the final bell, but the official verdict was a *draw!!* Judges Pom Miron and Jean Claude Cleroux both carded 96-96, and judge Guy Jutras scored it 95-95.

The remainder of the card turned into a promoter's nightmare. The scheduled eight-round heavyweight contest between Conroy Nelson, Ottawa, and Razor Ruddick was cancelled when Nelson was unable to furnish proof of his E.E.G. test and medical doctors Pierre Meunier and Louis LeClerc would not allow the bout to go on. A second bout was cancelled when LeRoy Pink's opponent pulled a "no show" and no stand-by was available.

Four-rounders: Nedrick Simmons, 125, Toronto, won a unanimous decision over Gaston Paquette, 123, Hull. Francois Leonard, 183, Hull, stopped Randy Corey, Vermont, at 0:47 of the second. Richard Gagnon, 154, Hull, won a unanimous verdict over Albert Cox, 153, Toronto.

Promoter—Rodolfe Huneault/Quebec Professional Boxing Assoc.
Attendance—4,067.
(03-22-83)

▲MONTREAL—Paul Sauve Arena—Seven bouts were on the card, and each won went the distance.

Canadian welterweight champion Mario Cusson, 140¼, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Sammy Gervins, 144, Ohio, 10. The official scores were 100-91, 99-93, and 100-94.

Alex Hilton, 153, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Cecil King, 154, Toronto, six. The scores were 60-55, 59-55, and 60-54.

Deano Clavert, 162¼, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Danny Jones, 159¼, Windsor, six.

Welterweight Meddrick, 145¼, Toronto, won a unanimous duke over Denis Brisson, also 145¼, Quebec, six. Brisson was then suspended for 90 days by the Montreal Athletic Commission, having lost four contests in a row.

Four-rounders: Matthew Hilton, 146¼, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Frank Minigan, 143¼, Rochester. Phillip Brown, 173¼, Ohio, outpointed Roger Fortin, 174½, Montreal. Andre Sarrazin, Montreal, won a split duke over Paul Rutledge, 130¼, Ohio.

Referees—Jerry Simpson, Fred Deefan, Guy Jutras, Richard Doutre.
Judges—M. Bergeron, Greene, Miron, Nadeau, Theroux.
Timekeepers—M. Vermette, M. Aubert.
Ringside Physicians—Dr. P. Meunier, Dr. L. LeClerc.
Ring Announcer—Robert Rivest.
Promoter—Henri Spitzer.
Attendance—5,722.
(03-29-83)

▲MONTREAL—Paul Sauve Arean—Tony Salvatore, 125½, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Neddrick Simmons, 123, Toronto, 12, in the first Canadian featherweight title bout in a dozen years.

Salvatore managed to get in close to his taller foe and score with body punches. Simmons, who had only had eight bouts, was better at long range.

A rematch is in order. Salvatore is now 16-2-2.

Alex Hilton, 148½, Montreal, butchered 31-year-old Larry Stanton, 148, Merrick, Long Island, New York, to win a unanimous decision, eight. Stanton was given a 90-day suspension by the Montreal Athletic Commission.

Donnie Poole, 150, Toronto, won a unanimous verdict over Sam Gervins, 150, Columbus, eight. The scores were 80-75, 79-74, and 78-75.

Remo DiCarlo, 134½, Toronto, won a unanimous duke over Tony Rutledge, 133¼, Columbus, six.

Razor Ruddock, 185, Toronto, and Phillip Brown, 181, Columbus, drew, six.

Matthew Hilton, 147, Montreal, stopped Jacques Deblois, 146½, LaSalle, Quebec, at 1:47 of the third round in a scheduled four. Fred Deegan, referee.

Referees—G. Simpson, F. Deegan, Guy Jutras, R. Doutre.
Judges—M. Beaudry, Nadeau, D. Greene, Bergeron.
Timekeepers—M. Vermette, M. Aubert.
Ringside Physicians—Dr. P. Meunier, Dr. L. LeClerc.
Ring Announcer—Robert Rivest.
Promoter—Henri Spitzer/H.F.S. Promotions.
Attendance—3,407. First Choice Pay TV.
(04-26-83)

MANITOBA

▲WINNIPEG—Convention Centre—Three eight-rounders headlined.

David Dusang, 145, Winnipeg, came back from a rough initial session to stop Larry Mayes, 143, Kansas City, who did not answer the bell for round five.

Wayne Caplette, 163, Winnipeg, won a unanimous decision over Doug Demmings, 165, St. Paul. No knockdowns.

Scotty Papsadora, 144¼, St. Paul, knocked out Charles Minty, 144, Winnipeg, with a left hook in 2:18 of round three.

Jamie Williamson, 191, Huron, S.D., stopped Al Houck, 210, St. Paul, at 1:53 of the third round in a scheduled six.

Dan Pruden, 134¼, Winnipeg, made his pro debut by halting Corbett Ducharme, 130, Winnipeg, at 2:37 of the fourth and final stanza.

Referees—Art Wellby, Al Sparks, Mike Pastrack.
Judges—Percy Haynes, John Roberts, Mike Pastrack.
Ringside Physician—Dr. Norman Hill.
Promoters—Tom Burns, Fred Glazerman.
(03-25-83)

FRANK ALLNUTT

AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

NATAL

▲DURBAN—West Ridge Park Tennis Stadium—Gregory Clark, the South African junior middleweight champion, celebrated his entry into international competition by outpointing Jimmy Batten, the former British champion, 10.

The decision was unanimous, with two judges awarding the fight to Clark by margins of eight points and the other scoring it in his favor by five.

Clark was at his best at long range, but though he caught Batten with some cracking blows, he lacked the firepower to really hurt the British boxer. Batten held whenever Clark moved to close quarters and, except for a brief rally in the middle rounds, did nothing to enthuse the crowd.

Theunis Kok became the new Natal light heavyweight title when he knocked out Willem van der Merwe in 1:25 of the sixth round. (05-02-83)

TRANSVAAL

▲ORKNEY—Oppenheimer Sports Centre—There was an unexpected finish to the South African junior lightweight title fight between defending champion Chris Whiteboy and Brian Mitchell when Whiteboy threw up his arms after 2:42 of the ninth round and surrendered.

Whiteboy claimed his vision had been badly affected by a head butt, but Mitchell was adamant that the only thing affecting Whiteboy's vision was a punch on the nose. Mitchell did his best work on the inside and a steady barrage of body blows eventually took their toll, causing Whiteboy to wilt badly.

Bobby Chisale upset the odds by outpointing David (Babylux) Kambule over eight rounds, junior middleweights.
(04-09-83)

▲JOHANNESBURG—Wembley Sports Pavilion—With WBA champion Davey Moore watching from ringside, Bushy Bester sneaked a 10-round points decision over Walter Gomez of Argentina, junior middles.

Bester built up a commanding points lead in the first half of the fight but, when Gomez began to get his act together from the sixth round on, the South African faded badly. The duke was split.

Ray Mancini, the WBA lightweight champion, who shared the television commentary with this reporter, felt that Gomez had started his rally too late.

Basil Meintjies knocked out Nat Moloi in the fourth round of a middleweight bout, while Pierre Coetzer outscored Jerry Shezi over six rounds in a dull heavyweight contest.
(04-23-83)

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

▲MDANTSANE—Sisa Dukashe Stadium—Arthur Mayisela became the new South African junior welterweight champion when he knocked out Mzwandile Biyana in the eighth round.

The writing was on the wall as early as the sixth round, when Biyana was forced to take a mandatory count of eight. Mayisela put on the pressure in the eighth round and sent Biyana crashing to the canvas, flat on his back, with a barrage of blows to the head.
(4-16-83)

▲CAPE TOWN—Good Hope Centre—After surviving a rocky first two rounds, South African light heavyweight champion Piet Crous came back strongly in the third to hurt American Charlie Henderson with powerful punches.

Crous wasted little time in the fourth, staggering Henderson with two sharp lefts and knocking him off his feet with a savage right cross. At this point, referee Rassie Erasmus stepped in and

AFRICAN RATINGS BY THE AFRICAN BOXING UNION

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kili Manjaro (Zimbabwe)
1. Ngozika Ekwellum (Nigeria)
2. Adam Mensah (Ghana)
3. Mary Konate (Mali)
4. Funsho Banjo (Nigeria)
5. Joe Kalala (Benin)
6. Maurice Gomis (Senegal)
7. Faly Golly (Senegal)
8. Mama Dramne (Senegal)
9. Ringo Star (Zimbabwe)
10. Tchathuing Jacob (Cameroon)
11. N'guen Obotobe (Zaire)
12. Alan Taylor (Nigeria)
13. Chifontwe Kalengo (Zambia)
14. Peter Mulendwa (Uganda)
15. Olu Olusanjo (Nigeria)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mswale (Zambia)
1. Chissanda Mutti (Zambia)
2. Mustapha Wassaja (Uganda)
3. John Odhiambo (Uganda)
4. Mustapha Kabungu (Zaire)
5. Luis N'Gathou (Cameroon)
6. Kid Power (Zimbabwe)
7. Billy Savage (Nigeria)
8. Prince Mama (Ghana)
9. Flash Chissango (Zimbabwe)
10. Joe Allotey (Ghana)
11. Scorpion Ofosu (Ghana)
12. Ba Sounkalo (Mali)
13. Sonny Emevon (Nigeria)
14. Joe Lee (Nigeria)
15. Ben Tawain (Ghana)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Jean Marie Emebe (Cameroon)
1. Peter Assanoh (Ghana)
2. Peter Tchobe (Cameroon)
3. Ismaila Doumbia (Ivory Coast)
4. Umaru Sanda (Ghana)
5. Acid Mwamba (Zambia)
6. Sambu Kalamby (Zaire)
7. Andre Moncelema (Zaire)
8. Sergine Mourad (Algeria)
9. Enoch Chama (Zambia)
10. Loucif Hamani (Algeria)
11. Stini Bouchaiel (Algeria)
12. Pat Lympeshi (Zambia)
13. Sidi Traore (Mali)
14. Djibrili Diallo (Senegal)
15. Gogli Sandokan (Togo)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. John Mugabe (Uganda)
2. Sow Gueye (Senegal)
3. Nel Bosso (Zimbabwe)
4. Clement Tshinza (Zaire)
5. Hunter Clay (Nigeria)
6. Nebie Emile (Ivory Coast)
7. Becthika Chika (Zaire)
8. Magui Kante (Mali)
9. Sugar Aquaye (Ghana)
10. Mimoun Mohktar (Morocco)
11. Walenga N'kongo (Zaire)
12. Bola Akin (Nigeria)
13. Joe Willisco (Ghana)
14. Lamine Sow (Senegal)
15. Mohammed Coffi (Ghana)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Fighting Romanus (Nigeria)
2. Pyson Cholwe (Zambia)
3. Tsamou Huges (Cameroon)
4. Moro Tshiru (Ghana)
5. Judas Clottey (Ghana)
6. Boazo Adrian (Ivory Coast)
7. Joe Nsubuga (Uganda)
8. Bara Diew (Senegal)
9. Ben Cisse (Sierra Leone)
10. Bechir Boundka (Morocco)
11. Alliu Diara (Mali)
12. Jean Matoubela (Zaire)
13. Moussah Cisse (Mali)
14. Anani Eusebid (Benin)
15. Sid Conteh (Sierra Leone)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Richard Bova (Zimbabwe)
2. Dabid Seyngemio (Uganda)
3. Kabore Sana (Ivory Coast)
4. Issah Dick (Senegal)
5. Blly Famous (Nigeria)
6. Tex N'kalentete (Zaire)
7. Baba Sumalia (Ghana)
8. Griffith Oke (Benin)
9. Kpessou Hiebiesson (Togo)
10. Felix Akpan (Nigeria)
11. Michael Lazalanu (Zaire)
12. Ganlyu Giwa (Nigeria)
13. Alfred Sosou (Benin)
14. Peter Macofe (Zambia)
15. Jack Johnson (Zambia)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Tapsoba Tiga (Ivory Coast)
1. Davidson Andeh (Nigeria)
2. David Kotey (Ghana)
3. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
4. Sam Kotey (Ghana)
5. Dan M'putu (Zaire)
6. Akwel Addo (Ghana)
7. Najib Daho (Morocco)
8. Dave Kapili (Zambia)
9. Bossou Azizan (Togo)
10. Gambi Keita (Senegal)
11. Jean Kante (Mali)
12. Slim Matin (Ghana)
13. Rocky Mensah (Ghana)
14. Joe Diamonds (Nigeria)
15. Peter Adjinsah (Ghana)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Safu Oke Ibadan (Nigeria)
1. Langton Tinago (Zambabwe)
2. John Muwanga (Tanzania)
3. John Sichule (Zambia)
4. Mukaila Bakare (Nigeria)
5. Sam Adromah (Ghana)
6. Jinadu Mussah (Ghana)
7. Abdul Okpoti (Ghana)
8. Joher Imad (Ivory Coast)
9. Kazeem Armah (Nigeria)
10. Macauley Abbass (Togo)
11. Eddie Ndukwu (Nigeria)
12. Dan Lawyer (Ghana)
13. Percy Commey (Ghana)
14. Mohammed Bundka (Tunisia)
15. Joe Skipper (Nigeria)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Azumah Nelson (Ghana)
1. Merk Samuel (Cameroon)
2. Thunder Clottey (Ghana)
3. Modest Napunyi (Kenya)
4. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
5. Eric Boon (Nigeria)
6. Billy Kwame (Ivory Coast)
7. Joe Faye (Senegal)
8. Dape Henri (Ivory Coast)
9. Mavuba Diabala (Zaire)
10. Noregma Thiemo (Ivory Coast)
11. Kabiru Akinidele (Nigeria)
12. Henry Sadler (Ghana)
13. Ramos Akway (Zimbabwe)
14. Francis Zuma (Zimbabwe)
15. Abbey Daniel (Benin)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Stix Macloud (Zimbabwe)
1. Hector Clottey (Ghana)
2. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
3. Fakhoun Younes (Morocco)
4. Francis Mussah Kabala (Zambia)
5. Kid Sumaila (Ghana)
6. Arisi Egbewunmi (Benin)
7. John Mensah (Togo)
8. Raga Murphy (Ghana)
9. Dossou Kodjovi (Ivory Coast)
10. Thunder Ayeh (Ghana)
11. Tony Abacheng (Ghana)
12. Tough Guy (Ghana)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Vacant
1. Gabriel Kuphey (Ghana)
2. Flyweii Botha (Zambia)
3. Steve Muchoki (Kenya)
4. N'go Kouadio (Ivory Coast)
5. Ray Amoo (Nigeria)
6. George Padmore (Ghana)
7. Emma Mlundwa (Tanzania)
8. Issifu Ali (Ghana)
9. Jimmy Young (Nigeria)
10. Togbedji Leonard (Ivory Coast)

stopped the fight, saving Henderson from further punishment.

Patrick Mboma, the South African junior featherweight champion, never lost a round against his American opponent, Adonis Torres, and won a runaway points decision.
(04-28-83)

BERT BLEWETT

ORIENT

JAPAN

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Unbeaten puncher Hiroyuki Seki, 115, faced Japanese junior bantamweight champ Jackal Maruyama, also 115, in his quest for the title, but lost on a TKO at the end of the sixth round in a scheduled 10. Seki, 7-0-2 with six kayoes, dropped the veteran twice in the closing seconds of round two, but he bled too profusely to continue in the following rounds. Scoring: ref Takeshi Shimakawa, judges Ken Morita and Takeaki Kanaya, all 57-56 for Maruyama. Jackal, a rugged infighter, bettered his log to 20-8-3 with 11 knockouts.

In the semi-final 10, undefeated Taijiro Niiyama, 139¾, wasn't very impressive, but managed to win a unanimous nod over Shoji Okishima, also 139¾. Niiyama just improve his accuracy in punching. He upped his log to 10-0 with five kayoes. Okishima fell tc 7-4-1 with two knockouts. Scoring: ref Tazaki, 99-92; judges Shimakawa and Kanaya, 99-91 and 100-91, respectively, all for the ex-amateur prospect.

Ex-Japanese amateur champ Masahiro Tanabu, 141¾, survived a fourth-round knockdown and stopped Mamoru Watanabe, 142, at 1:30 in the fifth round of a six. Tanabu is now 2-0.

Four rounders: Carlow Elliot, formerly fighting as an amateur in Calif., made his pro debut and easily finished Masashi Yoshida, 146½, at 2:34 of the second round. Carlos, 145¾, is now working in Misawa Base Camp, and looks stronger than the mediocre boys ranked by the JBC. Tomomi Shimabukuro, 126, stopped Norimitsu Hajime, 125¾, at 1:02 of the third canto. Hideaki Nishikawa, 111¼, halted Keiji Sato, 111¾, at the end of the first round because of the loser's streaming blood. Kazuichi Murata, 114, TKO'd Hiroshi Hanta, 114½, at 1:17 of the second. Masahiro Kaise, 110 outscored Hitoshi Sato, 110, in the opener.

Akihiko Honda's Taiken Promotions. Nippon TV.

Attendance—2,200.
(03-04-83)

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—The finals of the All-Japan *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tournaments were held with the winners promised to enter the JBC's top ten in each class. Previous winners who went on to win world titles were Fighting Harada, Hiroshi Kobayashi, Guts Ishimatsu, Koichi Wajima, Masashi Kudo, Tadashi Tomori, Katsuo Tokashiki, and Jiro Watanabe. This tourney is the Gate of Rookies.

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHT: Tadashi Kuramochi, 107, ran his unblemished log to 9-0-1 (two kayoes) by copping a unanimous nod (double 60-55 and 60-56) over Heishin Tokuchi, 107¼, six. Kuramochi, 21, proved too aggressive and powerful for the loser, who is 6-1-2 with two knockouts.

FLYWEIGHT: This class saw another battle of unbeatens. Takashi Sakakibara, 112, utilized his longer reach and won a nearly shutout decision over Tomoyuki Morimoto, 111, six. Sakakibara, a stablemate of current OPBF bantamweight boss Eijiro Murata, is a 21-year-old upright stylist with an 8-0 record including one kayo He must improve his punching power. Morimoto is 5-1 with two knockouts.

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT: Hard hitting Tadashi Marui, 115, demolished Koichi Minami, 114¼, with a double right in 0:47 of the second round in a six. Maruo, 21, bettered his perfect log to 5-0 with as many knockouts. Minami dropped to 6-2. The winner was given the Technique Award by the Novice King Tourney Committee.

BANTAMWEIGHT: Mitsuru Shinzaki was named the All-Japan winner, as his scheduled opponent, Kazuhisa Kinoshita, withdrew from the final due to injuries. Shinzaki, 19, is now coached by Flipper Uehara, who once challenged David Kotey in Accra, Ghana, and has established his own boxing club in his native Okinawa.

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT: Fumio Ozaki, a 19-year-old boxer, had caused a sensation with his speed, skills and power in his amateur career. However, Ozaki, 121½, was flattened by a stunning left hook by Nobuharu Sekine, 122, in 0:31 of the second round. A true upset. Sekine is now 8-0 with five kayoes. Ozakai fell to 7-1 with four knockouts.

FEATHERWEIGHT: Tomikazu Kaneshiro, 125¾, came off the canvas in the second round and flattened a lanky footworker named Shigemichi Wakatsuki 126, in 1:20 of the fifth round. Kaneshiro, a slow but gutsy boy, is 7-3 with one kayo. The loser tasted his first setback. He's now 6-1 with one knockout.

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT: Isamu Teramoto, 128½, showed his ringcraft in outmaneuvering Tiger Michigami, 129¾, six. Teramoto, with his amateur career, hit the deck from a wild swing by Tiger, whom he then dropped with an overhand right in the same (second) round. Teramoto then gave a boxing lesson to the vaunted puncher. Teramoto is now 6-0 with four kayoes. Tiger fell to 5-1 with five knockouts. Teramoto, 24, was given the Fighting Spirit Award.

LIGHTWEIGHT: Yoshitaka Misumi, 133¾, is a Japanese version of Sean O'Grady, as he is a son of a Club owner who manages the Fukuoka Teiken Gym. Misumi couldn't fulfill his father's hopes; he was embalmed by Eiji Okita, 134¾, in 2:11 of the fifth round. Okita is now 4-0 with one kayo, and the taller loser is 4-1 with one knockout. The Japanese Pat O'Grady looked gloomy.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT: Without objection, Nobuyuki Tabata was named best winner in the Novice King Tourney this year. Tabata, a 19-year-old six-footer, collected another victim in Seikichi Miyagi, 139¾, dropping him twice and for the count at 1:39 of the first round. Tabata, 140, looked very powerful. Tabata is now 8-0—all knockouts. Miyagi fell to 3-1 with one kayo.

WELTERWEIGHT: Makoto Mochizuki, 147, won a shutout decision over Takanobu Suzuki, 146¾, six. The winner looked unimpressive, but upped his log to 5-0 (no kayoes). Suzuki is 3-2-2 with one kayo.

MIDDLEWEIGHT: Koji Aoki, 160, and Masahiro Shichiri, 155½, drew in six dull rounds. They were forced to fight the seventh round to decide the All-Japan winner, and Aoki took a slight edge in the additional three minutes. (However, the official record is a six round draw according to the Japanese Boxing Commission.)

Aoki, 21, is 3-0 with one kayo, and Shichiri, 22, is 2-1 with one knockout. The level of this year's tourney seemed rather low, although there were some bright prospects like Tabata and Maruo.

Promoted by the East-Japan *Shinjin-o* Committee. Telecast by TV Tokyo. Attendance—2,500.
(03-05-83)

LATIN AMERICAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
1. Carlos DeLeón (Puerto Rico)
2. Bernardo Mercado (Colombia)
3. Dennis Jackson (Puerto Rico)
4. Eddie López (Mexico)
5. Juan Figueroa (Argentina)
6. Walter Daniel Falconi (Argentina)
7. Domingo D'Elía (Argentina)
8. Luis Acosta (Argentina)
9. Hector Rubén Zamaro (Argentina)
10. Fernando Montes (Mexico)
11. Cisco Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
12. Abraham Meneses (Mexico)
13. Jorge Flores (Mexico)
14. Juan Antonio Musladino (Argentina)
15. José Luis Gonzalez (Mexico)
16. Cándido Barrera (Argentina)
17. Gilberto Acuña (Costa Rica)
18. Hugo Ruffino (Argentina)
19. Aldo Montes (Mexico)
20. Eusebio Hernandez (Mexico)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
1. Oscar Rivadeneyra (Peru)
2. José María Flores Burlón (Uruguay)
3. Miguel Cea (Chile)
4. Pablo Ramos (Puerto Rico)
5. Pedro César Duarte (Argentina)
6. Marcos Geraldo (Mexico)
7. Juan Carlos Gimenez (Paraguay)
8. Victor Robledo (Argentina)
9. Lorenzo Benitez (Mexico)
10. Juan Carlos Fernandez (Argentina)
11. Jorge Salgado (Argentina)
12. Tomas Polo (Colombia)
13. Cesar Romero (Argentina)
14. David Cabrera (Mexico)
15. Ricardo Arce (Argentina)
16. Antonio Garrido (Chile)
17. Leonardo Rogers (Dominican Rep.)
18. Angel Salinas (Argentina)
19. Euclides Valdez (Dominican Republic)
20. Ladislao Mijangos (Mexico)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Juan Domingo Roldán (Argentina)
2. Fulgencio Obelmejías (Venezuela)
3. Roberto Ruiz (Argentina)
4. Jacinto Fernandez (Argentina)
5. Norberto Sabater (Puerto Rico)
6. Gonzalo Montes (Mexico)
7. Andres Ramirez (Mexico)
8. Manuel Melon (Puerto Rico)
9. Antonio Leyva (Mexico)
10. Manuel Zambrano (Colombia)
11. Abel Cordoba (Mexico)
12. Angel Caro (Argentina)
13. Luis Peralta (Argentina)
14. Sigfredo Colorado (Colombia)
15. Jose Mireles (Mexico)
16. Juan Carlos Peralta (Argentina)
17. Miguel Maldonado (Argentina)
18. Rafael Corona (Mexico)
19. Jose Vega (Argentina)
20. Carlos Betancourt (Puerto Rico)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Wilfred Benitez (Puerto Rico)
2. Roberto Duran (Panama)
3. Francisco de Jesús (Brazil)
4. Carlos del Valle Herrera (Argentina)
5. Carlos Santos (Puerto Rico)
6. Patricio Diaz (Argentina)
7. Emiliano Villa (Colombia)
8. Jorge Medina (Argentina)
9. Eduardo Contreras (Argentina)
10. Walter Gomez (Argentina)
11. Ricardo Carballo (Argentina)
12. Luis Bazán (Argentina)
13. Luis Primera (Venezuela)
14. José Santana (Puerto Rico)
15. Alejandro Garrido (Chile)
16. Pedro Lavalle (Peru)
17. Rafael Donado (Colombia)
18. Hugo Rengifo (Venezuela)
19. Inocencio Mao de la Rosa (D.R.)
20. Jose Vallejo (Dominican Republic)

WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Elio Omar Díaz (Venezuela)
2. Mauricio Bravo (Venezuela)
3. Alfredo Lucero (Argentina)
4. Pipino Cuevas (Mexico)
5. Roberto Alfaro (Argentina)
6. Hugo Quartapelle (Argentina)
7. Fernando Castro (Peru)
8. Pablo Báez (Dominican Republic)
9. Jose Joaquín Baret (Dominican Rep.)
10. Enrique Sallago (Argentina)
11. Ramon Abeldaño (Argentina)
12. Francisco Ortega (Mexico)
13. Osmar Ochoa (Argentina)
14. Carlos Prieto (Argentina)
15. Luis Suarez (Argentina)
16. Felipe Vaca (Mexico)
17. Carlos Trujillo (Panama)
18. Rafael Nuñez (Mexico)
19. Leonardo Bermudez (Mexico)
20. Manuel Jimenez (Puerto Rico)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Alexis Argüello (Nicaragua)
2. Ubaldo Sacco (Argentina)
3. Adriano Marrero (D.R.)
4. Alfredo Escalera (Puerto Rico)
5. Hugo Hernández (Argentina)
6. Antonio Cervantes (Colombia)
7. Juan José Gimenez (Argentina)
8. Reyes Antonio Cruz (Dominican Rep.)
9. Felix Reyes (Dom.Rep.)
10. Guillermo Fernández (Venezuela)
11. Miguel Montilla (Dominican Republic)
12. Ruben Verdun (Argentina)
13. Agustin Caballero (Panama)
14. Vilomar Fernandez (Dominican Rep.)
15. Hugo Luero (Argentina)
16. Mercedes Espinoza (Peru)
17. Jose Angulo (Colombia)
18. Martin Rojas (Colombia)
19. Villaney Ruiz (Costa Rica)
20. Jesus Nava (Venezuela)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. José Luis Ramirez (Mexico)
3. Orlando Romero (Peru)
4. Lorenzo García (Argentina)
5. Juan Arroyo (Puerto Rico)
6. Pedro Laza (Cuba)
7. Ildemar Paisán (Venezuela)
8. Sergio Alvarez (Colombia)
9. Sergio Medina (Mexico)
10. Ernesto España (Venezuela)
11. Ezequiel Sanchez (Dominican Rep.)
12. Rudy Alpizar (Costa Rica)
13. Jose Luis Castillo (Mexico)
14. Ricardo Peralta (Mexico)
15. Cayetano Correa (Mexico)
16. Vicente Saldivar Mijares (Mexico)
17. Nelson Bolaños (Ecuador)
18. Rodolfo Gonzalez (Mexico)
19. Efrain Nieves (Puerto Rico)
20. Ramon Cotúa (Venezuela)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Hector Camacho (Puerto Rico)
2. Samuel Serrano (Puerto Rico)
3. Rafael Limón (Mexico)
4. Jorge Alvarado (Panama)
5. Johnny de la Rosa (Dominican Rep.)
6. Oscar Arnal (Venezuela)
7. Rafael Solís (Puerto Rico)
8. Eduardo Prieto (Chile)
9. Benedicto Villablanca (Chile)
10. Jose Vidal (Dominican Republic)
11. Carlos Piñango (Venezuela)
12. Edgar Castro (Venezuela)
13. Gustavo de la Cruz (Dominican Rep.)
14. Margarito Marquez (Puerto Rico)
15. Ildefonso Bethelmi (Venezuela)
16. Carlos Olivera (Argentina)
17. Aquilino Asprilla (Panama)
18. Pedro Miranda (Chile)
19. Wilson Arias (Colombia)
20. Juan Manriquez Garrido (Chile)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Wilfredo Gomez (Puerto Rico)
2. Mario Miranda (Colombia)
3. Angel Levy Mayor (Venezuela)
4. Héctor Cortez (Ecuador)
5. Marcos Villasana (Mexico)
6. Fernando Sosa (Argentina)
7. José Caba (Dominican Republic)
8. Oscar Bejines (Mexico)
9. Francisco Fernández (Panama)
10. Victor Torres (Peru)
11. Juvenal Lorca Ordenes (Chile)
12. Idabeh Rojas (Colombia)
13. Bernabé Montañez (Puerto Rico)
14. Juan Malvares (Argentina)
15. Pascual Patterson (Panama)
16. Juan Paredes (Mexico)
17. Martin Castro (Mexico)
18. Reyes Gonzalez (Mexico)
19. Miguel Angel Alvarez (Mexico)
20. Guillermo Morales (Mexico)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Sergio Palma (Argentina)
2. Felipe Orozco (Colombia)
3. Enrique Sanchez (Dominican Rep.)
4. Victor Callejas (Puerto Rico)
5. Julián Solís (Puerto Rico)
6. Ramón Dominguez (Argentina)
7. Bernardo Checa (Panama)
8. Félix Rodriguez (Panama)
9. Eduardo Chavez (Argentina)
10. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
11. Joaquin Acuña (Mexico)
12. Roberto Rubaldino (Mexico)
13. Carmelo Negron (Puerto Rico)
14. Antonio de la Paz (Mexico)
15. Jorge Lujan (Panama)
16. Bernardino Piñango (Venezuela)
17. Juan Veloz (Mexico)
18. Juan Araneda Bazan (Chile)
19. Jefferson Gomez (Colombia)
20. Marcelo Beckford (Panama)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
1. Daniel Zaragoza (Mexico)
2. Jorge Ramirez (Mexico)
3. Ramon Soria (Argentina)
4. Francisco Bejines (Mexico)
5. Edgar Román (Venezuela)
6. Benito Badilla (Chile)
7. Luis Gerez (Argentina)
8. Cardenio Ulloa (Chile)
9. Jose Rufino Narvaez (Argentina)
10. Miguel Iriarte (Panama)
11. Tommy Valoy (Dominican Rep.)
12. Leonardo Valdez (Mexico)
13. Guty Espadas (Mexico)
14. Ruben Dario Palacio (Colombia)
15. Miguel Lora (Colombia)
16. Israel Contreras (Venezuela)
17. Julio Soto Solano (Dominican Rep.)
18. Santiago Caballero (Venezuela)
19. Miguel Maturana (Columbia)
20. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)

FLYWEIGHTS
1. Gustavo Ballas (Argentina)
2. Juan Herrera (Mexico)
3. Hilario Zapata (Panama)
4. Eleoncio Mercedes (Dominican Rep.)
5. Guadalupe Madera (Mexico)
6. Juan Diaz (Mexico)
7. Gabriel Bernal (Mexico)
8. Freddie Castillo (Mexico)
9. Raul Valdez (Mexico)
10. Adrián Román (Argentina)
11. German Torres (Mexico)
12. Prudencio Cardona (Colombia)
13. Ramón Antonio Nery (Dominican Rep.)
14. Antonio Avelar (Mexico)
15. Reinaldo Becerra (Venezuela)
16. Francisco Montiel (Mexico)
17. Ernesto Guevara (Mexico)
18. Jose Gallegos (Mexico)
19. Roberto Ramirez (Mexico)
20. Pedro Flores (Mexico)

(as of April 30, 1983)

▲**NARA—Kashiwara Gymnasium**—Satoshi Shingaki is a sensational rookie whom Hisashi Ikeda, an impresario in Nara, signed for 10,000,000 yen (estimated U.S. $40,000). Shingaki, a 5'7" lefty flyweight at 112, fought his third bout (and his first 10-round main event) and disposed of Filipino Lito Estimada, also 112, at 1:17 of the third round. Lito, the OPBF's number eight junior bantie, looked too fragile for the prospect's combinations. Shingaki is now 3-0 with two kayoes. Referee was Ichiro Uenaka.

Four rounders: Tomoharu Ogawa, 134½, decisioned Shinji Tanaka, 133½. Haruyuki Kurokawa, 125, stopped Masahiro Sasaki, 124½, at 1:03 of the third canto. Hiroshi Yamashiro, 125½, outscored Hiroyuki Matsumoto, 125¾. Masanori Naka, 121¼, won from Yasuhiro Higashida, 121. Yoshikazu Kurashita, 107¾, won on a disqualification over Hitoshi Taniuchi, 108, at 2:42 of the fourth round. (The loser pushed the winner's head repeatedly.) Toshikatsu Koma, 107, won a majority decision over Shigemoto Soda, 106½, in the opener.

Hisashi Ikeda's Ikeda Promotions. Mainichi TV.

Attendance—1,500.

(03-09-83)

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Katsuhiko Hasegawa, 115, floored Naojiro Toda, also 115, with a short right in the third round, and won a unanimous decision, eight. Scoring: ref Hiroyuki Tezaki, 78-75; judges Shoji Nakamori and Yusaku Yoshida, 79-76 and 78-76, respectively—all for Hasegawa. A tedious showing by soft punching boys.

Hasegawa is now 7-3-1 with five kayoes. Toda fell to 7-14-2 with two knockouts.

Norio Hasegawa, 120¼, drew with Hiroshi Yamamoto, 119½, six.

Four rounders: Seiji Yamamichi and Junichi Minamizawa, both 123½, drew. Yasuyuki Nakayama, 132¼, decisioned Masaaki Ebara, 130¾,. Hirotake Sasahara, 108, lost a majority nod to Masaru Yoshimoto, 108. Yasuo Ebisawa, 133, stopped Yoichi Kaname, 133, at 1:07 of the first round. Kazuya Kadoi, 121¼, polished off Masaaki Yaginuma, 122, with a good left hook in 2:17 of the opening canto. Noriyiki Miura, 113½, finished Takaaki Ishida, 112½, at 1:33 of the third session. Yoichi Matsudaira, 115¾, outpointed Hiroyuki Oshima, 114½. Takeshi Ii, 133¾, disposed of Ken Anraku, 134¼, at 0:39 of the first round in the opener.

Yoichi Nago's King Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—1,200.

(03-21-83)

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—German Torres, the WBC's top ranked junior flyweight at 112¼, had a tough time eking out a close but unanimous decision over Soon-Jung Kang, Korean flyweight champ at 112¼, 10. Kang, 21, had been reported as a soft puncher, but his durability and fighting spirit showed why he had won the Korean title. Kang put on a face-to-face battle with the vaunted Torres. The Mexican import scored more body shots, and barely took the decision. Kang is now 14-2-1 with three kayoes. Torres upped his log to 40-5-1 with 34 kayoes. (Torres is scheduled to meet the new WBC light flyweight champ, Jung-Koo Chang of Korea, who halted Panamanian Hilario Zapata in three upset rounds in Daejon on March 26.)

Scoring: referee Kodai Kumazaki, 99-96; judges Takeshi Shimakawa and Takeo Ugo, both 99-97—all for the Mexican puncher.

In the semi-final 10, lefty Kazuhiro Ikeda, 112, demolished Manabu Irei, also 112, with two knockdowns in 1:17 of the third round. Ikeda, who had lost a disputed decision to Japanese champ Katsumi Sata in his last bout, is 12-2 with seven kayoes. Irei impaired to 7-11-2 with three knockouts.

Hiroyasu Kato, the JBC's sixth ranked flyweight at 111¼, was behind on points, but fought back gamely and stopped Hideto Osanai, 109¼, at 1:25 of the fourth round in a scheduled six.

Yukinori Onishi, 110¼, decisioned Kanji Ono, 109, six.

Isao Koide, 117¼, halted Sumiki Tokutome, 118, at the end of the fourth round in their scheduled six.

Yuzo Asakawa, 136, stopped Tatsuzo Niiyama, also 136, at 2:41 of the third round in the scheduled four-round opener.

Katsuro Takahashi's Kyoei Promotions. TBS TV.

Attendance—2,200

(03-21-83)

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Lefty Kentoku Nakama, 108, became the new Japanese junior flyweight champion, as he bettered Katsumi Sato, the defending titlist at 107¼, and halted him at 1:52 of the eighth round in a scheduled 10.

He was thought to have recovered from a virus infection about a week before, but Nakama wasn't in top form. The hard punching challenger was forced to fight a give-and-take battle against the counter-punching Sato. But Namaka, called a second Hiroyuki Ebihara (ex-world flyweight champ who polished off Pone Kingpetch with a very crisp left), caught Sato with sharp combinations in the fatal session. Sato took a standing count, but was unable to resume fighting.

Scoring up to the kayo: ref Masakazu Uchida, 68-68; judge Takeo Ugo, 69-68, Nakama; judge Shimakawa, 69-68, Sato. A very good fight.

In the semi-windup 10, unbeaten Kazuki Higa, 115, scored a one-punch kayo over Racer Hashimoto, 113¾, at 2:44 of the fifth round.

Chuji Shimabukuro, a nephew of ex-world junior lightweight boss Yasutsune Uehara, 113½, showed his talents in finishing Katsunori Nagamoto, 112½, at 2:39 of the fifth round in a six. Shimaburuko, 20, is a lanky flyweight whose record is 4-0 with three kayoes. He looks very promising.

Four rounders: Hideki Saito, 118, polished off Koji Tsukahara, 117½, at 1:35 of the first round. (Both were making their pro debuts.) Akira Ono, 107¼, decisioned Toshiaki Masuda, 106¾. Taller lefty Kinya Nakamura, 109¼, outscored Hajime Sato, 111¾. Masakatsu Sakuma, 117½, unanimously decisioned Shigekazu Tamaoki, 115¾. Mitsuji Eimori, 112, disposed of Shun Ueno, 112¼, at 1:51 of the opening canto. Haruhito Sakamoto, 120, stopped Buffalo Tano, 118, at 1:11 of the second. Tomoyoshi Moriyama, 107¼, won from Takeshi Toh, 108, in the opener.

Hitoshi Misako's Misako Promotions. Fuji TV.

Attendance—2,500.

(03-24-83)

▲**SENDAI—Sendai Leisure Center**—Mexican import Jorge Marcado, 129, barely eked out a majority decision over Fighter Matsukawa, 130, 10. It was a dull affair, with each missing time and again. Scoring: referee Yusaku Yoshida 98-96; judge Kodai Kumazaki, 98-97; judge Masakazu Uchida 98-98.

Tomohiro Kuiuna, 107¼, decisioned Katsumi Takeshita, 108, in six.

Four rounders: Taizo Kan, 118, polished off Kazuhiko Ohata, 117, at 0:45 of the first round. Toshio Soma, 121, stopped Kiyofumi Shigeta, 121, at 2:55 of the second. Shinji Ozawa, 107, outscored Hiroshi Yamasako, 108. Kosuke Mizoguchi, 117, disposed of Tomoaki Kobayashi, 117½, at 0:43 of the fourth and final round in the opener.

Sendai Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—2,000.

(03-26-83)

▲**TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Having been destroyed by Korean Chul-Ho Kim in his quest for the WBC super flyweight title in Korea last year, Koki Ishii moved down to the junior flyweight division, but has not looked sharp. Ishii, 110, was floored by a short right by Hiroyuki Tada, 108¼, but the latters' bad bleeding gave a lucky TKO win to the taller boy at 2:03 of the seventh round in the scheduled 10.

Ishii was leading in the first four rounds by narrow margins. The bleeding Tada came back fighting from the fifth round on, and the tide appeared to turn as the contest progressed. Tada, the unlucky loser, is 11-6-1 with three kayoes. Ishii, 28, is 12-1-1 with six knockouts.

In the semi-final, Katsuyuki Ohashi, the JBC's number four bantie at 120, floored Kazuhiro Matsuda, 119¼, and earned a unanimous decision, 10. Scoring: ref Tezaki, 98-95; judges Nakamori and Morita, 98-94 and 99-95—all for the more experienced footworker. (They seldom exchanged punches, so the crowd really jeered.)

Ohashi is now 12-10 with two kayoes. Matsuda is 8-2-1 with three knockouts.

Hirotaka Ishida, 122, outscored Mitsuru Nanamegi, also 122, six.

Four rounders: Koji Yagiu and Toshitsugu Mitsui, both 107¼, fought to a technical in 1:31 of the first round. Hiroshi Mitsui, 126, outpointed Masayuki Ono, 126. Masayoshi Harada, 106¾, looked sharp, and stopped Hideo Kondo, 111, at 1:23 of the second. Yuji Mineyama, 146, and Taku Kadekawa, 147, drew in the opener.

SB Nitto Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance—2,200.

(03-29-83)

▲**OKINAWA—Obuyama Gymnasium**—This card was presented by Flipper Uehara, formerly the WBA's featherweight challenger, who had returned to his native place, Okinawa, and established his own boxing club and promotions.

Toshi Okuma, the JBC's eighth ranked junior featherweight at 125¼, fought to a majority draw with Masahiro Takagi, 125¾, 10. Scoring: referee Kazumasa Kuwata and judge Kenjiro Makizumi, 97-97 and 98-98; judge Hidetake Shinohara, 100-97, Takagi.

WBA junior flyweight champ Katsuo Tokashiki and ex-WBA junior lightweight titlist Yasutsune Uehara (who had announced his retirement) each boxed two-round exhibitions against Okinawan boys. Yasutsune is the elder brother of Flipper, and looked able to fight despite his recent retirement.

Kenji Chinen, 152½, drew with Tadashi Maruo, 151, six.

Takeshi Irakai, 109¾, outscored Takuya Tsuji, 109¾, six.

Four rounders: Yasunari Yamamoto, 139, stopped Katsumi Akiyama, 137¾, at 0:45 of the first round. Yuji Mizusaki, 121¼, finished Ken Daijosei, 120¼, in 1:45 of the third session in the opener.

Flipper Uehara, promoter. No telecast.

(03-19-83)

▲**CHOSHI—Choshi City Gymnasium**—What a fight! Shori Takasaki, 134½, turned the tables and scored a TKO victory over Hiroshi Osumi, 134½, at 1:52 of the fifth round in a scheduled 10. Osumi, the JBC's number seven lightweight, floored his opponent twice with heavy punches, but the gutsy Shori came back hard to connect with effective rallies. Masakazu Uchida, referee.

Former WBA junior middleweight champ Tadashi Mihara boxed a two-round exhibition with Hiroshi Hori.

Four rounders: Munenori Yamazaki, 124¾, TKO'd Yoshinori Kato, 124¾, at 2:57 of the first round. Yoshiki Taiko, 106¼, halted Kunito Hanta, 107¼, at 0:50 of the second. Shinju Hamagumi, 124¾, polished off Nobuhiro Kakegawa, 125, at 2:19 of the opening canto. Koji Kakuga, 123½, stopped Kazuhiro Yoshikawa, 123¾, at 1:24 of the second. Michio Shinbo, 134½, halted Koji Kitayama, 134¼, at 1:15 of the third stanza. Keiichi Ozaki, 113¾, outpointed Koji Kaneda, 114½, in the opener.

(03-21-83)

▲**NAKATSU**—Rocky Takemoto, 139½, kayoed Tomohiro Nagao, 139, in 1:50 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight.

Masaki Sono, 115, outscored Fumitaka Iio, 112¼, six. Four rounders: Fumikazu Yamashita, 125½, demolished Tamotsu Arakawa, 123½, at 0:58 of the opening session. Takashi Okamoto, 128 drew with Chion Oku, 130. Masato Kudo, 106¼, was kayo victor over Yoshiharu Masuda, 107¼, in 1:15 of the first round. Animal Takamura 116½, decisioned Takeshi Tokumaru, 116¼. Yoshitami Mori, 112; son from Tsunehisa Yukishinge, 110¾. Teruzo Inakura, 110¼, outscored Tateharu Goto, 111½, in the opener.

Nakatsu Boxing Club, promoter. No telecast.

(03-26-83)

▲**NAGOYA—Fukiage Hall**—Goju Toriumi, 111½, showed his determination to finish Ryuji Ichinomiya, 110¾, in their rematch, and needed only 85 seconds to polish him off in the first round of a scheduled 10. Goju, the JBC's number three 112-pounder, proved a bit too powerful for the old soldier.

In the second 10, Hayao Shiba, 134, was held to a unanimous draw (double 98-98 and 99-99) by veteran Kojiro Sasaki, 134 pounds.

The first 10 saw another draw, between Shinji Suga, 114½, and Lord Mitsuru, 113½.

Hiroaki Kato, the JBC's ninth ranked junior bantie at 118, was knocked out by Takeshi Azuma, 117½, in 2:43 of the first round in an eight.

Kenya Ken, 147¼, stopped Eiichi Yotsuba, 148½, with two knockdowns at 1:51 of the second round in a six.

Four rounders: Kazuhisa Koyama, 110, outscored Mitsuya Kamei, 110½. Yushi Yoshikawa, 135½, unanimously beat Koichiro Nakagakiuchi, 128. Shoichi Nagano, 134½, won from Kazumi Yokoi, 134. Kazumasa Kiriyama, 110, stopped Koji Fuchiwaki, 108¼. Mikio Okabe, 111½, decisioned Junkichi (Backus) Iwashita, 108¾. Minoru Kujo, 135½, won from Seiji Muraki, 138¾. Fukuichi Ota, 121¼, and Masato Tanaka, 121¾, drew. Sanshiro Asuka, 144¼, won a majority nod over Lupe Santiago, 140½, in the opener.

Chunichi Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—3,000.

(03-30-83)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

KOREA

▲**SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—The Korean Commission's top middleweight contender, Kyung-Min Nah, is already 28, as he had turned pro late after his amateur campaigns. Recently, Nah moved up to the 160-pound class from the junior middleweight division. Though he hasn't won the national title (because of champs' refusals to meet him), he is considered a real threat to OPBF middleweight champ Chong-Pal Park (27-2-1 with 26 kayoes) and OPBF junior middleweight boss In-Chul Baek (25-0 with 25 stoppages). Park is 22, and Baek 21.

Kyung-Min Nah, 164¼, needed only 103 seconds to demolish Thai veteran Mana Premchai, 163¾, in a scheduled 10. Nah thus boosted his perfect log to 11-0 with as many knockouts. Premchai fell to 31-7-2 with 21 kayoes.

In the semi, Korean junior welterweight champ Woo Hwang, 140½, won a non-title go by copping a decision over Chong-Hak Lee, also 140½, 10. Hwang is 12-1-3 with three kayoes. Lee is 8-3-2 with one kayo.

Myung-Woo Yuh, 111¼, outpointed Rae-Ki Ahn, 110¾, eight. Kum-Sop Han, 113¼, decisioned Young-Kil Choi, 113, six.

Four rounders: Chung-Won Chung, 122, won from Il-Soo Chung, 121¼. Sok-Jin Kim, 122¾, outpointed You-Song Chung, 124½, in the opener.

Ilhwa Promotions.

(03-05-83)

▲**SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Sok-Chul Bae, the WBC's ninth ranked super flyweight, 119¼, proved too powerful for Japanese footworker Yoshimu Oyama, also 119¼, stopping him at 2:05 of the seventh round in a scheduled 10. Bae dropped Oyama in rounds four, six, and seven. A total mismatch.

Bae is now 18-2-1 with 10 kayoes. Oyama fell to 8-2-1 with five knockouts.

The semi-final saw a one-punch kayo, as Chong-Soo Lee, the KBC's second ranked bantie at 120¾, beautifully finished Hiroyuki Kobayashi, 121¼, 53 seconds into the opening in a scheduled 10. Lee is now 18-5-1 with 14 kayoes. Kobayashi is 12-3-2 with 10 knockouts. Hae-Youl Yang, 116, outpointed Jang-Hwan Ham, 116¾, eight.

Myung-Sop Choi, 129, won from Sung-Soo Kim, 128¼, six.

Four rounders: Young-Chul Goo, 111, drew with Sung-Bok Kwon, 110¾. Hi-Song Shin, 120, stopped Hak-Joo Kim, 119¾, at 1:48 of the second. Jin-Duk Kim, 116¼, fought to a draw with Jung-Dai Lee, 115¼, in the opener.

Wa-Ryong Yuh's Hwaryong Promotions. MBC TV.

(03-06-83)

▲**MASAN—Masan Gymnasium**—OPBF junior bantamweight champ Soon-Chun Kwon, 119, engaged in a non-title tenner, kayoed Filipino Rene Aroy, 119½, at 1:09 of the ninth round. Rene got up from the knockdown, but refused to fight on and was counted out by the KBC referee.

Kwon, the WBA's top contender, is now 19-2-1 with 12 kayoes.

In the semi-final 10, Sang-Woo Choi, 137¼, stopped Sung-Ho Chun, 137, at 1:28 of the fifth round. Choi now is 7-2 with seven kayoes.

Joo-Do Chun, 116½, outscored Jung-Kuk Lee, 116¾, eight.

Jae-Yun Lee, 110, decisioned Won-Keun Chae, also 110, six.

Four rounders: Dae-Jin Kim, 110¼, won from Sung-Kyu Kim, 111¼. Sang-Aum Cho, 114½, lost to Jung-Sok Kwon, 114¾, in the opener.

Ho-Yun Chun's Kukdong Promotions. KBS TV.

(03-12-83)

▲**DAEJON—Chungmu Gymnasium**—Il-Bok Lee, the WBC's eighth ranked super featherweight at 132, continually tried to land his big punches, but Filipino Erning Queroben, also 132, showed nothing but repeated holding. The decision was unanimous for Lee, but his performance didn't win the praise of the crowd. There were no knockdowns.

In the semi-final, Chang-Pyo Hong, 114½, drew with Ki-Chang Kim, 113½, 10. Hong is 11-4-1 with three knockouts. Kim is 8-2-2 with three kayoes.

Four rounders: Ei-Jong Lee, 120, won from Jae-Ok Chun, 120¼. Kum-Dong Park, 114½, drew with Hwa-Ki Chung, 113½. Bong-Hyun Park, 115¾, outpointed Hae-Chang Lee, 115¼, in the opener.

Ho-Yun Chun's Kukdong Promotions. KBS TV.

(03-13-83)

▲**SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Unbeaten puncher Chul Kwon, 122¼, attempted to catch an elusive Japanese named Keiji Kawamura, the JBC's number two junior featherweight at 121¾, but had to be satisfied with a close decision over the puzzling southpaw, ten. Kwon, the KBC's number three 122-pounder, is now 18-0 with 12 kayoes. Kawamura fell to 10-3-2 with seven knockouts.

Korean junior featherweight champ Chan-Jung Chun, 125¾, impressively disposed of Dong-Yong Kim, 125¼, at 1:19 of the Chun, a rugged infighter, boosted his log to 15-2-3 with seven kayoes. Kim fell to 11-2-3 with one kayo.

In the first 10, Young-Kil Choi, 120, beat Sang-Myun Choi, 121¼, by a unanimous decision.

Kum-Sop Han, 112¼, won from Hi-Sok Kim, 113½, six.

Woo-Dong Kim, 121¾, stopped Il-Soo Chung, 123, at 0:45 of the second round in the four-round opener.

Sangwon Promotions. KBS TV.
(03-19-83)

▲**SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Seung-In Seo, 127¾, a prospect who was recently discharged from military service, easily demolished Filipino veteran Sandy Noora, 127, at 1:36 of the fifth round in a 10. Seo is now 19-2 with nine kayoes. Seo is now rated first by the KBC in the junior featherweight class. Noora is 14-5-1 with six kayoes.

The semi-final saw unbeaten Wong-Shik Kim, 140¾, collect another victim by disposing of Filipino Gar Atayde, 139¾, at 1:52 of the second round in a 10. Kim, a former amateur, thus upped his log to 4-0 with as many kayoes. Atayde is 18-3-2 with one knockout.

In the first 10, Min-Keun Oh, 126, outscored Oh-Hyung Lee, Korean featherweight champ, 125¾.

Dong-Chun Lee, 120¾, drew with Jae-Hun Kim, 119¼, six. Jong-Ho Shin, 115, won from Yong-Jung Ji, also 115, in the opener.

Hyun-Chi Kim's Dong-A Promotions. MBC TV.
(03-20-83)

▲**SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Unbeaten Jin-Shik Choi, the KBC's number four junior lightie, knocked out Japanese footworker Hikeyuki Shikano, 130, in 2:15 of the fourth round in a scheduled ten.

Choi's left hook was powerful!

Choi, who had turned from the amateur field, is 7-0 with six knockouts. Shikano, the JBC's third ranked 130-pounder, dropped to 11-8-4 with three kayoes.

Chang-Il Lim, 159½, retained his Korean middleweight title by defeating Bong-Chul Kim, 160, 10. Lim is 8-0; Kim is 4-2.

Jae-Hyun Yuh, younger brother of ex-world champ Jae-Do Yuh, 153½, seized the Korean junior middleweight crown by stopping Kyun-Sun Kim, 153¾, at 2:38 of the second round in a 10. In Korea, national champions must relinquish their crowns to the Commission when they challenge for OPBF titles in order to enable Korean challengers to fight for the national thrones. Ex-champ Chong-Ho Kim gave up his and fought OPBF boss In-Chul Baek in vain.

Jung-Ho Lee, 123¾, outpointed Chan-Yong Yun, 123½, six.

Four rounders: Kyung-Yang Kim, 129¾, won from Han-Wong Choi, 129½. Shin Park, 124, drew with Sung-Yul Kim, 123½, in the opener.

Soon-Jong Suh's Saeki Promotions. MBC TV.
(03-27-83)

▲**JINJU—Jinju Gymnasium**—Unbeaten In-Chul Baek, the OPBF junior middleweight champion at 154, ran his unbeaten log to 26-0 (with 26 knockouts), as he onesidely pummeled Chong-Ho Kim, ex-national champ at 152½, into submission at 2:24 of the seventh round in a scheduled 12.

It was a hard-fought battle, but the younger Baek pressed the action after the first few rounds. Baek furiously attacked the lefty challenger and downed him to the ropes in the fatal round. Kim, a veteran who had won the national welterweight and junior middleweight titles of Korea, was counted out by the referee on the first standing count.

Baek, the WBA's second ranked 154-pounder, may face the winner of Davey Moore and Roberto Duran in place of the notorious Tony Ayala, Jr. this summer. However, the 21-year-old Baek had better improve his speed and tighten his guard.

Chong-Ho dropped to 32-10-5 with 24 knockouts.

Jae-Yon Lee, 111¼, stopped Chung-Woo Lee, 113¼, at 2:15 of the third round in a scheduled six.

Four rounders: Woo-Rey Chung, 119¾, outscored Hak-Chul Chun, 118½. Hi-Youl Kang, 118, stopped Young-Kil Kim, 117½, at 0:48 of the third round. Kyung-Duk Ahn, 137, halted Hung-Shik Shin, 136½, at 1:47 of the second. Yung-Sop Kim, 132½, decisioned Jun-Yung Lim, 132¾, in the opener.

Hanjin Promotions. KBS TV.
(03-27-83)

▲**PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium**—Having lost a close decision to Katsuo Tokashiki in his bid for the WBA junior flyweight crown last year, ex-OPBF champ Sung-Nam Kim, 108, suffered an unexpected kayo at the hands of Filipino Elmer Magallano, 110¼, in 0:27 of the third round in a scheduled 10. Kim might have taken the Filipino too lightly, as a well-timed right sank him for the full count. Kim had been was stripped of his OPBF crown for failing to defend it within six months.

In a companion 10, Kwang-Ho Son, 113, decisioned Rocky Pineda, Philippines, also 113.

Kyun-Duk Ahn, 137¼, decisioned Young-Hwan Kim, 138, six.

Kyon-Soo Choi, 109, outpointed Duk-Sang Kim, 109¼, in the four-round opener.

Hanjin Promotions.
(02-05-83)

▲**JINJU—Jinju Gymansium**—Unbeaten junior welterweight hope Sang-Ho Lee, the WBA's third ranked contender at 141½, proved too sharp and snappy for Filipino veteran Joe Lim, stopping him at 2:03 of the eighth round in a scheduled 10. Lee utilized his speed, and battered the flat-footed Filipino from the start. The onesided affair was finally halted by the KBC referee, and his stoppage was well received by the crowd.

Lee is a good boxer-puncher, but he must sharpen his use of his left hand in order to fully merit his high rank by the WBA.

Lee boosted his log to 26-0 with 21 knockouts.

The semi-final saw Kyung-Son Kim, 153¾, win the vacant Korean junior middleweight crown by stopping Chul-Do Bae, 154, at 2:58 of the sixth round in a scheduled 10. Kim is now 6-3-2 with four kayoes.

Dong-Chun Lee, 120¼, decisioned Ja-Ho Cho, also 120½, eight.

Jung-Sop Kim, 110¾, outscored Yun-Ho Park, also 110¾, eight.

Tae-Yun Moon, 109¾, drew with Ha-Shik Lim, 110¼, six.

Four rounders: Ki-Youl Kang, 117¼, polished off Ro-Jun Park, 117½, at 2:00 of the first round. Kyung-Duk Ahn, 136½, disposed of Chong-Lim Suh, 137½, at 0:28 of the second. Jun-Young Lim, 131, stopped Byung-Sun Park, 132¼, at 1:57 of the opening canto. Hyun-Tae Kim, 132¼, lost to Ki-Sung Ahn, also 132¼, in the opener.

Hanjin Promotions. MBC TV.
(02-20-83) JOE Y. KOIZUMI AND YOO-CHANG KIM

PHILIPPINES

▲**CAGAYAN DE ORO CITY**—Diego de Villa, 114, retained his Filipino junior bantamweight title, as he defeated Antonio Pacupia, also 114, by a unanimous decision, 12.

Villa had taken the national throne by beating Joe Hiyas in a 12-round eliminator on August 27 of the previous year. In his first defense, he whipped Fel Aporto by a 12-round decision on October 16. Villa's next challenger will be either Pat Bracero (who beat Edward Padilla and Edgar Palasan) or Gil Ragas (who defeated Danny Grey and Arman Artos).

Edilberto Almirante, promoter.
(02-05-83)

▲**PASAY—Pasay Sports Complex**—Divino Inocian, the Games and Amusements Board's top featherweight contender at 124½, unanimously outscored Ador Seguin, 125, 10. Larry Nadayag, referee.

Julius Gonzaga, 119½, chalked up a TKO win over Fel Aporto, 119½, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10. Thanks to this victory, Julius was rated fifth by the GAB in its next domestic ratings.

Noli Mocabos, 124½, fought to a technical draw with Chito Adigue, 124½, in seven.

Ermie Cataluna, 119, gained an upset unanimous nod from Fred Sta. Iglista, 119½, 10.

Tony Ducay, 113½, won a unanimous verdict over Dong Canada, 113, 10. In the first 10, Orland Gutierrez, 113½ and Ely Bautista, 111, battled to a split draw.

Romy Ducay, 113, won from Tany Savior, 110, in the four-round opener.

Tomasa Pamilosa, promoter.

Virgilio de los Reyes and Carlos Dizon, GAB witnesses.
(02-04-83)

▲**BAGUIO CITY**—Flash Romeo, the GAB's fifth ranked junior welterweight, 144½, displayed his power punching and scored a TKO victory over Fred Galang, 145, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten. Vic Valdez, referee.

Rocky Arsenio, 114½, was held to a split draw by Tito Gregorio, 115, 10.

Johnny Nagastingo, 134, eked out a split nod over Sugar Ray Roland, 140, 10.

Rey Tayaban, 131, outpointed Amado Castro, 131, 10.

Little Sagan, 129, TKO'd Boy Recudo, 130, in eight.

Nestor Tachado, 130½, managed to win a majority duke over Pol Cananga, 129, eight.

Four rounders: Dado Danglose, 126, decisioned Dhoms Domora, 126½. Charles Cabubas, 130, halted Tino Biliwawa, 125, in the first canto in the opener.

Robinson Alatiw, promoter.

Voltaire Reverente, GAB witness.
(02-05-83)

▲**COTOBATO CITY**—Beaten by ex-OPBF champ Sung-Nam Kim in Korea, Jemuel Maguinsay, 112, returned to action and won a split decision over Teo Aradora, also 112, 10.

Rene Lozada, promoter.
(02-05-83)

▲**TAYTAY, RIZAL**—Rey Arcita, 123, eked out a split decision over Abel Magracia, 122, 10. D. Rodenas, referee.

Ed Alcala, 120¼, won a technical decision over Rito Donayre, 119¾, in the eighth round of the semi-final ten.

Alejandro Tipon, 124½, TKO'd Iral Arcilla Kid, 125, in eight.

Little Freddie, 125, stopped Armin Landigo, 123¾, in the fourth round in a six.

Danilo Marinez, 130½, took a split nod over Walter Vasquez, 124½, six.

Four rounders: Martin Casal, 120, TKO'd John Bisnar, 124, in the third round. Urbano Quilinguen, 124, fought to a majority draw with the third session in the opener.

Benjamin Vinluan, promoter.

Virgilio de los Reyes and Loenard Trinidad, GAB witnesses.
(02-05-83)

▲**CAGAYAN DE ORO CITY**—Jongjong Pacquing, the GAB's top lightweight contender, 134, chalked up a TKO win over Del Contado, 136, in the eighth round of a scheduled 10.

Dede Suaybaguio, 117, stopped Ed Norcos, 120, in the seventh round of the semi-final 10.

William Bernardos, 114, pounded out a unanimous decision over Jun Garcia, 115, in the first 10.

Edilberto Almirante, promoter.
(02-05-83)

▲**TALAVERA, NUEVA ECIJA**—Bert Lozano, the Filipino number seven junior lightie at 132, unanimously decisioned Fel Viesca, Jr. 131, 10.

Jaime Enriquez, 123, took a unanimous decision over Mar Capinpin, 124, in the 10-round semi-final.

Jun Mangahas, 120, decisioned Telly Sauro, 117, eight.

Edel Geronimo, 113, won from Rudy Garcia, Jr., 118, eight.

Lito Vasquez, 144, decisioned Archie Garcia, 147, six.

Enrique Mangahas, Sr., promoter.

Virgilio de los Reyes and Leonardo Trinidad, GAB witnesses.
(02-12-83)

▲**PARANAQUE—Elorde Sports Complex**—Lefty footworker Ali Formentera, 121, showed his ringcraft and scored a TKO win over Boy Chua, 120, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10.

Laura S. Elorde (Flash Elorde's wife), promoter.
(02-16-83)

▲**MABALACAT, PAMPANGA**—Romy Austria, 112, won a unanimous duke over Armando Barzuela, 111, 10.

Young de la Cruz, 147, TKO'd Bony Soriano, 146½, in the third round of the 10-round semi-final.

Efren Nazal, promoter.
(02-19-83)

▲**BABALACAT, PAMPANGA**—Tito Vimar, 122, fought to a draw with Benny Castro, 121, 10.

Efren Nazal, promoter.
(02-19-83)

▲**GENERAL SANTOS CITY**—Jemuel Maguinsay, 113, scored a fine TKO victory over Ely Maramba, 113, in the eighth session of a scheduled 10.

Carlos Parcia, 128, lost a split decision to Jerry Escolano, 134, in the semi-final 10.

Joel Insular, 135, TKO'd Nitoy Bantillan, 135, in the fourth round of the first 10.

Maximo Gabreros, promoter.
(02-19-83)

▲**CAGAYAN DE ORO CITY**—Jun Escalera, the Filipino third ranked lightweight, 133, halted Nacias Francisco, also 133, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10.

Erning Queroben, the GAB's number three featherweight, 127, won a unanimous duke over Pepe Olano, 127, 10.

Winnie Ampong, 124, drew with Robinson Abato, 124, in the first 10.

Antonio Almirante, promoter.
(02-19-83)

▲**TUPI, SOUTH COTOBATO**—Having scored an upset TKO win over ex-WBC flyweight champ Chan-Hee Park in his previous campaign in Korea, Wick Tengam, 116, scored a TKO victory over Diony Capacite, also 116, in the third round of a scheduled 10.

Gene Reyno, promoter.
(02-22-83)

▲**INSULAN, SOUTH COTOBATO**—Renato Paulino, the GAB's top junior featherweight contender, 124, eked out a split decision over Jun Padinit, 121, 10.

Teo Aradora, 118, unanimously decisioned Lito de Pedro, 115, 10.

Rene Lozada, promoter.
(02-24-83)

▲**GENERAL SANTOS CITY**—Jun Paciaones, 117, outpointed Jimmy Alojado, 117, 10.

The semi-final saw Joe Gaviola, 115, drop a majority nod to Robert Sareno, 115, 10.

Ricardo Mendez, promoter.
(02-26-83)

▲**TAGUM, DAVAO**—Sul Inting, the GAB's second ranked featherweight, 127, knocked out Al Vargas, 125, in the fourth session of a scheduled 10.

Ric Tanza, 120, won a majority decision over Dodong Oculam, 120, 10.

Fred Guanzon, 112, lost a split decision to Pablo Hoyle, also 112, 10.

Cris Maratas, 123, won a unanimous nod over Maning Montanez, also 123, 10.

Young Abalaoyan, 128, won a unanimous duke over Kim Quinones, 128, in the first 10.

Julian Tan, Jr., promoter.
(02-26-83)

▲**MARBEL, SOUTH COTOBATO**—Gil Rogas, 115, scored a TKO win over Baby Morata, 112, in the seventh round of a scheduled 10.

Carmelino Buenaflor, promoter.
(02-26-83)

▲**BAIS NEG. ORIENTAL**—Flash Villamer, ex-Filipino lightweight champ at 142, won a unanimous nod over Tony Flores, 146, 10.

Pacifico Abes, promoter.
(02-26-83)

▲**SAN CARLOS CITY**—Ric Barimbad, 110, knocked out Rio Gamutan, also 110, in the fourth round of a scheduled 10. Ric is the GAB's second ranked flyweight.

Rex Salus.
(02-27-83)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAILAND

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—OPBF lightweight champ Deuk-Koo Kim's death left his title vacant, so a bout was staged for the vacant title between Thai and Filipino national titlists.

Filipino Rolando Aldemir, 134, seized the OPBF crown by taking a split decision from Thai Downthong Chuvatana, 135, in 12 monotonous rounds. There were no knockdowns. Downthong, a stylish boxer, started well, but the rugged Filipino took command in the later rounds.

Scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa (Japan) and judge Eduardo Velasco (Philippines), 118-116 and 118-115, both for Aldemir; judge Vichien Satunonchai (Thailand), 116-115 for Downthong. A very close affair. The new champ is obliged to meet Japanese champ Fujio Ozaki within 60 days from the date of this contest.

Choocharoen Raveearamnong, promoter.
(03-07-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Pharyow Phooltharat, the Olympic Bronze Medalist in Montreal in 1976, floored Mexican Juan Diaz, the WBC's third ranked flyweight, 114, twice and won a unanimous decision, 10.

Pharyow, 115, made good use of his longer reach, and kept his distance with stinging lefts. In the fifth and seventh sessions, Pharyow had Diaz on the deck with effective left hooks. Pharyow, 26, was fading in the last two rounds, but Diaz was unable to overcome the points deficit.

Diaz, known for his kayo wins over current WBC flyweight champ Charlie Magri, couldn't show his power, and was countered by the Thai newcomer. Pharyow had lost a hairline decision to Korean Soon-Chun Kwon in his quest for the latter's OPBF junior bantamweight crown in the champ's hometown last year. But Pharyow has been highly regarded by the Oriental experts ever since.

Pharyow will enter the WBC top 10 next month.
(03-24-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Thongtep Petchsriracha, the TBC's eighth ranked junior flyweight, 112, won a split decision over Praderm Kiatisorot, also 112, six.
(02-22-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Chandang Singchuevung, the TBC's number six junior bantamweight, 116, proved too fast and sharp for ex-Thai flyweight champ Jimmy Sithfaidang, 118, copping a decision, six. Jimmy, after a two-year lay-off, showed nothing but his age. (02-24-83)

▲**BANGKOK—TV Channel 7 Ring—**Dongprasert Sorsombutr, the TBC's fourth ranked featherweight, 126, displayed his vaunted power by dropping Nigerian Mucala Macari, also 126, in the first round, but wound up with a split decision win, six. The Nigerian regained his pace and appeared to take the second to fifth rounds. But the Thai puncher won the last session to take a disputed verdict.
(02-27-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium—**Thayeekoon Chorsuenanany copping a unanimous decision over Arkadej Sithwatyairom, 128, six.
(03-28-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium—**Thai junior flyweight champion Kwanjai Singchatvan, 108, kept his national title by defeating Jownaranoi Jomkatha, the TBC's third ranked contender, also 108, by a unanimous decision, 10.
(03-03-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Pohnamngern Sithsrimok, 110, lost an upset decision to an unknown youngster named Sereenoi Looknongjok, also 110, six.
(03-04-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Prayurasak Muangsurin, 112, remained unbeaten by winning a unanimous decision over Nampetch H. Mahachai, 112, in six. Prayurasak, the TBC's eighth ranked flyweight, is 9-0 with 5 knockouts.
(03-05-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium—**Having boxed well in his amateur days, Somboonyos Sinsam-ang, 116, scored his second win in as many pro bouts, as he outscored Theprasert Sakongkram, 116, four.
(03-06-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Sansakdi Osodsapha, the TBC's number four featherweight at 126, found it easy to demolish Khunpitak Singsamyak, 123, in the fifth round of a scheduled six.
(03-08-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Thai bantamweight champ Saksamai Chorsirirat, 120, halted Moragot Yontrakit, 117, in the second round of a scheduled six.
(03-11-83)

▲**BANGKOK—**Thep J. Sangthong, formerly fighting as Raknarong J. Sangthong, 116, made a comeback and finished Phasit Singnonesaung, 114, in the second round of a scheduled six.
(03-15-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium—**Nongberd Naphataya, the TBC's seventh ranked flyweight at 112, engaged in a rematch with Thongthep Petsriraja, also 112, and the result was nearly the same as in their first encounter five months ago. Nongberd took a unanimous decision, six.
(03-18-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Ranked sixth in the junior featherweight class, hard hitting Pongpan Sawphayathai, 124, proved too powerful for Somdej Phumchai, the TBC's fifth ranked bantie, also 124, stopping him at 2:38 of the first round in a scheduled six. Pongpan thus upped his log to 33-2 with 31 knockouts.

Pongpan was to have faced Wilfredo Gomez in a bid for the WBC super bantamweight throne, but the negotiations reportedly have come to naught.
(03-19-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium—**Samart Sakadam, the Thailand Commission's top junior flyweight contender, 113, surprisingly lost a decision to Prayurasak Muangsurin, also 113, six. The upset winner is now 10-0 with five kayoes.
(03-24-83)

▲**BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium—**Youngyoen Lukbunloe, ranked 10th in the flyweight class by the TBC, 114, won a unanimous decision over Sereenoi Looknongjok, 110, six.
(03-25-83)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲**KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club—**Two six-rounders headlined. Tommy Woods, 136, outscored Joey Collins, 149. Dave Winston, 156, outpointed Tony Mark, 166.

Four-rounders: David Hogan, 154, outpointed Johnny Winston, 156. Peter O'Neill, 142, stopped Bernie Johnson, 135, in the fourth and final session.
(03-15-83)

▲**MT. PRITCHARD—Community Club—**Jamie Lewis, 150½, won by a disqualification over Mick Binnie, 146½, in the 10th and final round. Binnie was ruled out by referee Billy Males for butting. Lewis was well in front at the time.

Kenny Bruce, 130, outpointed Wayne O'Donnell, 135, eight.

Edin Tugrul, 133, outscored Glenn Hillier, 138½, six.

Paul Toweel, 147¼, stopped Steve Dokes, 150, in the second round of a scheduled four.

Three-rounders: Marki Petru, 128, and Mick Azard, 128¼, drew. Darwin North, 145¾, outpointed Bob Bing, 155.
(03-16-83)

▲**MARRICKVILLE—R.S.L. Club—**Boxing returned here for the first time in a long stretch, with Australian middleweight champion Steve Dennis scheduled to defend his title against Alex Temelkov. Alex, though, withdrew from the program less than 24 hours before the fight, and Dennis wound up facing Tommy Roberts in a 10-round non-title bout.

Dennis, 160, chased Roberts, 156, around the ring until the latter was withdrawn after the seventh. No knockdowns.

Eight-rounders: Jimmy Greco, 157, stopped Steve Wonder, 162, in seven. John Siriotis, 153½, and Russell Sands, 152, fought to a tech draw in six.

Six-rounders: Kirk Blair, 138, halted Andy Roberts, 133½, in four. Brij Nand, 145, kayoed Tony Noone, 151, in the second.

Four-rounders: Ron Donoghue, 148½, outpointed Rupert Larche, 141½. Geoff Peate, 210, halted Mandingo, 196½, in three.
(03-17-83)

▲**YOUNG—Ex-Services Club—**Robert Hall, 169¾, knocked out Reg Greedy, 176½, in the second round of scheduled 10. Trevor Christian, referee.

Alan Clarke, 140, outpointed Dean Thomas, 135½, eight.

Edin Tugrul, 130, outscored Ben Lappori, 126¾, eight.

George Suliana, 156½, outscored Ron James, 171, four.

Three-rounders: Les Luxford, 139, stopped Kim Smith, 135½, in the second. Marta Jones, 158¾, outpointed Mark Simpson, 161.
(03-19-83)

▲**WEST WYALONG—Services & Citizens Club—**Garry Hubble, 178½, halted Reno Zurik, 195, in round eight of a scheduled 10 to win the vacant NSW State cruiserweight title. Referee Billy Males stopped it as Zurik was taking punishment. Reno had been down in that round, but the bout was fairly even at the end of seven.

Ben Lappori, 130, outscored Roy Hughes, 129, eight.

Three-rounders: Kim Johnson, 162, halted Tony McCabe, 164½, in two. Alan Jackson, 210½, stopped Mick Kearney, 226, in one. John Hatley, 162, TKO'd Ron James, 173, in one on a cut eye.
(03-26-83)

▲**KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club—**Three six-rounders headlined. Sparrow Freeman, 128, and Bimbo Morris, 130, drew. John Huvvoch, 162, halted Tony Mark, 168, in the second. Kevin Hogan, 147, outscored Joey Collins, 147.

Dave Winston, 153, outpointed David Hogan, 156, five.

Brad Fredrics, 135, outscored Muhammad Ali, 131, four.
(03-29-83)

▲**KUNDABUNG—Rodeo Grounds—**Wayne Mulholland, 111½, retained his Australian flyweight title with a unanimous decision over Australian junior flyweight champion Junior Thompson, 112, 12. Scoring: referee John Cauchi, 117-114; judge Les Gibbons, 118-111; judge Ray Mitchell, 118-112.

Wayne won easily, but Junior took the last two rounds. Referee Cauchi, who was working his second Australian title bout, did a good job, and the crowd showered the ring with notes and coins after the fight.

Tony Noone, 146, outpointed Dawsie Kelly, 145, eight.

Pat Leglise, 141, outpointed Jale Fotu, 142, Fiji, eight. Pat is a fine prospect.

Gary Corbett, 154, outscored Tommy Taggart, 147, four.

Paul Bowman, 135, and Matta Matta, 138, drew, three.
(04-03-83)

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▲**DAPTO—Leagues Club—**Philip Kating, 159, triple champion of Vanuatu and champion of the South Seas, outscored Jimmy Greco, 154¾, in a classic technical contest, 10. Referee Paul Moore, the sole arbiter, scored it 98-94. The bout was a pleasure to watch.

NSW State amateur heavyweight champion Roy Bijkerk, 193, made his pro debut by outpointing Graham Bray, 186, eight.

Mark Vallance, 154¼, outscored Tony Noone, 147¾, six.

Paul Bowman, 135¼, outscored Marki Petru, 131¼, four.
(04-08-83)

▲**AUBURN—R.S.L. Club—**Kelly Thompson, 156½, won a split decision over NSW State middleweight champion Con O'Connor, 10. Scoring: referee Billy Males, 96-95, Thompson; judge Don Marks, 99-96, Thompson; judge John Cauchi, 100-96, O'Connor. O'Connor's crown was not at stake.

Dean Thomas, 132¼, outscored Edin Tugrul, also 132¼, six.

Three-rounders: Tony Campbell, 132¼, outpointed Ray Kelly, 147¾. Bob Talbot, 147¾, outscored Tassa Dunn, 150. Bernie Ellis, 125¾, outpointed Brad Fredrics, 134½. Armstrong Waremaki, 128, stopped Harry Williams, 125¾, in the second. Smiley Antonijevic, 176½, outpointed Peter Nikodijovic, 172.
(04-08-83)

▲**AUBURN—Oriole Park—**Two 10-rounders headlined.

Former Australian flyweight king Steve Bell, 112, outpointed Tito Abella, 111½, Philippines, in an all-action bout. Scoring: referee Billy Males and judge John Cauchi, both 97-95, Bell; judge Don Marks, 97-95, Abella—a split duke.

Pat Leglise, 143½, won the NSW State welterweight title by knocking out defending champion Jamie Lewis, 147, with a right to the jaw in round seven. Scoring after six: referee Billy Males, 59-56; judge Paul Moore, 60-53; judge Don Marks, 59-53—all in favor of Leglise.

Brett Young, 131¾, and Kenny Bruce, 127¼, had their scheduled eight declared a tech draw in round five.

Former Australian light heavyweight champion Steve Cansdell, 172¾, outpointed Joe Burruni, 164¼, six. Cansdell was making a comeback after being inactive for four years and nine months.

Paul Toweel, 149¾, stopped Glenn Baker, 146, in the fourth round of their scheduled six.
(04-09-83)

▲**KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club—**Steve Renwick, 154, won a unanimous decision over Ian Dennis, 163, 10. Scoring: referee Mick Dunningham, 100-96; judge John Cauchi, 99-96; judge Ken Anderson, 99-97. This was Renwick's first 10-rounder and only his fourth pro bout.

Johnny Huvvoch, 154, and Shaun Gray, 160, drew, six. Gray was decked and almost stopped in the last round.

Muhammad Ali, 133, and Brad Fredrics, 137, drew, six.

Robbie Sang, 168, outpointed George Suliano, 162, four.
(04-12-83)

NORTHERN TERRITORY

▲**DARWIN—**Localite Ricky Patterson, 160, stopped Benny Tabua, about 160, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight. Alex Ross, referee.

Sam Wickman, 171, outpointed Harry Parsons, also 171, six.

Gordon Saunders, 126, won on a foul over Luke Manolas, 131, in the first round of a scheduled four.

Tim Gibuna, 156, outscored Tim Bourke, also 156, four.
(03-15-83)

QUEENSLAND

▲**BRISBANE—Festival Hall—**Australian junior welterweight champion Brian Janssen, 143¼, stopped Chris Sanigar, 141, England, in round seven of a scheduled 10. Alan Moore, referee. Janssen, though, takes too much punishment, and has to get more leverage into his punches.

Emmanuel Otti, 260, Uganda, knocked out Ricky Patterson, 161, in round six of their scheduled 10. Ricky was ahead at the end of five.

Norm Stevens, 138, outscored Mick Binnie, 141¼,, eight.

Jim Gillon, 158, stopped Brett Stalley, 161, in the fifth round of their scheduled eight.

Peter Blundell, 130, halted Keith Arnold, 128, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Ronald Doo, 141, and Bob Daniec, 138, drew, four.
(03-28-83)

VICTORIA

▲**BROADMEADOWS—Town Hall—**Graeme Brooke, 133½, Victoria's rising lightweight, won a unanimous decision over former Australian lightweight champion Billy Mulholland, 135, 10. Scoring: referee Malcolm Bulner, 98-94; judge Cliff Heaver, 100-91; judge Gus Mercurio, 99-91.

Mario Petriza, 156, stopped Ali Ali, 160, in the third round of a scheduled four.

Three-rounders: Laurie Stretton, 217, stopped Gerald King, 202, in the third and final session. John Walsh, 174, outpointed Ricky Parker, 182. Steve Rodger, 120, halted Nuri Bala, 116, in the third and final round. Glenn Holmes, 140, outpointed Vern Miller, also 140.
(03-13-83)

▲**MELBOURNE—Town Hall—**Attila Fogas, 140, made his pro debut by outpointing Brian Schofield, 136, eight. A good performance, particularly in view of the fact that Fogas claims to have had only 15 amateur bouts.

Three-rounders: Len Armstrong, 155, and Darrel Jones, 153, had their bout declared "no contest" in the third and final round. Andy Barnes, 144, halted Tony Foley, also 144, in the third and final session.
(03-19-83)

▲**PORT MELBOURNE—Football Ground—**Tony Russell, 125, outpointed Australian junior featherweight champion Jim Bowen, 125½, 10.

Johnny O'Connor and Metat Balla drew, eight.

Dave Ramsden stopped Gerry O'Neill in the sixth and final round.

Three-rounders: Ken Crilly halted Nuri Balla in the second. Steve Rodger stopped Jean Pierre Salvadore in the first.
(03-25-83)

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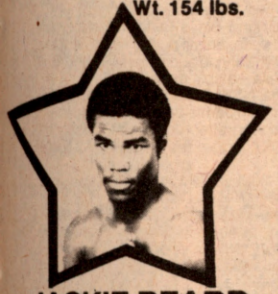
Wt. 147 lbs. 20-0-1

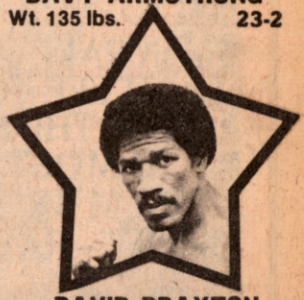
EMANUEL STEWARD



JACKIE BEARD
Wt. 126 lbs. 17-1

DAVY ARMSTRONG
Wt. 135 lbs. 23-2

DUANE THOMAS
Wt. 154 lbs. 18-1



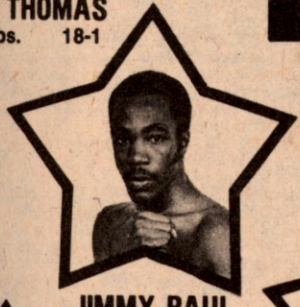
DAVID BRAXTON
Wt. 154 lbs. 24-1

FARRIS PURIFY
Amateur Coordinator

PRENTISS BYRD
Pro-Coordinator

BILL KOZERSKI, Jr
Business Coordinator

SAM McKINNEY
Office Manager



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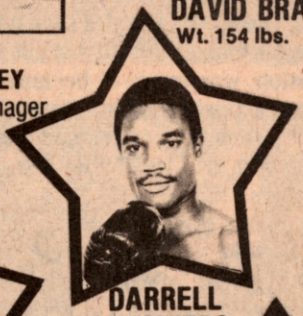
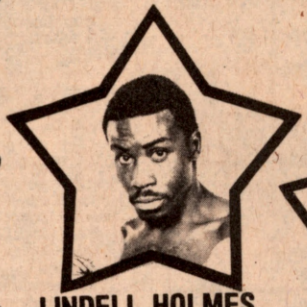


DARRELL CHAMBERS
Wt. 147 lbs. 16-0



LINDELL HOLMES
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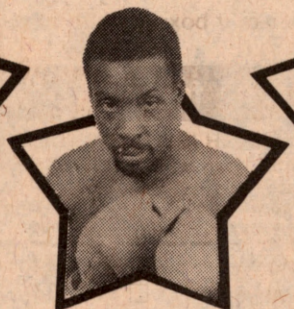

LANNY EDMONDS
Wt. 147 lbs. 12-1

HURLEY SNEAD
Wt.118 lbs. 14-1

J.L. IVEY
Wt. 126 lbs. 4-1

BRET SUMMERS
Wt. 135 lbs. 9-0

JIM MacDONALD
Wt. 165 lbs. 2-0

TONY ANTHONY
Wt. 215 lbs. 13-1

LIONEL JOHNSON
Wt. 135 lbs. 11-1

DONALD BOWERS
Wt. 154 lbs. 14-0

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SUGAR RAY SEALES: THE GAME'S TRAGIC LEGACY

"I'M IN PAIN.
I CAN'T SEE TO WALK
ACROSS THE ROOM.
I'M ALMOST BLIND
AND I'M BROKE, FLAT
BROKE."—RAY SEALES

FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS OF HIS PRO boxing career, Ray Seales says he knew his eyes were bad, especially his left eye, but as his vision worsened, it became easier to pass mandatory pre-fight medical exams.

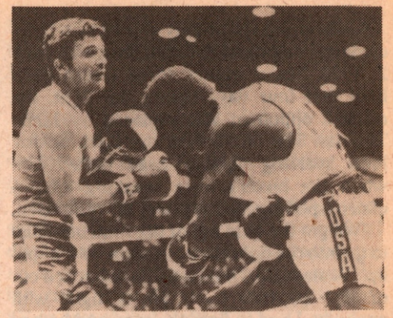
Seales said he's convinced that in New York March 31, 1982, that state's medical examiners tipped off Johnny LoCicero about Seales' bad left eye.

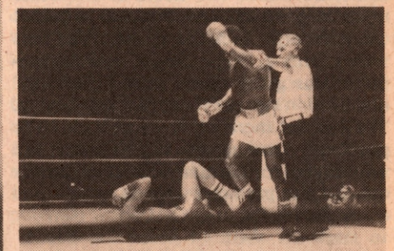
"They told him my left eye was bad, I know they did," Seales said last week. "I can't prove it because I never heard it said, but from the first round on through to the end of the fight, LoCicero was going after my left eye—that's all he was interested in; no body punches, no counter punches, nothin' but my left eye."

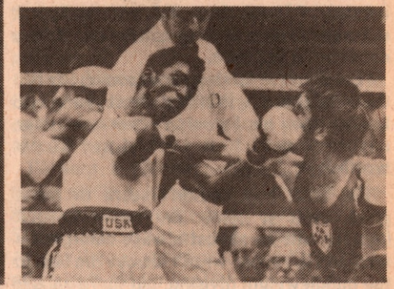
Seales won the bout with a 10-round decision, but LoCicero's manager, Howard Albert, angrily denied his fighter had any knowledge of Seales' injury.

"That's absolutely ridiculous," Albert said. "I can't believe they're saying that. Seales outboxed LoCicero throughout the fight and won a fair decision. No state gives better physicals than New York, I know that. If his manager was letting Seales fight with a detached retina, the guy oughta be in jail."

BY BART WRIGHT







Seales has a list of ugly stories to tell, including an incident at Baton Rouge on Aug. 2, 1980. Seales trained three weeks for a bout, but four days before the fight, the original opponent was replaced by Jamie Thomas. The day before the fight, Seales' local sparring partner head butted him when the boxers were breaking after a clinch, splitting Seales' lower lip wide open.

"We got the bum out of the ring, but I had to go into the fight the next night with a split lip," Seales said. "If I would have backed out of it I couldn't have got a fight with anybody. I had to fight the man and he had fat lip for target practice."

Seales took a thumb from Thomas directly in his right eye but went on to win the bout in another 10-round decision.

Seales, the former Olympic champion, was eventually forced into retirement last month with detached retinas in both eyes, mementos of a 19-year career that included 429 fights, 20 losses and three draws.

"But in professional boxing, the whole thing is corrupt—everything about it. Part of the game is, you go into a city and prepare for three weeks for a guy. Then after 2½ weeks, they change the opponent and tell you the other guy fell down or came down sick or whatever, so that all your training is wasted and you have to adjust to a completely different fighter two days before the fight.

"I can thank my manager for being as professional as possible," Seales said. "We had been ripped off so many times it got to the point that we wouldn't go into the ring until we were paid ahead of time. One of my last fights, we waited two hours in the locker room to get paid and the man wouldn't come through with the money. The fans were chanting, 'Sugar, Sugar,' and the promoter was going crazy, saying they'd kill him if I didn't go out there. We kept saying, 'We'll go out there when we get paid.' The guy finally came up with $1,000 in cash and we went out for the fight. I knocked the guy out and the promoter paid us with a bad check for $9,500.

Rendered virtually blind after 19 years of boxing, Seales offers the following advice:

"If someone's in it right now as an amateur, I'd have them stick with an honest manager and go as long as they can if they continue to improve.

"But if you're talking about somebody just thinking about it, thinking about going into boxing, then no, I wouldn't ever encourage anyone to get into it. Look at me, it's not worth it. . . ."

The local boy couldn't seem to make good, even at home. But he never quit fighting and he almost always came out a winner. His record wasn't always the best in the middleweight division, but there *always* were fighters with worse records getting bigger bouts.

In a 1980 bout at Baton Rouge, the sport began to take its toll. Seales defeated Jamie Thomas, but in the process he took a thumb directly in the right eye. Blood began to accumulate in the eye and Seales eventually had a torn retina operation. The surgery was pronounced a success and he was passed by the Washington Athletic Commission to fight James Williams in Tacoma. Seales won the fight Dec. 23, 1980, with a 10-round decision.

His vision worsened, but Seales continued to pass medical exams and fight his fights.

The ring took its toll in bigger chunks. Seales' vision was virtually gone in his left eye and seriously impaired in his right, but he always passed the physicals.

Knowing he was losing sight, did he secretly hope one day he would flunk a physical?

"I wasn't hoping for it but somewhere along the line I figured there would be a top notch physician who would check me out before a fight and tell me, 'No more, you can't fight.' "

"But it never happened," Seales said. "It never came close to happening. In fact, it got easier and easier to pass the tests. For example, in New York they used to take your blood, check your blood pressure, give you a brain scan and an EKG. No more. They don't do any of that any more.

"I knew the eye charts pretty well so I could fake it sometimes, and other times, when you couldn't read a line, they'd go up a line to bigger letters, and up again until you could read one and then they'd pass you. There were other times when they wouldn't use the eye charts at all, they'd just hold up fingers in front of your face and say, 'How many?'

BOXING'S TRAGIC LEGACY
AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY THOM GREER

HE WAS A 19-YEAR-OLD PUNCHING MACHINE with a 33-1-1 record behind him and all the fame and fortune that comes when the championship of the world one fight away.

And suddenly, Wesley Mouzon was blind in one eye.

Still, the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission physicians stamped him physically fit to fight Bob Montgomery in Philadelphia on Nov. 26, 1946, for the lightweight title. They approved him, never suspecting that the young fighter could not have seen a left hook winging in on his right side if the punch had been escorted by a Mummer's Day string band.

Mouzon had knocked out Montgomery in the second round of a non-title bout three months earlier. And most observers were convinced that in the championship fight, Mouzon would again dispatch Montgomery, who was 27.

But a couple of weeks before the fight, during a spirited training session, Mouzon crushed his sparring partner, Joe Murphy, with a right hand that dropped Murphy as if he had been hit with a shotgun blast.

Murphy pushed himself up from the canvas and waded back toward Mouzon, and the two fighters began throwing leather at each other again.

"As we sparred, his gloves rubbed across my face, but nobody thought anything about it," said Mouzon, who now co-manages and trains Dwight Muhammad Qawi, the former WBC lightheavyweight champion.

"I worked a few more days. Then it seemed like there was something very large in my right eye. Finally we [he and manager Gene Buffalo] went to a doctor."

The injury was diagnosed as a detached retina, caused by a grain of resin in his eye. Mouzon was given a choice: He could cancel the fight or, if he passed the eye test, he could fight, because the eye could not get any worse than it already was.

And how did he pass the eye examination of the pre-fight physical?

"It was just a matter of reading an eye chart," Mouzon said. "I'd read those charts so many times, I already had them memorized."

And he passed the pre-fight physical for his last professional fight with flying colors.

He was not so fortunate against Montgomery, however. His quest for the title ended when he was knocked out in the eighth round.

"A lot of people thought it [the detached retina] happened in that fight," said Mouzon, who insisted that, despite reports to the contrary, his license to fight was never suspended by the state commission.

"As I look back on it now, there's no way I can be bitter about it, because it was my own doing."

Thinking back on the 1946 physical that he passed although he was blind in one eye, Mouzon said: "What really bothers me, though, is that today, I honestly don't think physicals in too many states are any more rigorous."

"In the last few years, I would say I never took a pre-fight medical that lasted longer than maybe three minutes," he said. "The easiest tests of all to pass were the ones before a big fight when the press was around. The last thing the commission wanted was to have a fighter flunk his physical in front of the press. When the press was there, they wouldn't even have an eye test, they'd just weigh you, check your back, or something like that, take your blood pressure and let you go."

Seales maintains he lived a clean life for the last several years in a sport he calls "corrupt."

"In amateur boxing, the ring is clean, but the corruption is all around you on the outside," he said. "You see it where they stage the fights, who judges them, how the matches are made, all of that.

It's simple enough to characterize his career as one bad break after another, but taking into account his record, it's curious that Seales was never given an opportunity to fight for the middleweight championship.

And now, following eye surgery last month that left Seales groping his way through a life of shadows and fuzzy images, you wonder about the people who cleared him to fight for the last two years.

First, you wonder about his manager, Ed Garner, who became Seales' full-time manager in '79, following Seales' most devastating defeat, a one-round knockout by Marvin Hagler.

Garner and Seales now maintain Garner knew very little about Seales' condition, that Seales was guarded in any discussion about his vision because he wanted another shot at Hagler, who had since become the middleweight champion, and because he kept winning.

"I never knew," Garner said last week, "not until he called me up a month ago when I was in Rainier (Oregon), working on a fight promotion. I distinctly remember the conversation. He said, 'Ed, I can't continue any longer.' I said, 'What's the matter, champ?,' and he said, 'I think I'm blind.' "

Garner said he immediately drove home and had Seales visit Dr. Randolph Lindblad in Puyallup the next day.

"Dr. Lindblad said the damage was too extensive for him to do anything about it," Garner said, "but he told us one of the 10 best eye doctors in the world was in Portland. He made a call and we were there the next day."

When Seales walked into Dr. Richard Chenoweth's office, Chenoweth approached him, looked at his left eye and said, "How long have you been blind in that eye?"

By Chenoweth's estimation, Seales was blind in his left eye for the past two years and the vision in his right eye was seriously impaired for more than a year. Garner continued to find fights with paydays as low as $4,500 and as high as $25,000. Always, Seales and Garner were broke before the next fight came around.

"All I had to judge the man on was his fights," Garner said, "and the fights tell me he's in pretty good shape. He knocked a guy out (Juan Rivas) in Bakersfield in the first round (Sept. 23, 1981), and in his last fight, against Max Hord in Denver two months ago, he knocked the guy out in the first round. That tells me he's moving around pretty good, that he's not having much trouble gettin' the job done."

It was after the fight with Hord that Seales and Garner say they finally realized the problem.

"We brought him back to Tacoma to have George Wright watch him work out," Garner said. "There were sparring partners who couldn't carry his gym bag that were getting through on him. We knew something was wrong, but we thought it had to do with his timing. It looked like his balance was off somehow, and we thought maybe George would be able to notice something he was doing wrong."

What Wright eventually noticed were Seales' own comments in the ring. After a couple rounds of being scored on by amateur sparring partners, Seales complained to Wright about the lighting in the ring.

"I told George to turn up the lights, it seemed real dim in the ring," Seales said. "It was like they just had the normal overhead lights on and not the ring lights. I couldn't see my sparring partner."

Wright told Seales to have his eyes checked. That's when Seales called Garner in Oregon.

"We never got the fight we needed," Garner said, "there was always somebody else with a worse record who was getting the good fights. If we would have hooked up with an East Coast syndicate maybe it would have been different, but Ray didn't want it that way. Ray wanted to bring the middleweight championship to Tacoma, just like Freddie Steele once did.

"My first fight with Ray was against Tap Harris, who was 31-0, in Akron, Ohio," Garner said. "We took George Wright with us, because it was a big fight, we thought with a win, we'd be in line for the title fight. Ray knocked the guy out in six rounds and 14 days later we were fighting Ted (KO) Sanders in Billings. Ray knocked him out, too, and it looked like just a matter of time before we'd be fighting the best in the world.

"We thought they'd see us, that somebody would sign us for the big fight," Garner said, "but instead they sent us to the heartland of America to fight people nobody heard of. We went into the heartland and fought all those guys and we came out broke and blind."

When Ray Seales was led into his attorney's office recently for an interview, he made one request before fielding any questions.

"Don't make this story sound like I want sympathy," Seales said. "That's something I don't need. I don't want people calling me up or coming over and saying, 'How ya' doing, champ?' or 'Do you want to talk about it?' or any of that stuff.

"I left boxing on a sour note. But when I came into this world, I didn't have any money; I only had my family. And now boxing is all over, I still don't have any money and I'm back with my family. That's enough, that's all I need; I don't need people telling me they're sorry."

The fact is, Seales can barely see after operations on both eyes. He needs a guide and a cane to walk. His eyelids are puffed nearly shut, his eyes look flat and jelly-like with blotches of red around the edges.

He's lucky he can see anything at all. Forget the sympathy, that's fact.

From the very start, Seales' career was a step out of time, a promise unfulfilled, a title fight that was always one more bout away. When he won the gold medal at the 1972 Olympics, his achievement was obscured by the Munich massacre that underscored the political roots of the Games and left little room in the daily prints for a boxing match.

It was different in '76, when Sugar Ray Leonard used the "Sugar" nickname to win a flashy gold medal title and become the darling of the boxing world, his every win trumpeted by the mouth that roared, Howard Cosell.

By then, Seales was long since removed from center stage. There were stories—never confirmed—that Seales played fast and loose games away from the ring, associated with the wrong crowd and would never put in the work to train as hard as a potential world champion needs to train.

Seales will admit he made his share of mistakes and listened to bad advice in the early portion of his career. But for some reason, he was never afforded a second thought on the delinquencies of youth—he carried a bad rap with him even after he grew up.

There was also a problem with his style. Critics said he wasn't flashy enough to turn on the crowds that generate a groundswell of local support.

For sure, in his own backyard, Seales was never really a local hero at consequential fights. In one, a fifth-round knockout over Sammy NeSmith at the Seattle Center Arena, the crowd cheered for NeSmith as much as it did for Seales.

A LOOK AT PAUL BERLEN BACH: ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL STORIES

By Paul Gallico

SOME THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AT KATONAH, New York, there died and was buried one of the handsomest and most glamorous figures of the prize ring.

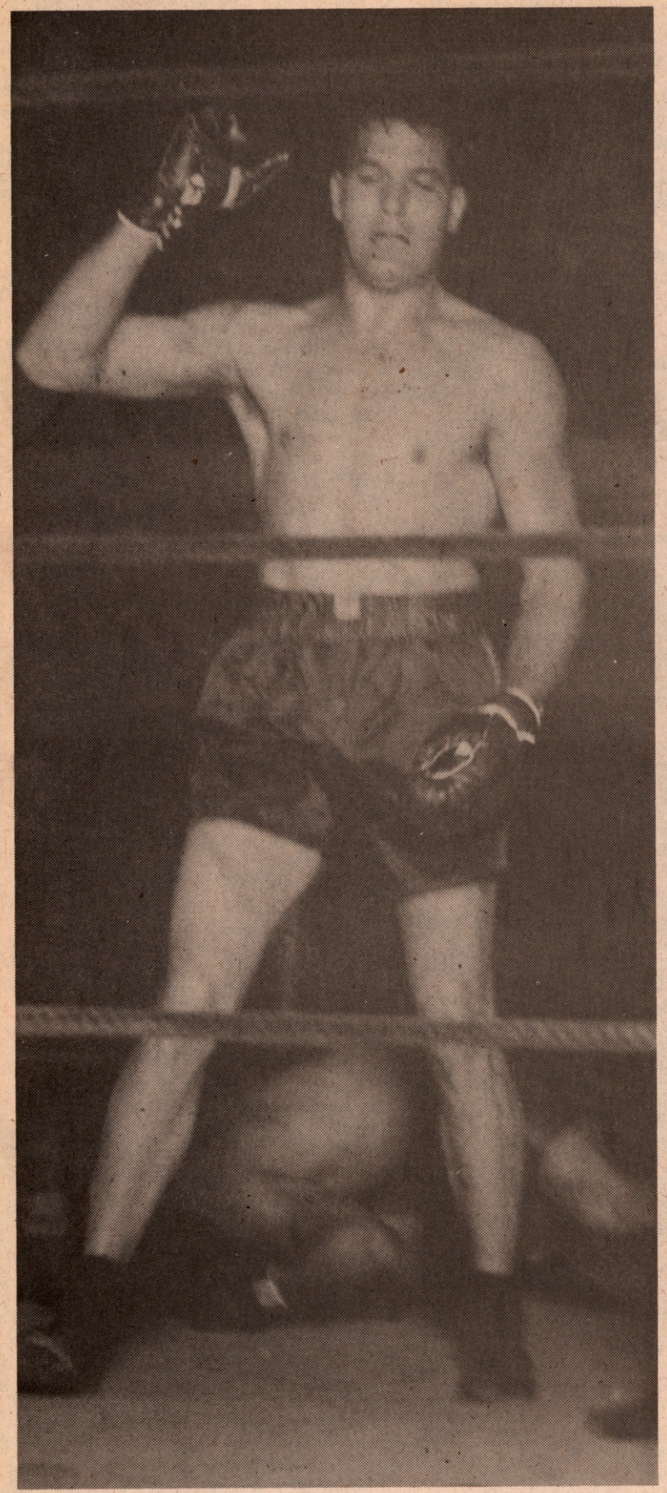
When his casket was taken to the grave, of all the men he had enriched—managers, seconds, trainers, hangers-on, and opponents—there was only one who was present upon that occasion to pay his last respects. This one was an ex-fighter, a dark still-slender chap of medium height, piercing brown eyes, coal black hair beginning to thin from his forehead, and a peculiar and characteristic forward carriage of his head on his shoulders. His nose was mashed, the relic of bitter and sensational glove battles, and about his eyes and brows there was the scar tissue, the wound stripes of the ring wars. Much of it had been put there by the slashing blows of the man he was following to his last resting place.

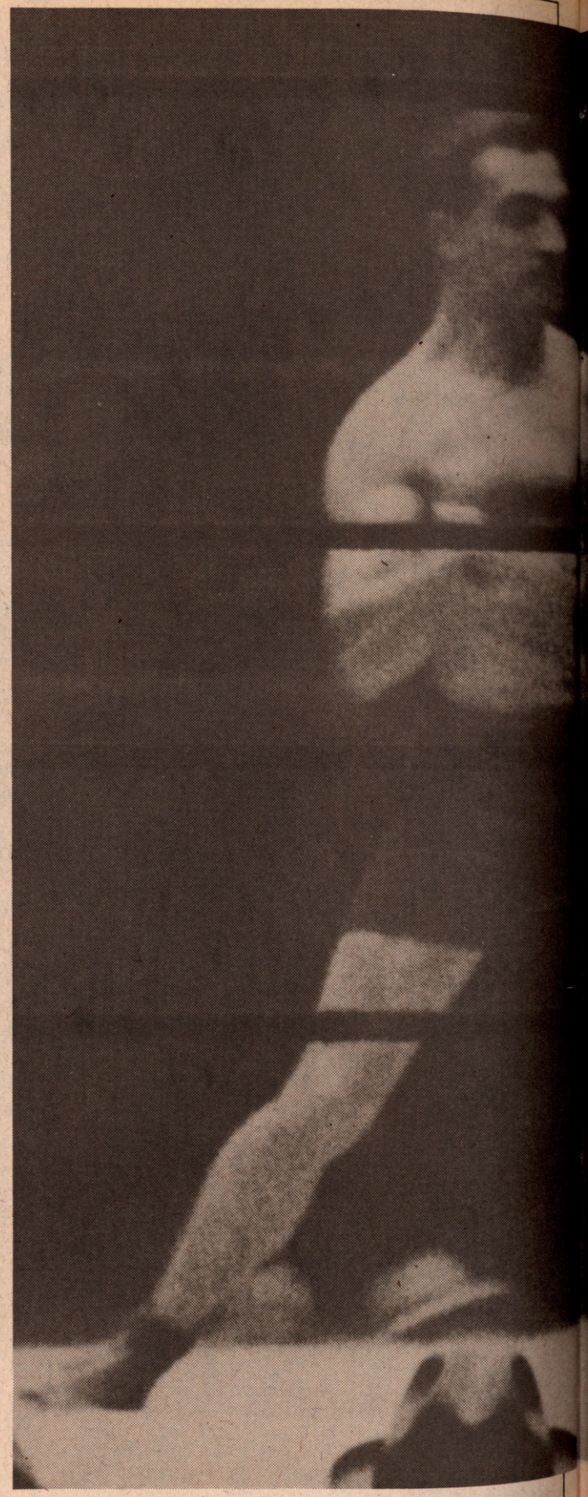
His name was Paul Berlenbach and in his day he was known, among other descriptive and affectionate nicknames, as the Astoria Assassin. Once he had been light heavyweight champion of the world, a brave and lion-hearted fighter, and in his time one of the most sensational punchers in the history of the ring.

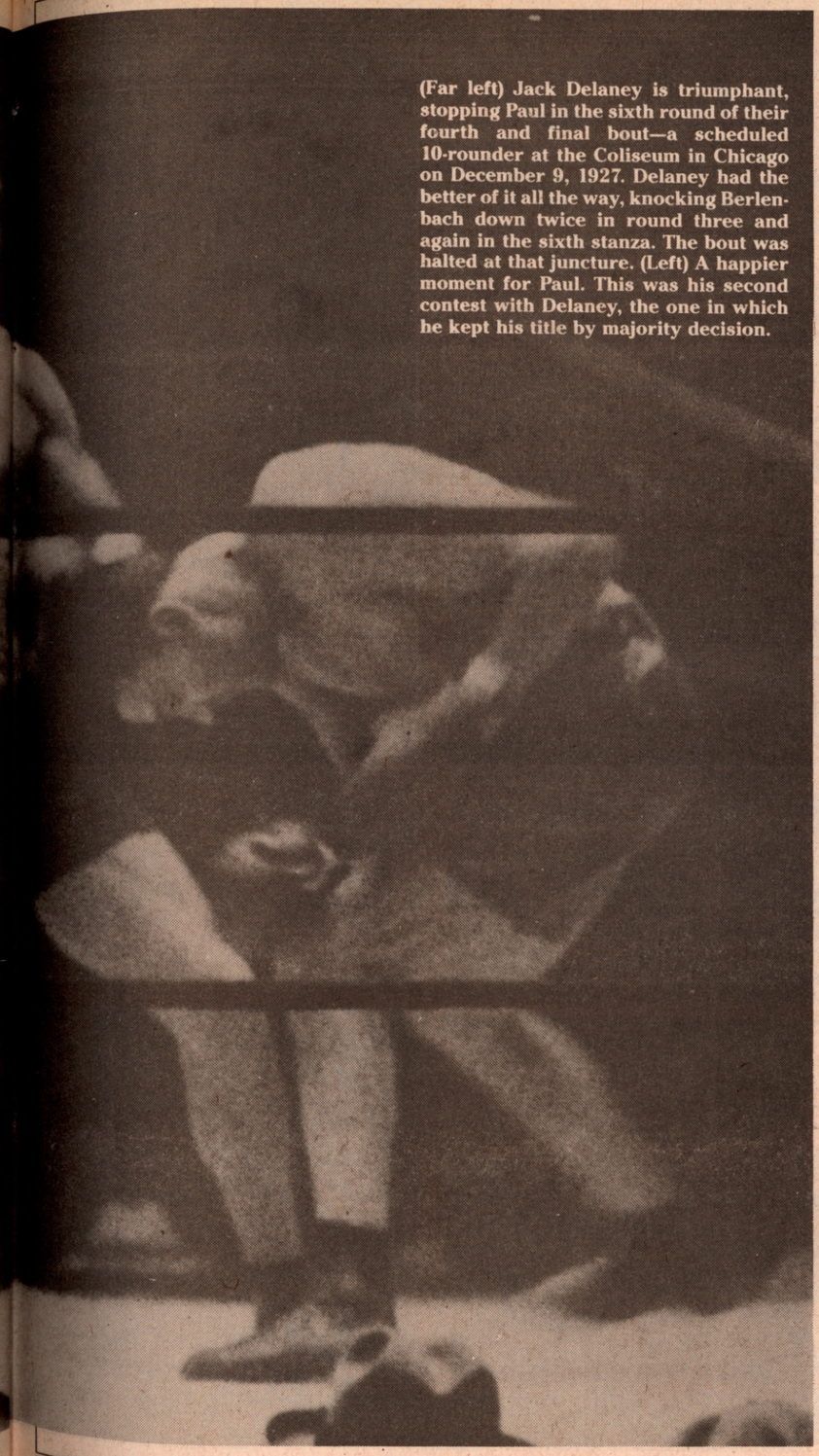
The man whom he alone came to mourn had been his most bitter, persistent, and dangerous foe, the French-Canadian born Ovila Chapdelaine, whose ring name was Jack Delaney.

Four times the two men fought one another in dramatic, pulse-stopping encounters. They battled one another into a fortune for each. Twice the French-

Berlenbach loved dogs. Here he is with Shorty, whom he was exhibiting at the Southampton Kennel Club Show in 1925. Paul was training for his second bout with Jack Delaney at the time—a bout that saw Berlenbach retain his world light heavyweight title via a majority decision in the first boxing show held in the third Madison Square Garden. Delaney was Paul's nemesis, beating him three out of four times and knocking him out twice.







(Far left) Jack Delaney is triumphant, stopping Paul in the sixth round of their fourth and final bout—a scheduled 10-rounder at the Coliseum in Chicago on December 9, 1927. Delaney had the better of it all the way, knocking Berlenbach down twice in round three and again in the sixth stanza. The bout was halted at that juncture. (Left) A happier moment for Paul. This was his second contest with Delaney, the one in which he kept his title by majority decision.

Canadian reduced Berlenbach to a reeling mass of blinded, semi-conscious flesh, the wreck of an athlete who had to be rescued by the referee from serious injury. Yet there grew up a strong friendship between the two men, and at the end it was only Berlenbach who remembered Jack Delaney and cared enough to attend his funeral.

Shortly before Delaney died of cancer, Berlenbach had visited his sick bed, a brief, touching call that went unreported. Delaney was barely conscious. He did not appear to recognize his old opponent of the rich and roaring twenties when Berlenbach leaned over him and said: "Jack, do you know me? This is Paul. . . ."

But after he had left, Mrs. Delaney later recounted, Jack emerged from his coma long enough to ask, "Was Berlenbach here to see me? I thought I heard his voice. . . ." Four days later, he died.

After the funeral, Paul Berlenbach returned once more to New York to merge with the twilight of anonymity and disregard that descends upon the ring heroes of yesteryear in the lesser weight categories. But 60 years ago, 13,000 people, capacity at the old-old Madison Square Garden, raised the roof with their roars when, a slender figure with sloping shoulders and a mop of blue-black hair, brown fighting gloves laced to huge hand, he stood blinking in the bright pool of the ring lights and waited for the signal to destroy a man.

Certainly, not often in the last half of a century has there been the excitement engendered over the rise of a new and dynamic pugilist that there was back in 1924 when Paul Berlenbach first appeared upon the scene. The oldsters will recognize the name, and perhaps something of an old and remembered thrill will reawaken in them as they read it. Many of the new generation will never have heard of him except as someone in an old *Ring* Record Book—if they are interested in boxing.

These youngsters hearing of Pop 'Em Paul must feel the way I did when I was a boy and read about Stanley Ketchel and Bat Nelson and Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, and the like of now legendary ring figures whose names were so well known to the adult world in which I was growing up. I used to wonder what they were like and whether they were really as skilled and wonderful as people said they were. For there is no getting away from the fact, the ring business goes on year in, year out. Run-of-the-mill fighters appear, have their brief moment in the spotlight, and disappear. There are good boxers, sharp hitters, fancy Dans, cheese champions, club fighters, etc. But every so often, there appears an individual in fighter's trunks and with the mittens laced

onto his hands, who captures the imagination of all—man, woman, and child. Even though there are millions of people who have never seen a boxing match and care less, by the sheer power of his personality or the shockingly lethal manner of his hitting, he impresses himself upon every one and his name is known to all.

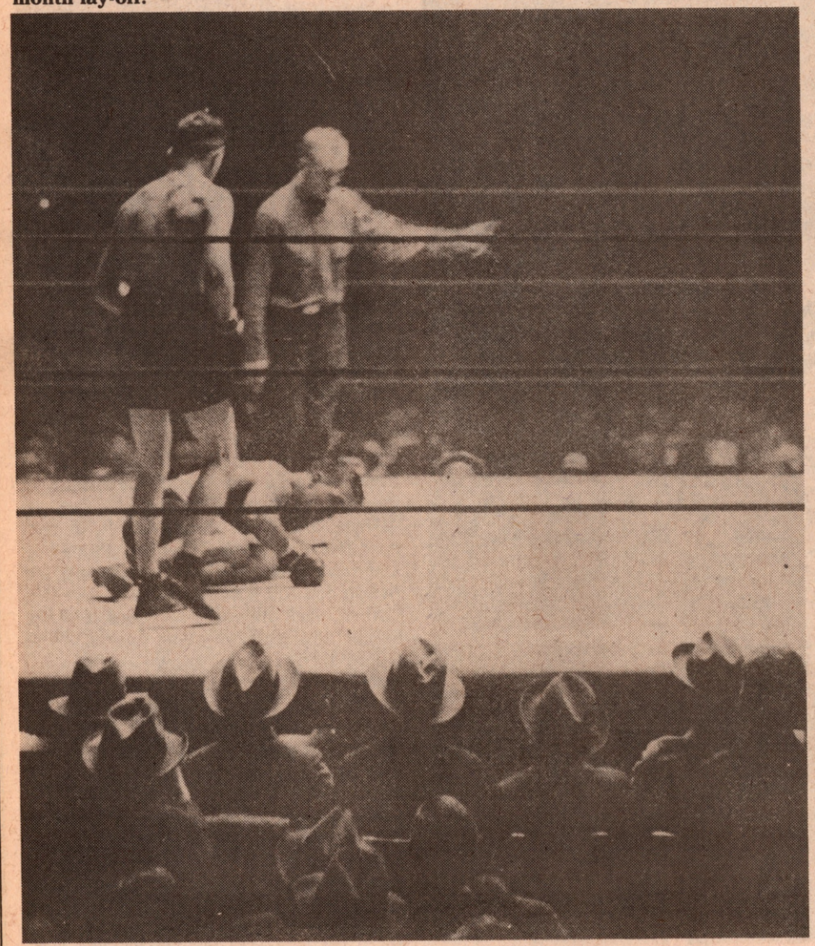
Such a one was Paul Berlenbach, who in 16 months rose from a nonentity out of the amateur ranks to the light heavyweight championship of the world.

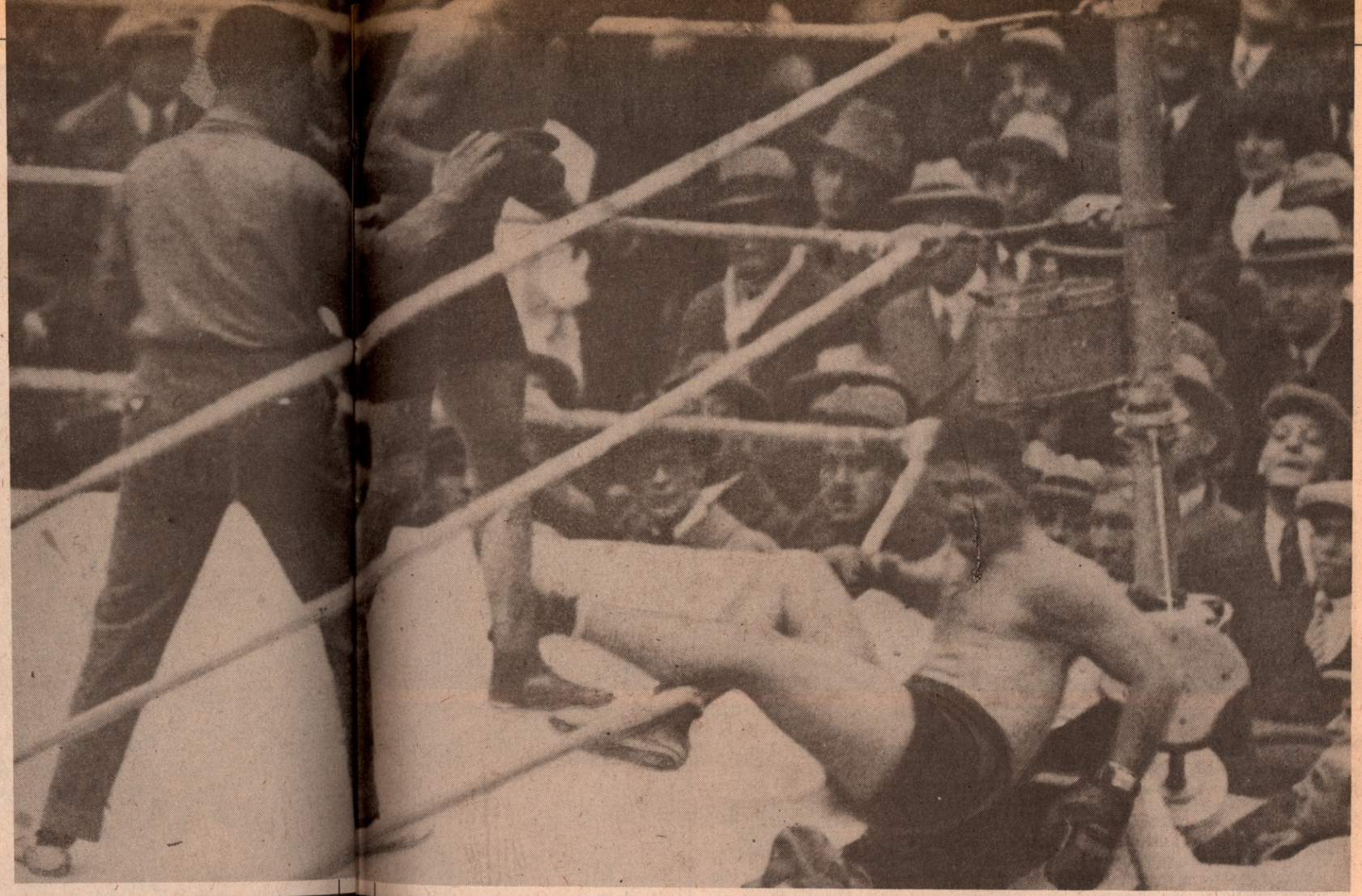
He was born February 18, 1901, of German-American extraction, and desperately poor. At the age of two, he had an attack of scarlet fever. When it was over, he was deaf and dumb, and he grew up with very little education. He communicated by means of his fingers. Kids on the block used to refer to his as "that Dummy."

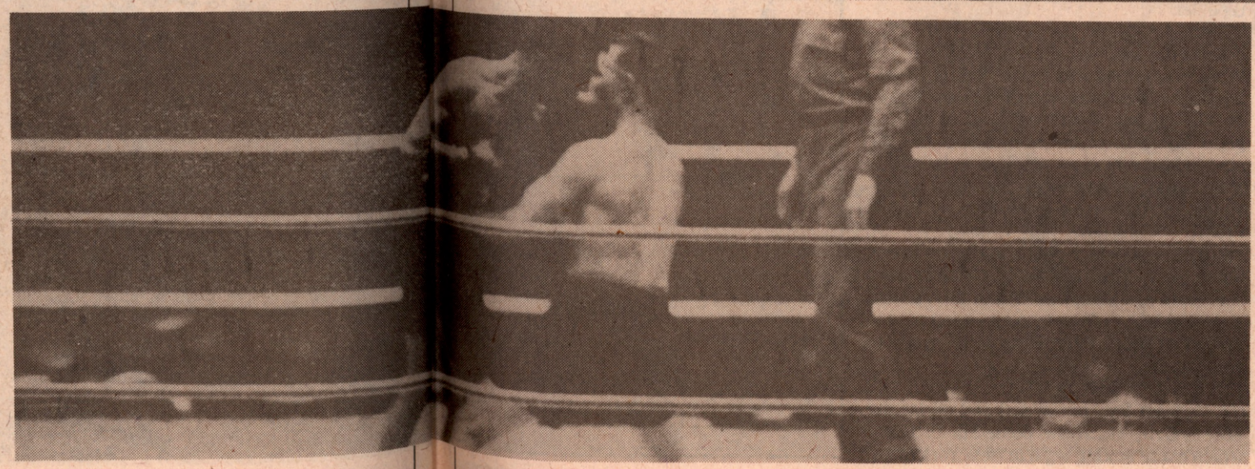
At the age of 15, he had an accidental encounter with a live wire knocked down in his street by an electrical storm. When he was finally pried loose from it, he could both hear and speak again. That is to say, he could enunciate. Speech had to be learned laboriously.

Like the sons of all German families, body culture was important to him. He used to go to the *Turn Verein* and wrestle, lift weights, and exercise. It was there he was seen and given a trial by Nat Pendleton, the great

(Right) Panama's King Solomon is knocked out of the ring by Paul at the Polo Grounds in New York on Columbus Day, 1925. Solomon, who outweighed Berlenbach by almost 20 pounds, was TKO'd in the ninth stanza. (Below) Referee Kid McPartland sends Mike McTigue to a neutral corner in the fourth frame of the latter's scheduled 12-round fight with Berlenbach in Madison Square Garden on January 28, 1927. Mike, who was 34-going-on-43 at the time, floored Paul thrice in that round before the bout was stopped at 2:43. Berlenbach was coming off a five-month lay-off.

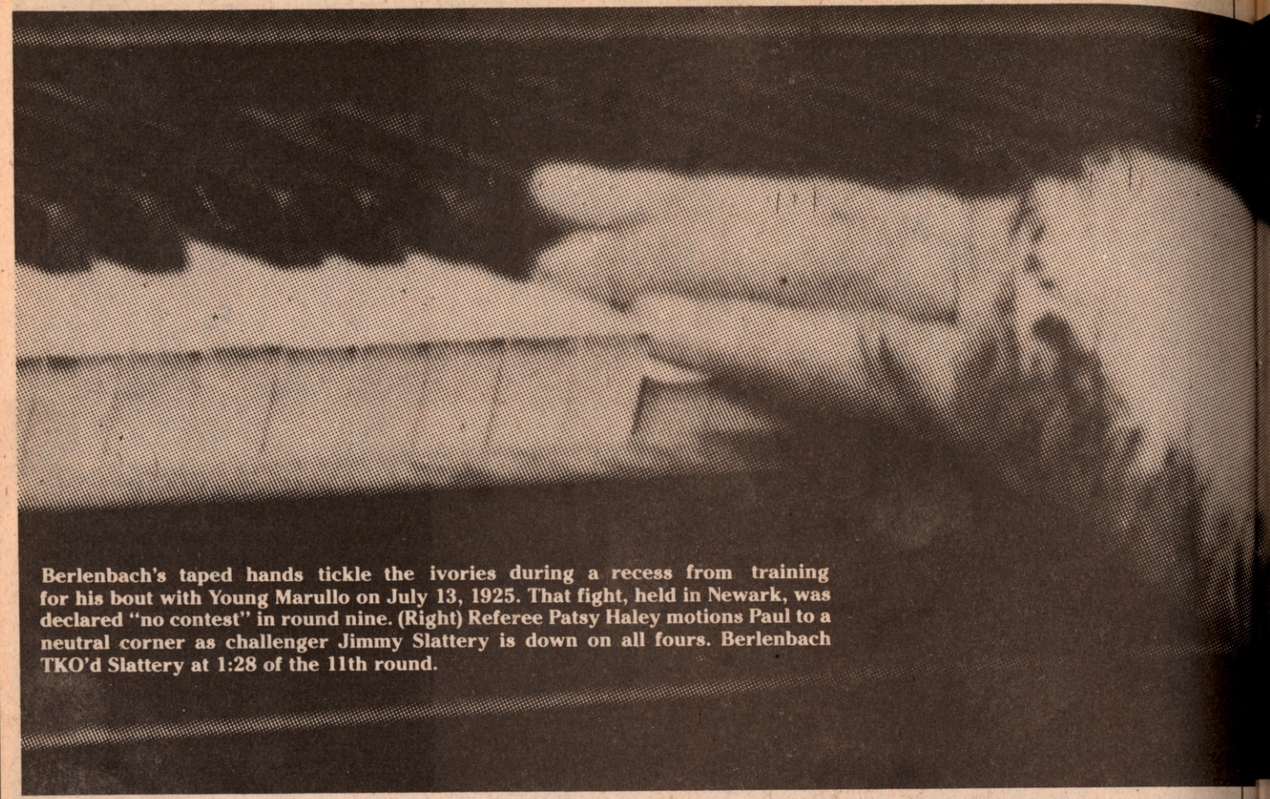




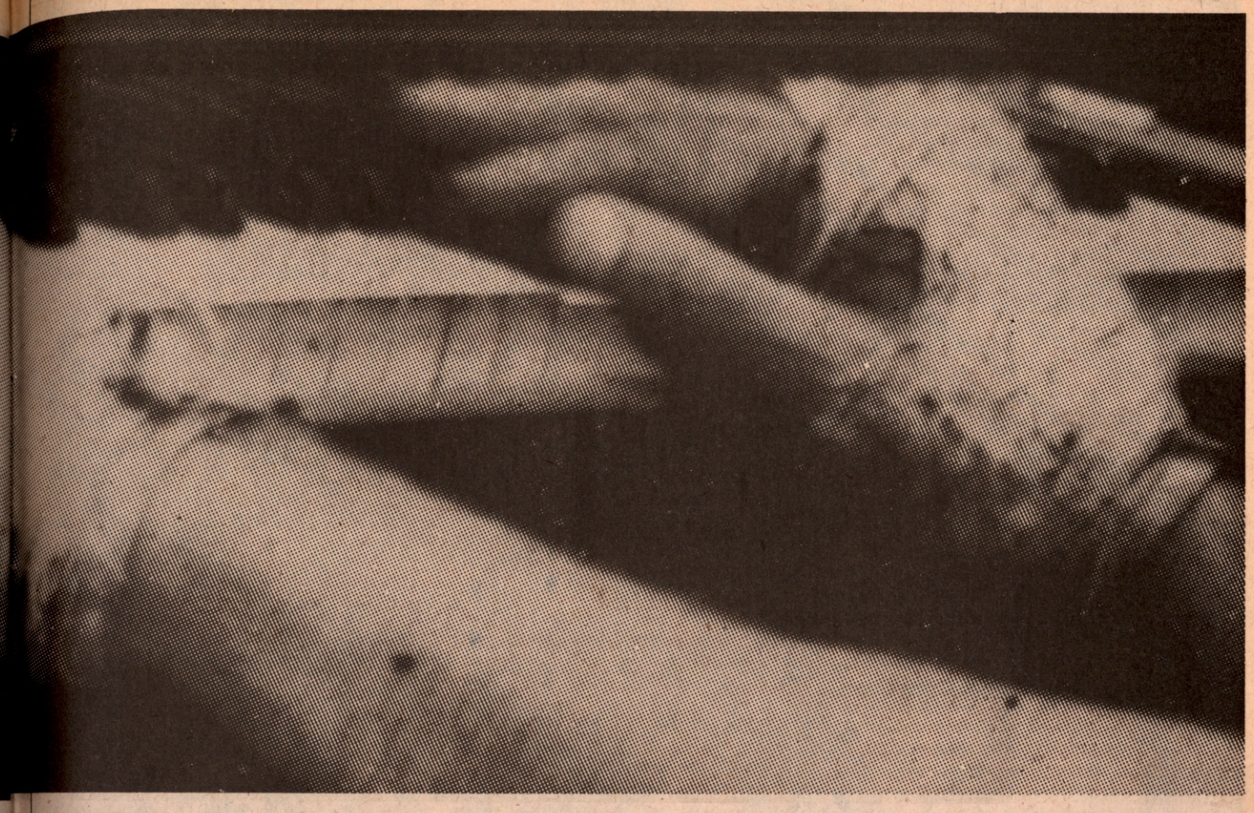


American wrestling champion of the New York Athletic Club. Nat saw promising material and got him an athletic membership at the N.Y.A.C. It paid off. In 1920, Berlenbach, at the age of 19, wrestled in the Olympics at Antwerp and won a world title at Brussels.

When he came back, he went to work and did the best he could. He used to drive a cab, and his stand was outside the old N.Y.A.C., of which he was a member with gymnasium privileges. There was plenty of rough stuff in hacking in those days, as there is now, and a fellow behind the wheel would want to know how to take care of himself. Paul was strong and anybody who got into his clutches was in trouble, but a street fight was something else. And so one day he went into the Boxing Room of the club, where the late Dan Hickey blocked and



Berlenbach's taped hands tickle the ivories during a recess from training for his bout with Young Marullo on July 13, 1925. That fight, held in Newark, was declared "no contest" in round nine. (Right) Referee Patsy Haley motions Paul to a neutral corner as challenger Jimmy Slattery is down on all fours. Berlenbach TKO'd Slattery at 1:28 of the 11th round.



ducked the wild swings of obese members in search of exercise and taught the rudiments of the manly art to their sons, and he asked Dan to teach him to box.

Old Dan stripped him, tied the 16-ounce pillows to his fists, and tried him out. He found an awkward, gawky, green, left-hander, shuffling and heavy-footed, who pawed at him like a bear cub, blinked when hit, but kept on moving in. Dan could step around in those days and there were few more clever boxers. He gave the tyro the usual exhibition of speed, dazzling feints, jab-and-get-away, hooks and crosses and uppercuts, to imbue him with a proper respect for authority. Berlenbach laid a glove on the master only once.

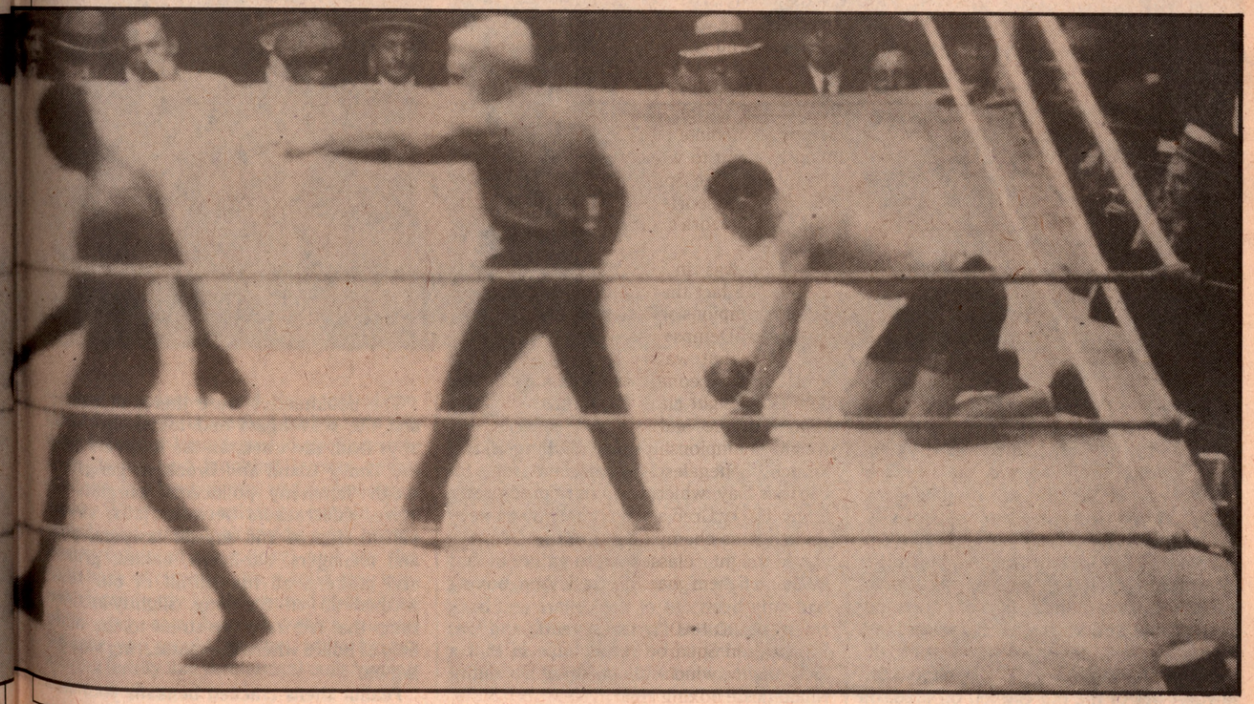
But that once was enough. Finally herding Hickey against the ropes, he swept a left-hook into his gizzard, draped him over the lower strand, and that was that for the evening.

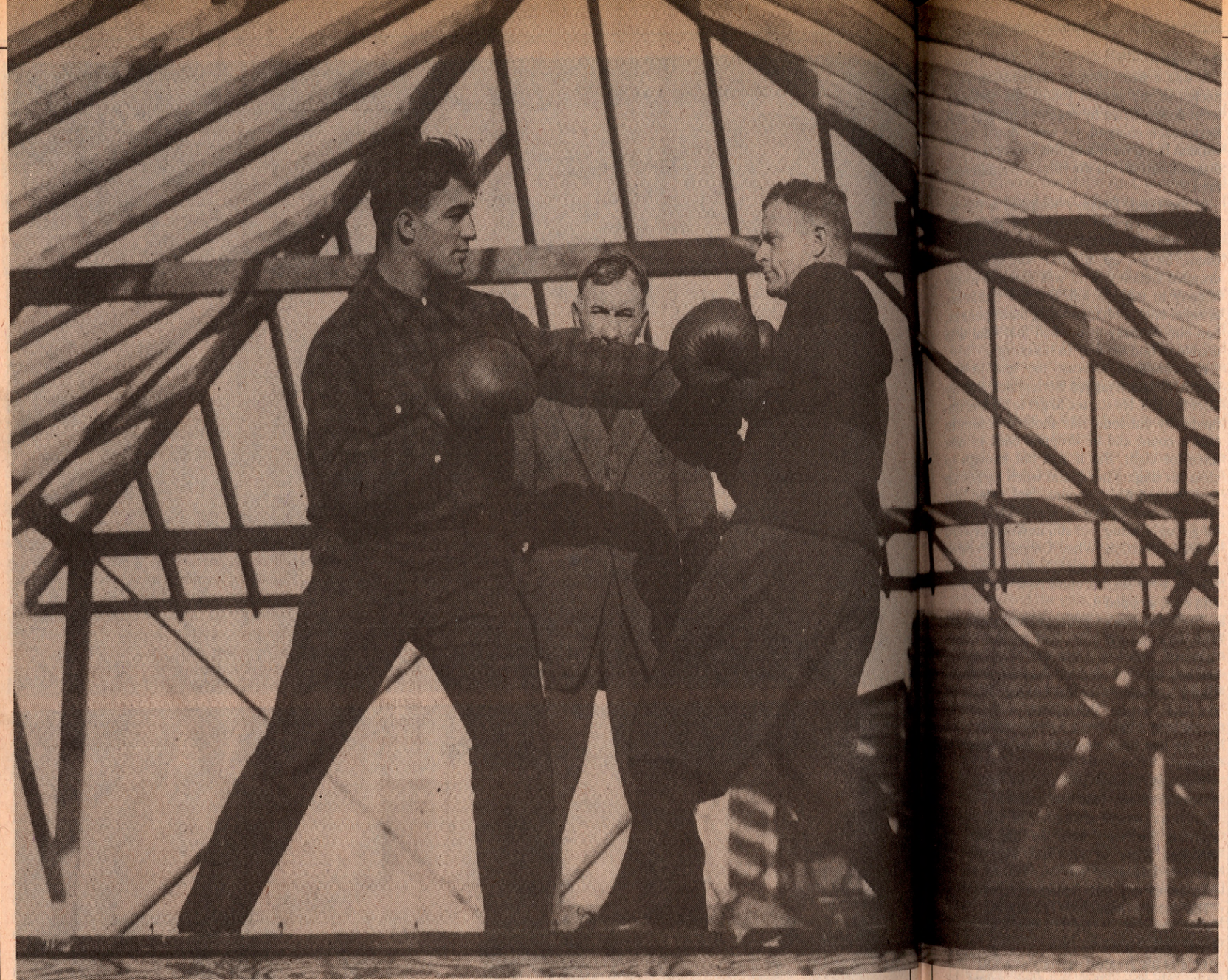
While the blow caused Professor Hickey great pain and the subsequent application of ice packs, it also gave birth to the idea for a new world champion. Any and every man connected with boxing is constantly on the lookout for the dream boy who can lay them away among the sweet peas with one paralyzing punch. To brother Hickey, Berlenbach was "It."

Because he was a southpaw, you could see Paul's left hook coming, stamped and addressed by slow mail. The first thing the cagey Hickey did was turn him around and make him a right-hander, which put him within immediate reach of his targets. And then he went to work with him in earnest. This was in the Spring of 1923, the year I started in the sports department of the *Daily News*, New York's new tabloid, as a cub reporter.

Boxing was in the doldrums in 1923 despite the fact that the Golden Decade of super champions was beginning to go into high gear. Dempsey was the heavyweight champion, but wasn't working at it. The great Benny Leonard was fading and the new lightweight class was just growing up. Mike McTigue had won the light heavyweight championship from Battling Siki, a French Senegalese, in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day, which was considered pretty funny. Harry Greb and Mickey Walker were standouts as champions of the middle and welterweight classes respectively, but neither of them was toiling at his trade to any extent.

TEX RICKARD HAD TAKEN A LEASE ON THE old Madison Square Garden and under the Walker Law, which was passed in 1920 and which made boxing legal in New York State,





he was trying to build up the game.

Thursday night was fight night in the old arena and exhibition hall designed by the architect Stanford White, in the tower of which he was shot to death by millionaire Harry Thaw over the love of beautiful Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, way back in 1906. The old-old Garden reeked with color. You might also hold that it just reeked. As in the modern version of the palace of punch, the circus came and stayed each Spring for a month, but they never managed to get the smell of the lions, tigers, elephants, and sawdust out of the old Garden on Madison Square the remaining 11 months.

The circus smell was always there, and the smell of dressing rooms, old sweat, and ammonia. The ring was centered as it is today, but the arena opened right to the outer lobby and was screened off only by a heavy curtain drawn across the entrance.

And the bums who used to gather in that lobby on fight nights. . . . Back then, boxing had only been out of the cellars and back rooms of saloons for three years, and was just beginning to be respectable in that a lady *might* attend without losing her entire reputation.

The bookmakers were there, of course, and the scavengers and touts, the brash boys from the track, all the leftovers from the Coney Island and Brooklyn gangsters, tough Tammany politicians, burglars on leave, safecrackers between jobs, vaudevillians, fences and shyster lawyers, pugs and managers, bar-keeps, cokies, grifters and grafters, all the riffraff of our town washed up on the long, slightly-inclined ramp that led from the street to the inner holy of holies where the massacring was going on.

Peanut shells cracked beneath your feet as your approached, and the scent of the roasted goobers, unwashed bodies, and the rich effluvia of long-departed pachyderms, dromedaries, and laughing hyenas enveloped you in a kind, warm, and mesmerizing vapor. Where the entrance curtain was parted, you could look inside even before you surrendered your ticket and see the thick haze of cigar smoke, a solid gray curtain pierced only by the central pool of the white ring arcs beneath which in the distance you would see tiny white figures moving jerkily like mechanical dolls leaping at one another.

Or the sounds would come welling out at you, the stamping, roaring, clapping and whistling of the crowd, the insistent clangor of the brass timer's bell worked by hand, or the truly gargantuan voice of Joe Humphries, the announcer. For, of course, there was no such thing as an electronic public address system in those days. The famous Humphries, now dead, relied upon the power of his lungs to acquaint you with names, affiliations, and weights. And well he might. You could hear him clear across the park.

I remember the first fight I saw there (for that matter, the first professional prizefight I ever saw) because of the thing that happened. I could never forget it. It was the night of January 10, 1924.

A couple of bantams by the name of Bud Taylor and Frankie Jerome were going in the main event. Bud was a bouncing, pink-headed kid from Terre Haute, Indiana. In the 12th round, he fetched Jerome a swipe that knocked him loose from his senses and Frankie lolled back against the ropes, unable to defend himself and unable to fall.

The referee made no gesture to stop it. Bud moved in, and for what seemed like hours more than seconds, slugged his opponent with both hands to head, face, and jaw, holding him up with his punches, until at last Jerome sagged to the canvas and remained there. He never got up. He was carried from the ring unconscious. He never recovered consciousness. That same night he died.

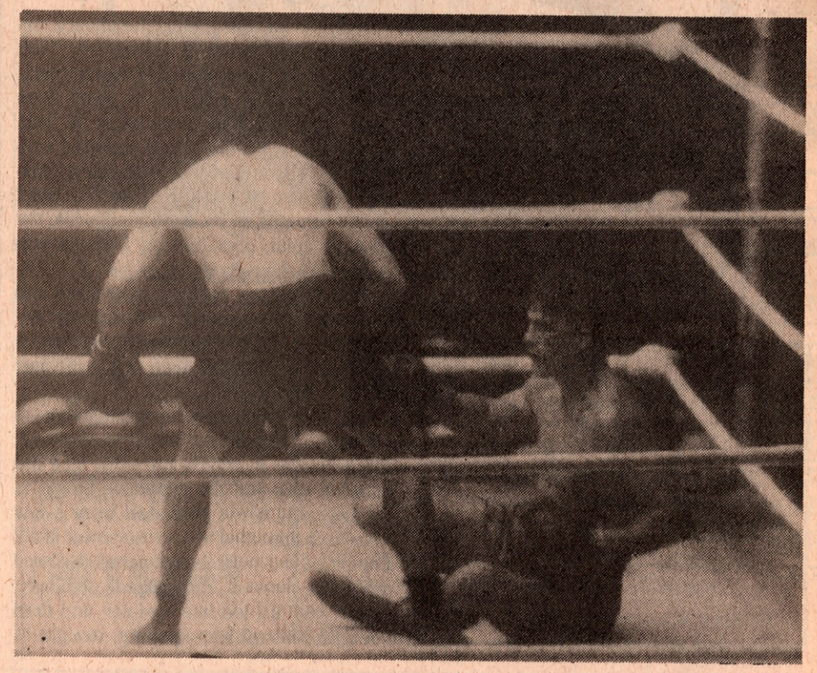
AND I REMEMBER THE SEMI-FINAL TOO, because of what happened, and particularly the one fighter with the shock of jet-black hair cut Indian scalp-lock fashion, the sloping shoulders, and extraordinarily pale, white skin. He had an odd, shuffling, forward gait like a bear. He carried his left hand high, open, and in front of him like some one trying to shield his eyes from a glare of light, and his dark head sloped forward on his neck, leading him on.

There was something terrifyingly relentless about his shuffle. When it was broken up by an exchange, a scuffle, or a clinch, he would do a funny little jig step as though to settle himself back into the proper rhythm again, and then would come down on the flat of his feet and begin to move in again.

He was fighting a man by the name of Bill Ryan, though fighting was perhaps not exactly the term for what was going on. He was worrying him, herding him, crowding him, and apparently scaring him to death, for Ryan spent most of his brief tenure in the evening's spotlight in precipitate flight, looking wildly about him for some kind of exit from the squared circle.

I could not reason out the cause for his alarm, for the white-skinned, black-haired chap did not seem to be hitting hard. When he caught his man in a corner, or against the ropes, he seemed no more than to be caressing him, or patting him about the body like a mischievous bruin. Something unpleasant, however, must have been going on in Mr. Ryan's nether regions, judging from the look of horror and anguish spread out over his features whenever this occurred.

Finally, this fellow herded Bill into a neutral corner, caressed him once with his left paw in the region of the liver, and Ryan



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fell to the floor and did not get up until 10 seconds was practically ancient history. Then Joe Humphries climbed back into the ring, held up the hand of the shuffling one, and bellowed over the clangor of the bell attempting to quiet the excited, buzzing crowd:

"Time of contest, two minutes and 22 seconds of the first round. The winner, by a knockout—Paul Berlenbach!"

An evening to remember.

FOR THIS WAS THE BEGINNING, OR CLOSE TO it. The boy had had 16 amaeteur fights, in which he scored 13 knockouts. He turned professional in the Fall of 1923 and had three fights, all of which ended in knockouts in the first round for the parties of the second part. Starting in January, 1924, and running through the night of March 3, Berlenbach had scored seven consecutive knockouts, and the town was on its ear.

For the March 14 show, Rickard imported from Connecticut a lithe, handsome, flashy French Canadian by the name of Jack Delaney, who had been making quite a record for himself in New England. Delaney had a reputation as a clever boxer and a sharp right-hand puncher. In New England, he had had almost the same sensational rise in middleweight ranks as did Berlenbach in New York. Bringing them together was a natural. All previous Garden records went by the boards when a capacity crowd paid more than $50,000 to eyewitness this one.

IT PAID OFF TOO, IN ONE OF THE GREATest brawls ever seen in the ancient arena. Delaney knocked Berlenbach out in four rounds, but not before he himself had been decked three times.

Here, for the first time, Berlenbach encountered that anomaly of the New York sports crowd, and particularly the fight fans, that it hates a winner. He had done everything that had been asked of him, given them thrill after thrill, restored confidence in the integrity of professional boxing. Yet, when he was introduced that night by Joe Humphries, he was booed, while the lithe, graceful, good-looking Delaney was cheered to the rafters.

He was still too young to appreciate and understand that in every classic ring engagement the mob must have a hero and a villain and that he had been cast in the part of the heavy.

Well, there was something troglodyte in his aspect and build, his slow, shuffling, unspectacular approach, the white face and blinking eyes and the incredible power in his sweeping blows that seen from a few rows back appeared to have no power at all. Compared to him, Delaney was all dash and color. He moved and glided ripplingly, fenced with his left like a rapier, and fired his right through any opening, straight to the target.

It was a heart-stopper. Berlenbach connected in the second round and Delaney went down. When he regained his feet and Berlenbach charged, he went down again without being hit. Today this would result in disqualification, but the rules were different then.

In the third, Delaney whipped a left to Paul's stomach and crossed his right and Berlie fell with a crash. Too green to take a count, he got up at three and promptly dropped Delaney, who was careless in his anxiety to make a kill. But the Canadian arose at once and, measuring his opponent, had him so dizzy at the bell that Paul was unable to find his way to his corner.

His condition forecast the end in the fourth. Delaney tagged Berlenbach shortly after the bell. He started to get to his feet immediately but some one shouted to him to take a count and he dropped back to one knee for eight. But it was not enough to clear his singing head, and when he got up and charged his opponent, Jack rifled him with lefts and rights and he fell again. Again he got up, reeling, but still moving forward to his destruction. When Delaney dropped him again, referee Jack O'Sullivan, the best referee ever seen around New York, then and now, stopped it.

The house roared its delight and approval. The dark-visaged killer had got his comeuppance. And a new star had been born. It seemed like the end of Paul Berlenbach. Harry Newman, who was boxing writer on the *News*, wrote: "Berlenbach proved to be just a bust when the acid test was applied . . . he had been knocking out a bunch of setups."

And yet, exactly 14½ months after that stunning defeat, Paul Berlenbach was the light heavyweight champion of the world. Fighting his way back to the top, he wrecked some of the best men in the business and acquired the fanciest set of nicknames any one fighter ever carried—"The Astoria Assassin," "Paralyzing Paul," "Pop 'Em Paul," "Der Paulie," "Plodding Paul," and "Punching Paul."

One of his greatest assets was a total lack of imagination. The stunning defeat by Delaney, coming at the time it did, would have crushed any ordinary fighter and left him with a defeat psychosis, as it did Ruby Goldstein when Ace Hudkins barbecued him. But two weeks after the Delaney affair, Berlenbach journeyed to Newark and paralyzed a party by the name of Harry Krohn in four heats and scored eight more knockouts that year, the last being registered against Larry Estridge, the Negro middleweight champion and a good performer.

He continued winning through 1925, and when he flattened the former light

heavyweight champion, Battling Siki, in the old Garden in 10, he was matched with Mike McTigue for the world light heavyweight title at the Yankee Stadium on the night of May 30, 1925.

By this time, I had graduated to a sports column myself and was experting and punditing all over the place. And, brothers and sisters, could I pundit! Just as an example, I wrote in the *News* of May 25: "The fact remains that Der Paulie hasn't shown to good advantage against any one possessing the slightest degree of boxing science. ... There was one Jack Delaney ... and how about Augie Ratner? Berlenbach got a draw and many still think Augie beat him. (I neglected to note that this same Ratner had once stiffened the great Delaney in one round in 1922.) Bill Stribling—another draw. And Tony Marullo ... Paul just won the decision. How is Berlanbach going to fare with a masterly boxer?"

And so there we were at the Yankee Stadium the hot night of May 30, with Berlenbach about to face one of the greatest of all ring scientists, old Mike McTigue, who, oddly enough, prior to Dan Hickey, had also held down the job of boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club.

Babe Ruth was at the ringside, a little green around the gills, for this was the year of his colossal tummy-ache which rang around the world and kept him out of the game until June 1. And George M. Cohan and Mr. Willie Collier. And, of course, boxing commissioner Big Jim Farley and the usual host of notables.

It was neither a great fight nor even a good one but what was important was that Berlenbach crowded McTigue for 15 rounds and walked off with the decision. After which, Gallico, the great fight expert, wrote in his column:

"And there goes your old light heavyweight championship. Mike won't begrudge it to Paul who, I suspect, unless he employs the same tactics Mike used (not defending it) won't have the bauble very long. Because, after all, Paulie must admit the presence of James Slattery and Ovila Chapdelaine, also known as Jack Delaney. ... And either one, I am convinced, will jack up that newly-won crown and gently but firmly lift Paul out from under it...."

Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, one of the most brilliant boxers ever seen in the light heavyweight division, and Jack Delaney had appeared in the twin semi-final on the Berlenbach-McTigue bill and had shown impressively against good opponents. Yes, sirs and ladies, I sure knew my boxing.

For on September 11, Paul Berlenbach spattered Jimmy Slattery all over a nice clean canvas in 11 heats. On October 12, he wrecked King Solomon, a classy Panamanian heavyweight, in nine, and put him in

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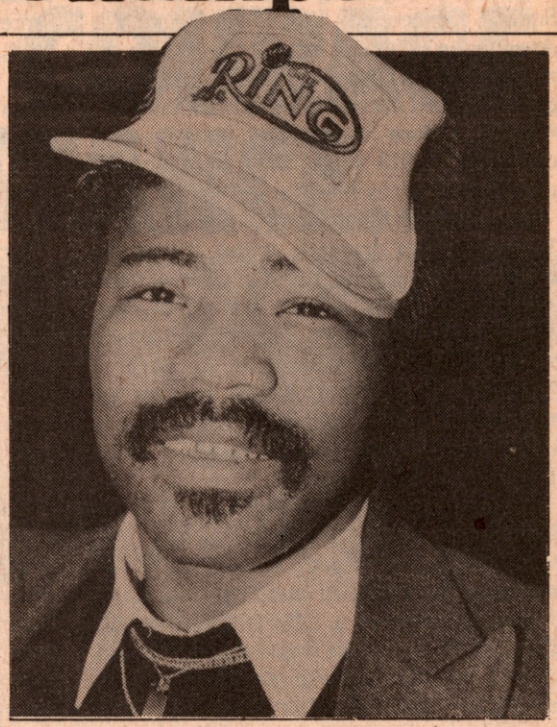

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the hospital. And on December 11, to celebrate the opening of the new Madison Square Garden at 50th Street and 8th Avenue, he defended his title against his old nemesis, Jack Delaney, and outsmarted, punched and boxed him, in 15 fabulous rounds, before a howling, goggle-eyed crowd of 16,913 souls, the largest indoor crowd ever, up to that time.

It was quite a fight, though it didn't touch the first one for dramatic action. It was the tension and suspense of the buildup that made it. Both men made a trip to the canvas, but the flooring of Berlenbach was a psychological masterpiece on the part of Pete Reilly, Delaney's manager. He sent his man out to score a knockout or at least a knockdown in the fourth round of fatal memory for Berlenbach.

Delaney complied, whipping over his lightning right to the side of the jaw, and down went Der Paulie. This time 16,913 wild-eyed fans rose to their feet and gave tongue. But it was a different Berlenbach this time. First of all he was a champion, and second, he was ring-wise. He started to get up at three, thought better of it, dropped to one knee, took the full count, and then, instead of charging in to certain slaughter, took his time, protected himself, and weathered the storm. At that, Pete Reilly might have known that psychology was wasted on a stolid man without imagination. Berlenbach was badly hurt, but not impressed with the fatality of the fourth round.

I note from my own story of the fight in the *News* of December 12, "Berlenbach's hopes seemed to go glimmering in the next three rounds (after the fourth round knockdown) but he came back strong in the eighth and proved he had everything; courage, stamina, punch, and skill, for he had Delaney missing like a novice. In the 11th, the champion at last hunted down his quarry and sank a dreadful left into Delaney's stomach and Jack buckled amidship as though his spine had been broken. He never recovered."

In a column appearing December 14, I find myself saying this: "One of the mysteries that probably never will be solved is the greater New York sporting public. . . . Why Paul Berlenbach was booed the other night is hard to explain.

"...Berlenbach is probably one of the finest champions New York has ever had. He has been honest, sober, and sincere. He and manager Dan Hickey have brought a new element into the somewhat sordid boxing game. From the following that grew out of those who knew Berlenbach and Hickey at the N.Y.A.C. has grown a fine audience of men and women of reputation and standing in New York's social and business life.

"Berlenbach won the title from McTigue in May. Under the rules of the commission, he had now six months to pick himself up some sucker money before he could be forced to defend it. Yet, within the time limit, he defended his title twice against the best in his class. There has been no chicanery in Berlenbach's career. From the day Dan Hickey said Paul was ready, that he'd mastered his lessons, he and his coach have barred no man. . . . I suppose he is too successful and is paying the price."

Successful he was, and his influence on professional boxing unquestioned. Rickard himself, the night of the second Delaney encounter, said he "never seed so many women at a fight in his life. Just lookit all them fine people dressed up in evening clothes patronizing me." Actually, the boxes and front ringside sections looked like a night at the opera.

IT WAS THE PEAK OF THE ASTORIA Assassin's career. He had not only won the world championship but had successfully defended it against the man who had knocked him out and had come up off the floor to do it. The world lay before him. He had no vices. He lived quietly in Astoria with his mother and sister and his Great Danes that he loved to breed and rear, and he held on to his money. In this, he was aided by Ben Stern, a businessman member of the New York A.C., who took a liking to him and watched over his purses. Paul's earnings were salted away in the soundest and most conservative investments—Municipal Savings Bonds.

Nineteen twenty-six was a fabulous boxing year in a fabulous decade. Gene Tunney dethroned Jack Dempsey and Jack Delaney took the light heavyweight championship away from Berlenbach in their third meeting. It marked the beginning of the end for two punchers who had brought unparalleled thrills to the sport.

Berlenbach fell victim to ambition. He invaded the heavyweight class and immediately bit off more than he could chew when he took on Johnny Risko, a blubbery, hard-punching heavy from Cleveland known as the Rubber Man. Risko beat him. Berlenbach defeated a work-horse heavy by the name of Ray Neuman and took a decision from Young Stribling before he discovered that there was only one man with whom he could really make money, his old side-kick, Jack Delaney, which is probably why Paul always had a soft spot in his heart for him.

PUBLIC DEMAND FOR A RUBBER MATCH BEtween these two was tremendous, and on July 16, Humbert Fugazy, an Italian promoter who was trying to rival Tex Rickard, staged it at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. It drew a gross of $461,789, which stood for 50 years as boxing's top gate for any class below heavyweight.

Delaney outboxed, out-fenced, outstabbed, and out-hit Berlenbach for 15 rounds. He might have knocked him out except that Paul was always dangerous, even in the closing rounds when he was in bad shape from a cut eye, and the French-Canadian preferred to play it safe. Berlenbach lost his title, which he had held little more than a year. From then on, his descent was rapid and tragic. On January 28, 1927, he met a rejuvenated Mike McTigue in Madison Square Garden. Mike, at 40 years of age, had acquired a new lease on life, new hitting powers, and a new manager, Jimmy Johnston, who could blarney an armless man into thinking he was a champion. Old Mike, having previously scored a sensational victory over Johnny Risko, went on to knock Berlenbach kicking in four rounds, flooring him five times in all before the referee stopped it.

Four fights later, on November 25, Berlenbach fought Mickey Walker, the world middleweight champion, in Chicago, lost a ten-round decision, and took a savage beating. Two weeks later, in the same ring, for the fourth and last time, he took on Jack Delaney again. The referee stopped the fight in the sixth round after Berlenbach had been down four times. He had nothing left but his heart.

That night, in the dressing room, a fan asked him for his gloves. Paul said, "No, I'll keep these. I've made my last appearance in the ring." He retired with savings of $300,000 in investments, netted in a career that had lasted five years.

OF COURSE, THEY NEVER QUIT WHOLLY when they say they will. The Record Book shows that Berlenbach fought twice in 1928, scoring two wins, and then turned to wrestling. In 1931, he tried another comeback in April and scored two knockouts, but in May, Ralph Ficucello, a Golden Gloves heavyweight prospect, knocked him out in a training session at the Pioneer A.C. There is one more entry. In 1933, he lost to an unknown at Atlanta, Georgia, and thereafter vanished into the limbo of anonymity and forgotten heroes.

BY 1939, HE WAS BROKE AND forgotten. One man remembered and was kind to him. When Berlenbach went to Colonel Jacob Ruppert and asked him for a job, the Colonel put him to work. Paul learned the business and has been doing well ever since.

The old-timers he knew were passing on. Dan Hickey died in 1934. Jimmy Johnston was gone, and then Delaney. Of this man who twice knocked him out and gave him some savage beatings, he said: "He was my friend. He was good to me. You know how it is in the ring. It's a business there. But outside, we liked one another."

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